

# 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