

Trisha Yearwood, Mr. Radio

Oh, what a sunny day
When they carried the radio home
Bringing him in off the truck
And the dogs wouldn't leave us alone
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company

We listen in a room
Through the miles and miles of night
Deep in the heart of the Bible belt
In the golden radio light
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company

And it's hard days out in the field
The crows in the high tree top
If a man's away from his home all day
His chickens might fall to the fox
Mr. Radio, what can you do about that?
Uh huh

And you can take me down to a river town
Where the citizens dance till dawn
They dance so close it's a sin almost
The way they carry on
Mr. Radio, I never dreamed you could

And it's miles at the careless touch
Of a tired hand in time
When evening fell I heard a strange sell
Dreams that were never mine
Mr. Radio, you come down here to keep us company
You come down here to keep us company