

Jesus on the Radio

Guster

Five a.m., March sixteenth
Jesus on the radio
You took a photograph of me
On your yellow bucket seat
Its too high, its too wide
You're so low you don't know
To get through, to go around
So don't look back
There ain't nothing there to see
Was once like you
Can't say I recognize that face
In that picture that you keep
Its too high, its too wide
You're so low you don't know
To get through, to go around
To get through, to go around