

Colin James, Far Away Like A Radio

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio

I was ridin shotgun with the driver
The lovers and the rounders
Come along with me to LA
Me and my bride on a greyhound back
She took a piece outta me that i'll never get back

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio

Ghost in a shotglass and lonely all around
Can't help but catch a buzz when you come into this town
Darkness in a box, man, you better send a scout
There's doors to keep you in but none to let you out

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio

Head on my shoulder, and mouth just catchin flies
Stranger outta stories has just talked himself dry
Half of him will make it to LA by tomorrow
The rest of him will have to make a beg steal or borrow

One end of town laughin at the other
They got ragin home records, makin welfare mothers
Street hosed down when the dawn breaks slow
Shinin like a mirror so all the shadows won't show

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio

All the happy endings
That i've heard about
Stories left unwritten
We'll have to figure it out

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio

All broke down, comin in low
Far away like a radio
Red lights flash, static and snow
Far away like a radio