

Telephone

Andy Shauf

I wish you'd call me on the telephone
I want to hear your voice
Reaching late into the night
I would live on the telephone if I was
Listening to you talk about your day
I nod my head count the days gone by
Since I held onto your words

I used to call you on the telephone
I couldn't catch my breath
To expel a single word
You would hang up your telephone
You always looked confused
Then you'd turn and close the blinds
I nod my head count the days gone by
Since I held onto your words
Pick up your telephone
Pick up your telephone