

Lost Trailers, The "Under FM Waves"

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When you're in a hole its a hard time getting out,
and there's a few bad men full of bread and grins, who
don't want you on their cloud,
And if you're asking for a hand, well they'll give you
one, that will push you back in place,
and its that same hand that pays the man that's
running FM waves.

When you're outside, they like you lookin' in,
and they'll drink champagne to that windowpane where
they've found a thousand peeping men,
And even if you don't want to sell your tune, they might
take it from you anyway,
And you'll feel wronged when you hear your song
being shattered over FM waves.

My heroes are not cowboys, they're the ones who sing
about them,
Not caring if they're paid or have a place to lay their
head,
cause dough will always come and go, but a good song
will never grey,
Well, you'd never know from radio, but there's gold
under FM waves.

So Mr. Big Wig, no I wouldn't want to take your place,
Cause I don't want to find your Frecnh wine when I'm
looking for saving grace,
You can always close your ears, cause one day my
voice will fade away,
but there will always be a bunch like me, playing music
under FM waves.

My heroes are not cowboys, they're the ones who sing
about them,
Not caring if they're paid or have a place to lay their
head,
cause dough will always come and go, but a good song
never greys,
Well, you'd never know from radio, but there's gold
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