Conversation

The Servant

Conversation isn't the point
Near her home in a payphone
Awaits a call
A little drizzle
7.30
Hidden in chilly breath
She'd lied to daddy about Gary
Don't you find it tough?
Don't you find the waiting tough?
Even when occupied by love
And all that kind of stuff

Conversation isn't the point
All alone like a door
I wonder what for
I wonder what for
The girl from verse one
Does not exist
Sure you can feel her a hands
But she's just an idea
Don't you find it tough?...

If you feel any pain well I'm to blame
If you feel any pain...

Still
She's been waiting for quite a while
And the tragedy is that Gary's me
And it's 7.40
Conversation is not the point...

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