

## RADIO SILENCE

Got a hard knock cut sittin' cold in my guts  
Got a voice in my head that refuse to shut up  
Town Hall tolls the midnight bell  
And all it seems there's left to sell is  
Radio Silence

Crashed out on the highway at crow for day  
Put on a jacket and a fightin' face  
To brave the winds when the day's all done  
And there's no fire left to fight the settin' sun, there's just  
Radio Silence

Hands in pockets and the collar turned up for the rain  
Beat and busted, just the numb to keep stallin' the pain  
Buckin' for position on the underground haul  
Winds whip outt' the tunel, blow your back to the wall  
Tryin' to keep from slippin' from a walk to a crawl  
Grit the teeth and tell 'em they can stuff it all  
Radio Silence  
Breaking Radio Silence

Written by TK Berg © 2012