

Good Morning, True North

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Hello New England
This is your radio man
You can hear my words
Far across this land

Monday morning, 6 a.m.
Time to start the day again
Take a cold shower, run down the hill
I watch the sun rise in a coma still
Hand from glove, instant freeze
As I fumble for my keys
Northern papers lying in the snow
Cup of coffee from the Texaco
And when there's snow on the hills around
It slows the heart of this New England town

But that's all right, my heart's almost pumping
That's all right, my brain is thumping
That's all right, here comes that oil stove warmth
Good morning, true north

Chocolate donut from the place down the street
Makes you feel like you didn't eat
At ten o'clock right on the dot, I smell the grilling meat
From the tavern just one floor below
And my words are ringing from the radio

Come on now, let's get beneath the surface
Come on now, what's your purpose
Come on now, what is this all for?
Good morning, true north

I am young and a long way from home
I've got a girlfriend on the telephone
I'll drive me down to the little city
And see her face, it's always pretty
Friday night I'll knocking on her door

Boss comes in, takes his calls
I watch the wire and walk the State House halls
The cycle never stalls
And every line I write is plain as snow
Sending stories to the radio

Come on now the sky goes on forever
I work the phones and pound shoe leather
From a barn in Putney way downstate
To a border guard up in Highgate
To a girl I met in Burlington
Who calls me up when there's nobody around
Come on now, who can ask for more?
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