

THE NIGHT SHOW

I KEEP ONE HAND ON THE WHEEL
THE OTHER ON THE DIAL
THE MUSIC KEEPS ME COMPANY
FOR A LITTLE WHILE
THEN THE AIR IS FILLED WITH VOICES
EVERY STORY JUST THE SAME
LOST AND LIVING WITH THEIR CHOICES
I THOUGHT I HEARD MY NAME

ANOTHER CALLER ON THE NIGHT SHOW
FIGHTING THE STATIC DOWN A DARK ROAD
I KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO LET GO
BUT IT'S FADING OUT
YES IT'S FADING OUT

PORTLAND MAINE
YOU'RE ON THE AIR
THE LINES ARE LIGHTING UP

HELLO PHOENIX ARE YOU THERE

WELCOME TO THE CLUB

THE SAD PARADE OF FADED GLORY
WOULD BORE ME EVERYTIME
NOW THERE'S PART OF EVERY STORY
THAT'S WAY TO CLOSE TO MINE

CHORUS

IT WAS YOU I KNOW IT
A WORD OR TWO CAME IN CLEAR
IT WAS YOU I KNOW IT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ANDREW GOLD & GARY BURR