

Transistor Radio

Cloud Cult

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio,
Though he turned in his bones twenty years ago,
And he said, "Kid, there's something that I'd like to show you,

Get your things, it's time for us to go"
So I grabbed my backpack, my flashlight, and a bag of caramel c
orn,
I got my bicycle, and the radio, and I headed on the road, I sa
id
"I'm ready for what I'm about to see, Yup"

I headed north 'til rain had turned to snow
Through rusty towns and dusty gravel roads
And I said, "Grandpa, where is this thing you wanted to show me
?"

He said, "Kid, you got a long way to go"
So I went through canyons, caves and catacombs, I sailed on bic
ycle boats
I slept in chapels and brothels, I met the nicest folks
I said, "I'm ready for what I'm about to see, Yup"

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio
He said, "Kid, it's time for me to go,
And I know that there was something that I wanted to show you,
But it's time for you to find it on your own."
Let me tell you about rage when a signal died that day,
There's nothing out there and I don't care--its to take my life
away
"I'm not ready and I don't want to see, Nope"

It's been years since I heard my transistor radio
Yet I keep going to where it seems I'm meant to go
And I finally realized what he wanted to show me
Where I've been, where I am, is the show
Where I've been, where I am, is the show
Where I've been, where I am, is the show