

Annabelle, pick up the phone
I'm calling from the kitchen
We just never seem to listen
When we're sharing the same room
I'm not sure anymore what might get your attention
Everyday you see me less than you did just the day before
Out there in the garden, motionless for hours
Yeah, it's just like there's a statue dressed in Annabelle's old clothes
And part of me is afraid to wake you from the dreams you're having
Scared the scattered pieces won't come back together whole

Annabelle, come back to me
I'm calling you from home
Annabelle, come back to me
I'm living here alone

Another quiet evening
That book that you've been reading's open
But I don't believe I've seen you turn a single page
Even here right beside you
I barely recognize you
You're like a photograph I'm watching fade away
I wanna shake you, I'd prefer that you were angry with me
You're like a bird now looking lost without a cage
And I don't know what to call it
I'm not sure who could solve this problem of the disappearing girl
Oh Anna, stay cause

Annabelle, come back to me
I'm calling you from home
Annabelle, come back to me
I'm living here alone

You're in the bathroom with the flashlight
You're trying to weigh your shadow, yeah
You say it's gotten heavy, hard to drag across the floor
Same scene we had last night
And I still don't what happens to you
I just stand here useless, sometimes listen through the door
The ringing in your ears has gotten worse
It's hard to take
You say it sounds like heavy traffic as we're climbing into bed
And I believe I almost hear it
I know better than to touch you lately
Praying I don't wake up to the car crash in your head

Annabelle, come back to me
I'm calling you from home
Annabelle, come back to me
I'm living here alone

Annabelle, come back to me
I'm trying to get through
Annabelle, come back to me
Or take me there with you