

Hawksley Workman, Goodbye To Radio

Goodbye to Radio
Goodbye to the things that we've known
And calculate passages
And bloom like a tiger lily in July

And lovers will die
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen
So stop telling lies
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas

Salvaged by wandering
Weighed down by tears that you wish you could cry
And I wanna make love with you
Spread you so wide like the bluest of night

And lovers will die
And lovers will rise past the darkness we've seen
So stop telling lies
And start falling blind in the deepest of seas

(Whistling)

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