

When I Hang Up

Seaway

Can you tell that something's wrong?
I've kind of felt it all along.
I try to pick my brain, pretend that I'm sane,
But can you tell that something's wrong?

I'm waking up to bad news
And growing numb to all the views.
'Cause when I go away, I lose my head every day,
Waking up to bad news.

My home is the telephone under the streetlight, most nights.
And I've grown with these moments alone that last a lifetime
When I hang up.

I seem to choke on every word
And bite my tongue on every verse.
I try to skip the page, move on to better days,
But still I choke on every word.

My home is the telephone under the streetlight, most nights.
And I've grown with these moments alone that last a lifetime
When I hang up.

My home is the telephone under the streetlight, most nights.
If I let go of these burdens I hone, I'll lose a lifetime
When I hang up.

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