

Primitive Radio Gods, Ghost Of A Chance

Sister Soul came to see me
and she made no demands,
on the air, Sunday's midnight.
Sister Soul understands.

Pull the shades, let it rain all day.
Radio station plays Mr. John Coltrain's favorite things.
Lady Day, she sings,
that I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you

Beautiful stranger,
now its just me and you.
Brush the dust off the needle.
Put it deep in the groove.

Pull the shades, let it rain all day.
Radio station plays Mr. Miles Davis, kind of blue
and I know that it's true
that I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you

Cold and grey, it's gonna rain all day.
Sara Vaughn lingers on, but the black coffee it gone and I
hate to say goodbye
but I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you, now...