

Broken Radio

Pistol Grip

Nothing else matters I've got nothing left to lose
I look to those that will always get me through
A needle on the vinyl will always take me back in time
Despair leaves my body I don't wanna die

Many have gone can you remember any song
Those who have passed their passion lives on
A voice of reason injected into my soul
A clash of guitars keeps me safe from the cold

Static in the air
at the frequencies end
Static in the air
When the volume's at ten
Static in the air
I'll never be gone
Static in the air
But the band plays on

Ecstatic when the sky turns gray
On a broken radio I still hear the bands play

Saturated memories begin to take me back in time
Can you hear the voices resound in your mind
They're calling my name and now I'm being sucked back in
The world could end now I'll be left with a grin
Feel the spinning record slicing through you like a knife
Bask in the ruins that used to be your life
Can you hear me yelling I stare into the face of pain
The static gets louder through the thunder and the rain