

Call Out

Joyce Manor

I would say I'm sorry but I'm not sorry.
I would say hey what's the difference?
Entertain my lack of interest.
Because the one you are ain't the one that I'm after,
Closing in on your heart with the worst of intentions.
I call out.
I could send you all away.
I can see you from the foot of my bed, I can't make out a face.
Don't ever ask me how I spend the only part of my life
I like all locked away inside of a bedroom.
On the handlebars of your bike,
I rode a wave of emotion I can't begin to place.
And as we sat by the ocean, it crawled across your face.
I call out.