

## 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