

Tile by Tile

Always

At night I pace the floors
Tile by tile, step by step, 'til I reach a wall
No use in forging on, I try wholeheartedly
But still end up on your lawn

'Cause I'm still waiting on my invitation
I shouldn't have ever gone in the truck
The whole ride writing in your condensation
I shouldn't have ever been calling it love

At night I take the calls from telemarketers
In hopes of hearing your drawl
I let them blather on without a thought
I surrender my credit card

'Cause I'm still combing through missed connections
I shouldn't have ever followed you up
I'm out here swimming in the wrong direction
I shouldn't have ever been calling it love
(I'm still waiting)

Am I still giving off the wrong impression?
I shouldn't have ever dialled you up
And I'm still lifting all your old expressions
I shouldn't have ever been calling it love
I'm still waiting
(I'm still waiting)