

You said we'd meet on the airwaves.
Mission complete; time to bail.
This tape will self-destruct in ten seconds.
It's time I covered my trail.
It's me to you on the radio saying,
"Hey, what's your twenty?
I'm here at Grayskull. Over and out."
With static on the audio you said,
"Ten-four, good buddy.
I'm headed westward and to the south."
I've lost all contact with HQ.
My CODEC is on the fritz.
I've only got a half-mile radius.
God knows if it will transmit.
And now that you're fine will you leave me behind?