

Plastic Phones

Courtney Marie Andrews

I met you at the cafe, by the university
And, every move you danced was danced so beautifully
And, every word you spoke to me was a mystery
Thank you for meeting me

I would get your number, but I don't believe in phones
I would talk more frequently, but I'm used to being alone

Your bowtie was tied one too many times
Your shoes were in knots and nicely shined
Your hair was folded in waves, and colored brown
Oh Dear God, you're beautiful

I would get your number, but I don't believe in phones
I would talk more frequently, but I'm used to being alone

You come around every now, and then
I'd like to see your handsome face more often
We'll go get some coffee, then maybe see a local band
Talk about the weather, then maybe hold hands

I would get your number, but I don't believe in phones
I would talk more frequently, but I'm used to being alone