

On The Air

Peter Gabriel

Built in the belly of junk by the river my cabin stands
Made from the trash I dug out 'the heap, with my own fair hands
Every night, I'm back at the shack and I'm sure no one is there
I'm putting the aerial up, so I can go out on the airOn the air
On the air
On the airEvery morning I'm out at dawn with the dwarfs and the tramp
For a silent communion lit from above by the sodium lamps
Everyone I meet on the street acts as if I wasn't there
But they're all going to know who I am 'cause I can go out on the airOn the air
On the air
On the airLeaving the car down leafy lane
Turning out Tarzan for my Jungle Jane
anyone at all
From Captain Zero and his brand of superhero
standing by a call
Oh it's not easy
No it's not easy
Making real friendsDon't give me your steak-reared milk boys, milk boys
Half alive on empty white noise, white noise
I got power, I'm proud to be loud; my signal goes out clear
I want everybody to know that Mozo is hereOn the air
On the air
On the air

Songwriters

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