

# Golden Age Of Radio

[Josh Ritter](#)

Picture they took of you in your cowboy hat  
Makes you look like you are one of the boys  
Out on a Saturday night, meanwhile on the outskirts of the dance hall  
I'm a joke that you'd probably enjoy  
On the outside of Memphis all the building look big  
And the white picket fences all dare to charge around the lawn  
And hold their heads up high when my headlights find them out  
They'll be the first to put their hands in the air with my radio on  
Singing a country song soft and low

Oh when I've got a worried mind I know  
I hear the ghost of Patsy Cline  
On the Grand Old Opry Show

Living on the edge of the city limit line  
This is where the boundary finally ends  
And I swear that we're the last living souls in a populated ghost town  
All the billboards are our best friends  
Which way did our last chance go and can we  
Get out if we go right now?  
It seems that with the malls and the mega-church stadiums  
We would get out if we knew just how with the radio on

Standing in line to get my self-help book signed off  
On by the reverend who shouts to the converted  
Have mercy on this boy he did it all by the book  
But still kind of has his doubts  
Oh you look pretty good in that jonquil dress  
But your smile is a wooden nickel's pride  
and I know that it ain't worth much but I feels good to touch  
And I think that I could dance if I tried with your radio on

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