

Listen To The Radio

Kathy Mattea

I am leaving Mississippi in the evening rain
Well those Delta towns wear satin gowns
In a high beamed frame
Loretta Lynn guides my hands through the radio
Where would I be in times like these
Without the songs Loretta wrote?
'Cause when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
And when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
The radio...listen to the radio
The radio
I left a handsome two-stepping good ole boy in Tennessee
Now, he's sittin' on the sofa, he's lookin' for his supper,
Wonderin' what's become of me
I've got a double-0-eighteen Martin guitar in the back seat of
the car
And, I am leaving Mississippi...
With the radio on
'Cause when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
And when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
The radio...listen to the radio
The radio
There's a moon across the border in the Louisiana sky
I smell the Pontchartrain, I hear silver wings
And then, away Merle Haggard flies
That good ole boy will find a band of gold
On the stereo
Hey, then my mama's gonna call and say, "Where's she gone?"
He'll say, "Down the road with the radio on."
'Cause when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
And when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
The radio...listen to the radio
The radio