

## Spirit Of Radio

Catherine Wheel

Begin the day  
With a friendly voice  
A companion, unobtrusive  
Plays that song that's so elusive  
And the magic music makes your morning mood

Off on your way  
Hit the open road  
There is magic at your fingers  
For the spirit ever lingers  
Undemanding contact  
In your happy solitude

Invisible airwaves  
Crackle with life  
Bright antennae bristle  
With the energy  
Emotional feedback  
On a timeless wavelength  
Bearing a gift beyond price --  
Almost free...

All this machinery  
Making modern music  
Can still be open-hearted  
Not so coldly charted  
It's really just a question  
Of your honesty

One likes to believe  
In the freedom of music  
But glittering prizes  
And endless compromises  
Shatter the illusion  
Of integrity

For the words of the profits  
Are written on the studio wall,  
Concert hall ---  
Echoes with the sounds...  
Of salesmen.