

Overseas Call

Loudon Wainwright III

I'm in the old world
You're in the new
Gonna pick up the phone
Try to get through
Seven hours and an ocean
Between me and you
Gonna make me an overseas call

A foreign language
In a distant place
A different time zone
With a slower pace
I remember your body
But I forgot your face
Got to make me an overseas call

A few days ago, I called you up
I'm afraid that I woke you up too
The connection was clear
But we didn't connect
I hung up, feeling hung up and blue

This is expensive
I probably should write
But letters take so long
And postcards are just trite

And it's dark over here
But back there there's still light
Gonna make me an overseas call

I hope you're at home
I don't want your machine
I hope you're awake
Not asleep and a'dream
And I hope that you love me
Whatever that means

A few days ago, I called you up
I'm afraid that I woke you up too
The connection was clear
But we didn't connect
I hung up, feeling hung up and blue

The fish in the ocean
Will gather around
That telephone cable
They will fathom the sound
Of a lost human voice
Finally found
Gonna make me an overseas call