

On The Air

Peter Gabriel

Built in the belly of junk by the river, my cabin stands;
Made from the trash I dug off the heap with my own bare hands.
Every night I'm back at the shack, I'm sure no one is there,
I'm putting the aerial up, so I can go out on the air...

R: On the air
On the air
On the air

Every morning I'm out at dawn with the dwarfs and tramps
For a silent communion lit from above by the sodium lamps.
Everyone I meet on the street acts as if I wasn't there,
But they're all going to know who I am, 'cos I can go out on the air.

R: (On the air...)

Leaving the car down the leafy lane,
Turning out Tarzan for my Jungle Jane.
Anyone at all, from Captain Zero
And his band of superheroes standing by on call.
Oh it's not easy,
No it's not easy making real friends...

Don't give me your steak-reared milkboys, milkboys,
Half alive on empty white noise, white noise,
I've got power, I'm proud to be loud, my signal goes out clear,
I want everybody to know that Bozo is here!