

Goodbye Radio

Hawksley Workman

Goodbye to radio,
Goodbye to the things that we know.
And calculate passages,
And bloom like a tiger lily in july.

And lovers will die,
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen.
So stop tellin lies,
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas.

Salvaged by wondering,
Weighed down by tears that you wish you could cry.
I want to make love with you,
Spread you so wide like the bluest of nights.

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And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen.
So stop tellin lies,
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas.

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