

Bad Phone Call

Buffalo Tom

I'm gonna draw you in like a bad phone call
I'm gonna draw you right in
I'll have my answer in the morning, yeah yeah
And confess all my sins

I've got the guilt of a father for you
I've got the guilt of the son
I've got the paper guilt of a spirit
Clean slate for everyone

I'll take a chance, I'll leave the light on
Until the lonely one
I'll leave the boxes on the kitchen floor
And then unlock the door

She is the girl right next door to you
With all the darkness inside
She pulls you in like a bad phone call
And you're left hanging on the line

And when these days are over
And when everything is gone
Even these memories and vague impressions of me
That's when I'll finally move on

I'll take a chance, I'll leave the light on
Until the lonely one
I'll leave the boxes on the kitchen floor
And then unlock the door