

# Pistol Grip, Broken Radio

Nothing else matters I've got nothing left to lose  
I look to those that will always get me through  
A needle on the vinyl will always take me back in time  
Despair leaves my body I don't wanna die

Many have gone can you remember any song  
Those who have passed their passion lives on  
A voice of reason injected into my soul  
A clash of guitars keeps me safe from the cold

Static in the air  
at the frequencies end  
Static in the air  
When the volume's at ten  
Static in the air  
I'll never be gone  
Static in the air  
But the band plays on

Ecstatic when the sky turns gray  
On a broken radio I still hear the bands play

Saturated memories begin to take me back in time  
Can you hear the voices resound in your mind  
They're calling my name and now I'm being sucked back in  
The world could end now I'll be left with a grin  
Feel the spinning record slicing through you like a knife  
Bask in the ruins that used to be your life  
Can you hear me yelling I stare into the face of pain  
The static gets louder through the thunder and the rain