

88.2 is your Saviour station  
God hangs like a shadow high above the nation  
Like a phantom hurricane  
91.6 is Classic Soul  
Obama flyer still hanging by the side of the road  
Like a long last prayer  
And the pawn shops glisten like the porn girl stars  
And the cheap imitation armoured cars  
Roll up and down past empty bars  
Showing re-runs of the glory years  
But now the Champion of All Time is getting battered and bruise  
d  
The blows come raining down  
He's standing there terrified to lose  
But he's punch-drunk and he's going down

94.7 is the Weather Channel  
Floods and droughts and plagues straight out of the Bible  
And the scientists shake their heads  
And the air-con unit rattles and dies  
The golf course green but the wells are dry  
All looking to heaven with anxious eyes  
As the vapour trails drift across cloudless skies

96.4 is Classic Rock  
Some of the kids that were sent are not coming back  
It's like a ritual sacrifice  
Pressed uniforms and body-bags  
And the smalltown church all decked with flags  
And the waiting beds unslept in  
By the ghosts all up in Arlington  
And as the leaves blow on an autumn day  
The funeral gathering kneels to pray  
Make it OK, make it OK, God, please, make it OK  
101-point-nothing is the shock jocks  
Where every week is Hate Week  
And we can scream and rage about everything  
Then get back in the box that they keep us in  
As the great land stretches on  
Where the endless hopes are born  
All caught in a false dawn that lasts forever  
And the great land stretches on  
Where the endless dreams are born  
All caught in a false dawn that lasts forever