

## Blue Radio

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

Alone in my kitchen, it's 3 am  
As it always seems to be these days  
Through a shot glass darkly  
Oh, I see what I am  
Alone and then lost in a 2-pack haze  
And the only light is the neon glow  
Of my blue radio  
Of my blue radio

I fumble for a cigarette as I fool with the dial  
I try to pick up that late night news  
The crack in the plaster starts to look like a drunker'd smile  
All this damn thing picks up is the blues  
So I sit here bathed in the glow  
Of my blue radio  
Of my blue radio

All night long, I keep hearing the same damn songs  
It's all over now and the thrill is gone  
Oh, but I remember when we danced real slow  
To my blue radio  
I remember, baby, when we danced real slow

The music ends and the DJ comes on  
And he says, "That last one was a request"  
He says he asked the woman, "Is such a sad, sad song  
For someone special?"  
She said, "Yes"  
"But, oh, I know he's out there,  
I know he's listening to your show  
He's listenin' on his blue radio"

I know he's out there  
I know he's listening  
Ain't got nowhere else to go  
I know he's out there  
I know he's out there  
I can see him out there with his blue radio