

# 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