

## Radio Plays

Hugh Dillon

A long distance carrier pigeon  
Flying from Hollywood or Hell  
And nobody was really sure  
Nobody could really tell at all  
If it was my imagination  
Or just my situation

And the radio, the radio made me  
And the radio, the radio plays  
Station to station, into the night  
Into tomorrow and the rest of our lives  
Into the future, into the light  
Into forever, until everything's quiet  
The radio plays  
The radio plays

Now I hadn't changed, I was just different  
Man I was just thinking to myself  
That nobody was really sure  
Nobody could really tell at all  
If it was my imagination  
Or just my situation

The radio plays  
The radio plays

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Flying in from Hollywood or hell  
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Nobody could really tell at all  
If it was my imagination  
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