

Vienna Teng, Radio

It came from nowhere
On the 38 Geary
A girl with a backpack of shrapnel and wire
Through spiderweb windows
Of blood stained glass
A pagoda's shadow and a cruel sunny sky
Oh the flash then the silence
Shouldn't there be screaming praying crying
Oh anything at all
Tell me where are the sirens
Fire's getting closer but I've got to stay calm
It's just the radio darling,
Just the radio and your runaway imagination
Just the radio darling
We can turn away to another station
Outside they're handing out
Fate to the wounded
Little tags in black red yellow, and green
It's now my twenty-fifth hour
With a scalpel in hand
If I stop moving I will sleep on my feet
And the rumors are seething
Gunfire at freeway exits, bridges mid-barricades
I can feel the fog creeping
God where is the morphine, the sweet lidocaine
It's just the radio
Sing me a love song dear
What good has the news ever done me
Come on it'll never happen here, oh no
We are not some third world country
This is not some third world country
I'm sorry Mama
I held on for as long as I could
I'm sorry Papa
There was nothing more I could do
It's just the radio