

## 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