

Begin the day with a friendly voice, a companion unobtrusive
Plays that song that's so elusive and the magic music makes your morning mood
...

Off on your way, hit the open road, there is magic at your fingers
For the Spirit ever lingers, undemanding contact in your happy solitude

Invisible airwaves crackle with life, bright antenna bristle with the energy
Emotional feedback on timeless wavelength bearing a gift beyond price
Almost free

All this machinery making modern music can still be open-hearted
Not so coldly charted, it's really just a question of your honesty
Yeah! Your honesty
One likes to believe in the freedom of music
But glittering prizes and endless compromises
Shatter the illusion of integrity, yeah

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For the words of the prophets were written on the studio wall
Concert hall!
And echoes with the sounds of salesmen...
Of salesmen... of salesmen!

[Solo]