

# Dust Radio

Chris Whitley

Walk it with the father  
Talk it with the son  
Baby got vision child  
Like a loaded gun

She use my body  
Like carrion crow  
Doing our transmission thing  
On Dust Radio

Baby, call the number  
Nobody left in town  
Baby paint skulls and constellations  
On the ground

Where she lay me gently  
She lay me slow  
Somebody receiving up there  
On Dust Radio

Walk it with the spirit  
Talk it with the spine  
Mama sing, "Open up yourself  
When worlds align"

My secret Jesus  
The Good Red Road  
On blood antenna  
Dust Radio  
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