Radio

Dusty Drake

Clock radio wakes me up from my dreams
This bathroom floor's feeling cold on my feet
But I keep the rhythm by brushing my teeth to the radio
The nest thing I knew, that toothbrush in my hand
Was a microphone and I was staring back
At ten thousand screaming fans through my radio
Back to Earth, off to work, that is the deal
I'm not a star, but I know how it feels to be on my radio
Well I pulled into work and heard "Born To Be Wild"
I reached for the knob and I cranked it up loud
And I blasted that Harley straight on through the town on my radio
No, these aren't handlebars, it's just my steering wheel
And I'm not a rebel, but I know how it feels on my radio
Music carries hearts away
Turns then 'round and makes then stay
Proves there's nothing you can't do
And by itself, makes dreams come true
We pulled off the road just to talk for a while
I pulled her closer, then I saw her smile
Lit up by the soft amber light of the dial on my radio
And somehow the DJ knew just what to play
And the singer knew just what to say
To make her melt in my arms that way by the radio
Two innocent hearts and an automobile
I'm not a stud, but I know how it fels, thank God for that radio
I've learned how to love and I've learned about life
And I've done it all staring straight through the eyes of my radio

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