

# Late Night Radio

## Cowboy Junkies

Oh, Mary Jane  
She step on a train  
Head for the city lights  
Yearning inside  
To swim with the tide  
And taste it, alright Bag on her shoulder  
Breathing the cold  
There by the metal tracks  
She saw it all shine  
And swore in her mind  
She'd never go back And she don't mind the late night  
Late night radio  
She don't mind the late night radio  
She don't mind the late night  
Late night radio, na na Couldn't have dreamed  
The things that she seen  
There on the avenue  
She stared right into a million eyes  
That looked her right through Telling Red Joe  
The places she'd go  
And wiping the table clean  
She got no idea, the demon of fear  
Or what a broken heart mean And she don't mind the late night  
Late night radio  
She don't mind the late night radio  
She don't mind the late night  
Late night radio Na na na na na not at all  
Na na na na na not at all  
Na na na na na not at all  
Na na na na na not at all Na na na na na not at all  
Na na na na na not at all  
Na na New York was dark  
Dirty and stark  
Burning with yellow wings  
Everyday come  
With fever and hum  
Who knows what it brings Walking a wall  
Without a thought  
To fall and hit the ground

Sweet Mary Jane  
With eyes like the rain  
Alive to the soundShe don't mind the late night  
Late night radio  
She don't mind the late night radio  
She don't mind the late night  
Late night radioShe don't mind the late night  
Late night radio  
She don't mind the late night radio  
She don't mind the late night  
Late night radio, na na na na

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