

## **Indiana Radio**

**© Dale Kidd-Aaron Nathans 2005. All Rights Reserved.**

Some folks live off the land  
I live off the air  
Search for that voice  
But the singer's not there  
And my battery's low  
All I get is that fuzz  
Trying too hard  
To bring back that buzz

'Cause I can hear it playing on a private band  
From the sky to my eye, from your head to my hand  
Driving the back roads or walking real slow  
My mind finds that station, Indiana radio

So I give up the ghost  
And I stare at my lawn  
When I turn off the power  
That's when it turns on  
When I close my eyes  
Your music starts to blare  
Those invisible towers  
Are everywhere

'Cause I can hear it...

I remember sitting in your car  
Out where the lights of town don't show  
Just holding on  
And we kept our voices low  
So we could hear the corn grow  
Through the darkness and the wind  
Could it ever be that way again? (oh, no)

Some folks loved off the crushes  
But we never did  
It felt like forever  
But we were just kids  
Out at the drive-ins  
Convertible cars  
Buddy Holly and the Crickets  
Crackling underneath the stars

I can hear it playing on a private band  
From the sky to my eye, from your head to my hand  
I sit in my car, windows down and alone  
And feel the wind through the fields,  
Indiana radio  
Indiana radio  
Indiana radio