Listen To The Radio

Nanci Griffith

I am leaving Mississippi in the evening rain
These Delta towns wear satin gowns
In a high beamed frameLoretta Lynn guides my hands through the radio
Where would I be in times like these
Without the songs Loretta wrote?'Cause when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
When you can't find a friend
You've still got the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radio
RadioI left a handsome, two stepped
Good ole boy in Tennessee
Now, he's sittin' on the sofa, he's lookin' for his supper
Wonderin', "What's become of me?"I've got a double-o-eighteen Martin guitar in the
Back seat of the car
Hey, I'm leaving Mississippi
With the radio on'Cause when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
When you can't find a friend
You've still got the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radioIt's the radio
Listen to the radio
The radioThere's a moon across the border
In the Louisiana sky
I smell the Pontchartrain, I hear Silver Wings
And then, away Merle Haggard had to flyThat good ole boy will find a Band of Gold on the stereo
Hey, then my Mama's gonna call and say
Where's she gone?
He'll say, "Down the road with the radio on"When you can't find a friend
You've still got the radio
And when you can't find a friend
You've still got the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio

The radio
Now listen to the radioThe radio
[Incomprehensible] down the road
[Incomprehensible]Radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radioThe radio
Listen to the radio
The radio
Listen to the radio
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