

Odds, Radios Of Heaven

Now I rush to the finger of light
I guess I tore my head off
I hope there's something waiting for me
To make my exit pay-off
Taste and smell and touch
Have faded from pollution
As a last resort I chose the stupidest solution
The first thing I did when I got in gate
Was crank up the left-hand dial
I got there first
The track star seemed to take a while
Now I can dance like Nureyev
With these wings on my body
St. Peter complains that it's too loud down in the lobby

And I hear the voice of God
He's brilliant on the microphone
And the radio in heaven
Can make a heathen feel at home

All these notes flying out play havoc with my heart
Every word sung is both emotional & smart
There's a gorgeous sunset
Happening on the airwaves
I really want you to hear this song one day
So you behave

And I hear the voice of God
He's brilliant on the microphone
And the radio in heaven
Can make a heathen feel at home
At home