

## 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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