

Golden Age Of Radio

Josh Ritter

Picture they took of you in your cowboy hat
Makes you look like you are one of the boys
Out on a Saturday night
Meanwhile on the outskirts of the dance hall
I'm a joke that you'd probably enjoy

On the outside of Memphis all the building look big
And the white picket fences all dare to charge around the lawn
And hold their heads up high when my headlights find them out
They'll be the first to put their hands in the air with my radio on
Singing a country song soft and low

Oh, when I've got a worried mind I know
I hear the ghost of Patsy Cline
On the Grand Old Opry Show

Living on the edge of the city limit line
This is where the boundary finally ends
And I swear that we're the last living souls
In a populated ghost town

All the billboards are our best friends
Which way did our last chance go and can we
Get out if we go right now?
It seems that with the malls and the mega-church stadiums
We would get out if we knew just how with the radio on

Standing in line to get my self-help book signed off
On by the reverend who shouts to the converted
Have mercy on this boy he did it all by the book
But still kind of has his doubts

Oh, you look pretty good in that jonquil dress
But your smile is a wooden nickel's pride
And I know that it ain't worth much but I feels good to touch
And I think that I could dance if I tried with your radio on

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