

Private Radio

Billy Bob Thornton

There are voices in my head
And demons in my soul
Sometimes they keep me warm
Sometimes they leave me cold
There are strangers in my bed
To caress my jaded skin
And squeeze my body tight
And forgive me of my sins
And I know Im not insane
If I am, Im not to blame
Its just this damned old hungry pain
Like a drug inside my veins
And Ive sown just what Ive reaped
And my thoughts are mine to keep
And through my chilly bones they creep
And they whisper me to sleep
When the nighttime goes away
And the voices have all gone
I fumble with my clothes
And put myself back on
I walk out on the streets
To face another day
I know Ill meet my fears
Somewhere along the way
As I climb the mighty steel
And watch the river flow
Ill drown beneath the waves
Of my own private radio

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