

Somebody's Calling Me

LCD Soundsystem

Somebody's calling me to be my girl
Somebody's calling me to be my girl
But my hands don't work; they're more like feet
And the wake-up call, "go back to sleep"

Babe, come with me
And I'll take you to the place I sleep
Oh, darling, come with me
And I'll show you the place I sleep

Somebody's phoning me to be my girl
Somebody's phoning me to be my girl
But the phone won't ring when I'm on the street
And the heart won't beat when I'm half asleep

Somebody's texting me to be my girl
Constantly texting me to be my girl
But the text won't take away nights that creep
And my mouth won't move when I'm in too deep

Babe, come with me
And I'll take you to the place I sleep
Oh, darling, come with me
And I'll show you the place I sleep

All right

Somebody's calling me into their work
Wrapped up and full of good inside their work
But the car won't start when I'm half asleep
And the kids don't cry when you're on your feet

Babe, come with me
And I'll show you the place I sleep
Oh, darling, come with me
And I'll take you to the place I live
The place I live
The place I live
The place I live
The places where I live