

Rosanne Cash, Radio Operator

Radio operator, in a tiny foreign room
We can hear you now and later
Calling out and coming through

Radio operator, you're a voice so far from home
With a signal like a heartbeat
Not afraid but so alone

Where are the messages for me
The secret codes for parts unknown
I'll ride the signal to the world
And to the girl in San Antone

Radio operator, do you ever think of me
'Cause I'm a gleam on some horizon
Just too far away to see

Radio operator, there are still messages to send
From the future, from the present
And it never has to end

Where are the messages for me
The secret codes for parts unknown
I'll ride the signal to the world
And to the girl in San Antone

---- Instrumental Interlude ----

Radio operator, I am calling like a friend
From my future, from your memory
And it never has to end

This message will not end