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 air

On the air
On the air
On the air

Every 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 air

On the air
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Leaving 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 friends

Don'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 here

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