

Dark

Pere Ubu

Oh, my friends don't understand me,
and my wife begins to fear,
that I've lost some sense of balance,
and I've lost the will to live.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive into the wilderness,
and I drive to fill a sense of purpose.
And I drive to find a perfect world,
where I hope to build a house.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh the radio will set you free

And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive because I do what I want.
And I drive cuz I was born to drive.
And I drive cuz every ghost town rising in the dust,
feels like a home to me.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive to close an open wound.
And I drive just to be alone.
And I drive to hear Tom Dooley swearing to his faith,
that must be nearly gone.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive to find a river's edge.
And I drive to hear a woman crying.
And I drive because I want to -
I agree to pay the price.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive to feed the ring of fire.
And I drive to be a one who knows.
And I drive to hear a worried man recount the things he
always wanted to be.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive into the wilderness.

and I drive to find a sense of purpose there.
And I drive to find a perfect world,
where I hope to build a house.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

And I drive because the angels fly.
And I drive because I fear the coming of the night,
the fearsome night.
I've agreed to pay the price.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.

Oh, my friends don't understand me,
and my wife begins to fear,
that I've lost some sense of balance,
and I've lost the will to live.
And the radio,
AM radio,
oh, the radio will set you free.