

Radio On

Deacon Blue

Under a dark storm coming
They found the car out in the lake
A crowd had gathered on the shoreline
Two tons of black on steel plate
They put some chains all around it
And a hoist up on the pier
Hung above the surface like a prize catch
Wriggling till the water disappeared

You`ve gotta have a reason to be
Gotta reason to be
Gotta reason to be

I`ve got my radio on
The wind is blowing
Everything is shining
In the winter sun
The winter sun

Down on the beach one July morning
Just as the dawn had hit the sand
Sun caught her heels and summer cotton
An extra rock out on the land
Kids dropped their nets and ran over
And saw the tears upon the skin
And how her gold and pearl earrings
Couldn`t stop the water coming in

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