

# The Brian Setzer Orchestra, Ghost Radio

written by J. Strummer and B. Setzer

As I came across the Pecos and broke west of the line  
This thunderstorm was running and it ran me out of time  
So I was racing through the rain with this rig from Tennessee  
When a voice cut through the static, bringing comfort home to me

They were singing  
I ain't sittin' in no shack  
Got me a Ford right out the back  
So come on and roll me over  
If I ain't there in nothing flat  
With a honky-tonk attitude  
I'll be doing the straight line swing  
C'mon and grab your horseshoe  
And throw it in the ring

Now the levee wall was breaking, rocks were rolling from the ridge  
The announcer broke in, saying there was a bus trapped on the bridge  
So I turned my rig around, I was axle-deep in mud  
And I found those people stranded, the bridge was groaning in the flood

Still my radio was singing  
I ain't sittin' in no shack  
Got me a Ford right out the back  
So come on and roll me over  
If I ain't there in nothing flat  
With a honky-tonk attitude  
I'll be doing the straight line swing  
C'mon and grab your horseshoe  
And throw it in the ring

With the grinding of my engine, I hauled those people free  
With the raging river rising, the driver came thanking me  
So I told him about the message; he said, That can't be right  
The storm knocked out the radio tower late last Saturday night

But through the static we heard singing  
I ain't sittin' in no shack  
Got me a Ford right out the back  
So come on and roll me over

If I ain't there in nothing flat  
With a honky-tonk attitude  
I'll be doing the straight line swing  
C'mon and grab your horseshoe  
And throw it in the ring

Them old truckers gonna tell you down the lonely interstate  
Out the dead air on the waveband, the Texas Playboys break  
You'll hear a keening voice, Bob Wills is with you as you drive  
And you'll know you got a broadcast straight from 1935

Can you hear him singing  
I ain't sittin' in no shack  
Got me a Ford right out the back  
So come on and roll me over

If I ain't there in nothing flat  
With a honky-tonk attitude  
I'll be doing the straight line swing  
C'mon and grab your horseshoe  
And throw it in the ring