

Mr. Radioman

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Saturdays can be so cruel if you'd know what you're doing
Supposed to catch a flight to Miami
But the weather's brewing and brewing
I call the airport and they cancelled my flight
So I crawl back into bed in the middle of the night

Every day's just another fight if you don't where you're going
Inside out or upside down you're never even knowing
You drive your fancy car, show speakers off at night
I'd rather stay right here where it's nice and warm inside

So don't you talk to me, Mr. Radioman
Cause the snow's on the ground and I'm staying in bed
And I walked a million miles in my dream last night
So turn down your voice and let know it's all right

Ever wish your politician wouldn't wake you in the morning
Puts a damper on your day , well I think they owe me something
I sit up, stretch my arms, and I look into the street
When I see what's out my window is why everybody's beat

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And if I could light this fire, if I could hide away for good
I'd watch my black-and-white movies with a cup of cider mulled
I'd curl up with a blanket and my Alvarez guitar
And I'd think of all the ways I could not be where you are

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