

Bruce Springsteen, Radio Nowhere

I was trying to find my way home
But all I heard was a drone
Bouncing off a satellite
Crushing the last long American night

This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?

I was staring at a dead dial
Just another lost number in a file
Dancing down a dark hole
Just searching for a world with some soul

This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
Is there anybody alive out there?

I just want to hear some rhythm
I just want to hear some rhythm
I just want to hear some rhythm
I just want to hear some rhythm

I want a thousand guitars
I want pounding drums
I want a million different voices speaking in tongues

This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
Is there anybody alive out there?

I was driving through the misty rain
And just searching for a mystery train
Bopping through the wild blue
Trying to make a connection with you

This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
This is radio nowhere
Is there anybody alive out there?
Is there anybody alive out there?

I just want to feel some rhythm
I just want to feel some rhythm
I just want to feel your rhythm
I just want to feel your rhythm

I just want to feel your rhythm
I just want to feel your rhythm
I just want to feel your rhythm
I just want to feel your rhythm