

Streets, The "I Love My Phone"

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A journey through time

Unlock the living, put the four digit pin
In your hand, you hold the whole world and it's dan
Clutch the bare rubber that judders up late
You muster more bluster and thrust yourself upstairs
Cling to your thinking, glintzing for a ding
If you with it you're and it and if you binned it you'd
wither
Without it, no doubt shit
No ounce, it's a bitch
History equips us with the kitchen sink

How would I survive without my outside line to the
doubting life in
in the inside lining of my trousers tonight

Communication with the new nation
The escalator moves endlessly friend and to every
station
Quiver it delivers you the river or give up
Addicted to the little thing that rings
Like a torch in the dark, reading short remarks
Scorching candescent thoughts from the heart
Information advantage in the face of a rabbit
People read headsets, frozen in headlamps

How would I survive without my outside line to the
doubting life in
in the inside lining of my trousers tonight

Well if I could build a time machine I would fly to you
As 60 minutes an hour, with flowers in kind pursuit
We can't change the past but we can ruin the present
By scratching on our heads and fretting on the future
A man takes on to men, take lovers and lunatics
Metal fronted fronts, another way of doing it
Glory paid to ashes comes too late, my phone mate
The closing blows on stakes on an only frozen lake
A constant stream of words in a wanton, teeming and
turgid splurge

Rechecking the stream of comment
Many dreams from one end to the other end of
nonsense

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