Transistor Radio

Cloud Cult

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio,
Though he turned in his bones twenty years ago,
And he said, "Kid, there's something that I'd like to show you,
Get your things, its time for us to go"
So I grabbed my backpack, my flashlight, and a bag of caramel corn,
I got my bicycle, and the radio, and I had it on the road, I said
"I'm ready for what I'm about to see, Yup"

I headed north to rain that turned to snow
Through rusty towns and dusty gravel roads
And I said, "Grandpa, where is this thing you wanted to show me?"
He said, "Kid, you got a long way to go"
So I went through canyons, caves and catacombs, I sailed on bicycle boats
I slept in chapels and brothels, I met the nicest folks
I said, "I'm ready for what I'm about to see, Yup"

I heard grandpa on my transistor radio
He said, "Kid, its time for me to go,
And I know that there was something that I wanted to show you,
But its time for you to find it on your own."
"Let me tell you about rage when a signal died that day,
There's nothing out there and I don't care; Its to take my life away
I'm not ready and I don't want to see, Nope"

Its been years since I heard my transistor radio
Yet I keep going to where it seems I'm meant to go
And I finally realized what he wanted to show me
Where I've been, where I am, its the show
Where I've been, where I am, its the show
Where I've been, where I am, its the show

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