

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 world Your 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 radio Well, we never had a lot of cash
But we loved those kids
Some say that she missed the boat
But she just burned the bridge The 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 radio Stomach ache Sundays
And books we never read
Well, I was hoping someday
We might meet again She used to talk about astrology
She was born in June
She danced with strangers and celebrities
Empty stars and the full moon I was thinking about the universe
For what it's worth
Or the one above the Phoenix bird
That died and returned The 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 soul Sometimes 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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