The Spirit of Radio

Kobra and the Lotus

Begin the day With a friendly voice A companion, unobtrusive Plays that song that's so elusive And the magic music makes your morning mood

Off on your way Hit the open road There is magic at your fingers For the spirit ever lingers Undemanding contact In your happy solitude

Invisible airwaves Crackle with life Bright antennae bristle With the energy Emotional feedback On a timeless wavelength Bearing a gift beyond price Almost free...

All this machinery Making modern music Can still be open-hearted Not so coldly charted It's really just a question Of your honesty

One likes to believe In the freedom of music But glittering prizes And endless compromises Shatter the illusion Of integrity

For the words of the profits Are written on the studio wall, Concert hall Echoes with the sounds... Of salesmen.