

## Dial Tones

Ghostpoet

It's my constant calamities  
And overcooked stubbornness ways,  
Means I'm hearing dial tones  
Dial tones  
It's my bus-stop reality  
I believe everything's fine,  
But I'm just hearing dial tones  
Dial tones

Well I try to work it out, but nothing seems to satisfy  
The taste in my mouth now, a bitter like O-T  
And unloved grandmas, and opened up her jam jar  
Of past pain narratives that I can seal shut  
So slangin' slammin' screams just bounce round the living room  
And eyes go red like brakelights, right but  
Ain't no sudden hopes or bolts out the blue  
I'm left in a state of hue, true true

It's my constant calamities  
And overcooked stubbornness ways,  
Means I'm hearing dial tones  
Dial tones  
It's my bus-stop reality  
I believe everything's fine,  
But I'm just hearing dial tones  
Dial tones

Hmm, ain't spoke in maybe hmm about six months  
And stand-offs similar to Westerns parts, so I  
Plus one scenarios, and sit back and watch and  
Partnered by rouge and fresh sore tooth and  
Need some suger, like a wine gum thing so  
Spring black humour, try to crow-bar a smile, and it  
Works for a while, but forecast bleak  
Dark clouds circling, rain then sleet

It's my constant calamities  
And overcooked stubbornness ways,  
Means I'm hearing dial tones  
Dial tones  
It's my bus-stop reality  
I believe everything's fine,  
But I'm just hearing dial tones  
Dial tones

So if I try and call, will you pick up?  
Or will I see the games never let up?  
Tryin' out some olive branch-type tings  
Things, things  
So if I try and call, will you pick up?  
Or will I see the games never let up?  
Tryin' out some olive branch-type things  
Some olive branch-type things

It's my constant calamities  
And overcooked stubbornness ways,  
Means I'm hearing dial tones

Dial tones  
It's my bus-stop reality  
I believe everything's fine,  
But I'm just hearing dial tones  
Dial tones