

Callback

Charlie Burg

I know you're never gonna call back
Baby it ain't all bad when you're busy
We take our chances on the weekend
Is this a feeling that we'll miss?

But here comes, here comes
The week, the week
I try to just do me
It tends to backfire, you see
Give you a glance
I'll fix you a drink
Before it reaches your hands
It's down the kitchen sink
Yeah

But hey
I learned two people never feel the same way
Somewhere on Belle Isle
I noticed your eyes were ablaze
And ever since I've been a fool
To pretend you're okay

Yeah

We're too inebriated to keep on bowling
So let's head back into town
In the kitchen, freestyle
Pete Rock on the beat
The beat rock, I'm like Jay
This the ROC
We burn another we brothers
Though I met you last night
It feel like we from the same mother
The dark sky make the moon shine loud
We pile into the Chevy
And gang out to Waffle House (wooh!)

You shuffle over to me
I can tell something's on your mind
Last time we talked was when
No one was left for you to confide in
And then you look at me and say
"Pourquoi on désire ardemment telle misère existential ?"
Well
C'est un bon question

Bring it right back
Chillin' back at the house
Yeah you told him his story
He told you what he's about
Said you wanna go up to my room
"Can you play me a tune?"
He got another thing coming to that motherfucking room

Though you know once I cried
Him a river in your bottle
Drank a little bit

Now you're going full throttle
Don't talk to me nice
I like it when you mean, when you-

Dan!