

Calling Cards

The Brook & The Bluff

You search yourself
The mirror returns someone else
You don't know who
I look at my feet
They could never carry me
All the way home
I need you

When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head

When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head

Now the pavement never changes
No matter the time spent face bent
Hoping that it rearranges
Every step it feels like fading
All I ever shared was blame
And I know you love to say the same

As I'm walking down the street
Every little thing I see reminds me of you
What am I supposed to do?
I look at my busted feet
They could never carry me
Where I want to go
Maybe if I walk real slow

When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head

When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head

Now the pavement never changes
No matter the time spent face bent
And hoping that it rearranges
Every step it feels like fading
All I ever shared was blame
And I know you love to say the same

When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head
When you call again
Your voice comes floating through
To fill my head
When you call again, (Now the pavement never changes)
Your voice comes floating through, (No matter the time spent face bent)
To fill my head. (Hoping, hoping, hoping)