Broken Radio

Pistol Grip

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 dieMany 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 coldStatic 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 onEcstatic when the sky turns gray
On a broken radio, I still hear the bands playSaturated 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 grinFeel 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

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