

50,000 Watts

Rosanne Cash

It's a hard road, but it fits your shoes
Son of rhythm, brother of the blues
The sound of darkness, the pull of the yoke
Everything is broken and painted in smoke

But there's a light on Sunday
A new old desire
The sound of the whistle 'cross radio wires
Love in your future
I'll wait for you there
With 50,000 watts of common prayer

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We'll be who we are and not who we were
A sister to him, a brother to her
We'll live like kings without any sin
Redemption will come, just tune it on in

But there's a light on Sunday
A new old desire
The sound of the whistle 'cross radio wires
Love in your future
I'll wait for you there
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