Broken Radio

Jesse Malin

I was thinking about another time
Still in my mind
Well, I used to know a little girl
High on this worldYour baby loves you more than you know
Raised on rivalry and rock 'n roll
Moving to the motor city soul
She lets go on the radioWell, we never had a lot of cash
But we loved those kids
Some say that she missed the boat
But she just burned the bridgeThe angels love you more than you know
Raised on robbery and rock 'n roll
Moving to the motor city soul
She takes hold on the radioStomach ache Sundays
And books we never read
Well, I was hoping someday
We might meet againShe used to talk about astrology
She was born in June
She danced with strangers and celebrities
Empty stars and the full moonI was thinking about the universe
For what it's worth
Or the one above the Phoenix bird
That died and returnedThe angels love you more than you know
Raised on robbery and rock 'n roll
Moving to the motor city soul
Moving to the motor city soulSometimes I see her face
When there's no place to go
On the radio, on the radio, on the radio
(The angels love you more)
On the radio, broken radio

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