

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 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