

Late Night Radio

Cowboy Junkies

Under his pillow whisper low
they creep in through his radio,
that long-distance howling at the moon.

Wille Stargel at the bat,
some freak singing about his Siamese cat,
"Ask the Pastor" sowing through his dreams.

Hey girl, wanna touch my soul?
Do you listen to late night radio?
Come away with me.

He likes the way it eats the miles,
the way it pulls you, like a child,
holds your hand,
briefly lifts the veil.

The way the music curls like smoke,
where the mildly sane and the madmen float,
the hum of night, the freedom in the air.

Hey love, can I reach your soul?
Do you listen to late night radio?
Come away with me.

Under his pillow whisper low
they creep in through his radio,
all that distance filling up the room.

Firmly locked in the long grey middle
he reaches out and starts to fiddle,
just to hear them howling at the moon.

Hey babe, do you doubt my soul?
But I listen to late night radio.
Come away with me.