

Dead Radio

Rowland S. Howard

You're bad for me
Like cigarettes
But I haven't sucked
Enough of you yet
Nothing is sacred
And nothing is true
I'm no one that's nowhere
When I'm here with you

I've lost the power I
Had to distinguish
Between what to ignite and
What to extinguish

I blew in last night
I'm the ghost from the coast
When the lighting is bad
I'm the man with the most
And you left me to choke
On a heart up in smoke
Smiling through your tears
And your tetracycline overdose

You're good for me
Like coca cola
I don't get any younger
You don't get any older
Everything's sacred
And everything's true
And all this is possible
When I'm here with you

I've got a lot to say
But I keep my own counsel
I'd like to spit it out
But I won't speak with my mouth full

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I'm the ghost from the coast
When the lighting is bad
I'm the man with the most
And you left me to choke
On a heart up in smoke
Smiling through your tears
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