

Chris Whitley, Dust Radio

Walk it with the father
Talk it with the son
Baby got vision child
Like a loaded gun
She use my body
Like carrion crow
Doing our transmission thing
On Dust Radio
Baby, call the number
Nobody left in town
Baby paint skulls and constellations
On the ground
Where she lay me gently
She lay me slow
Somebody receiving up there
On Dust Radio
Walk it with the spirit
Talk it with the spine
Mama sing, "Open up yourself
When worlds align"
My secret Jesus
The Good Red Road
On blood antenna
Dust Radio
Dust Radio