

Twang, The "Answer My Call"

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Well you're right that's mad
Mistaking love for something we never had
And you're right I'm just wrong
But if you're honest you do go on and on and on
And you're right when you say
There's no place like home
I just don't miss it till I'm stoned and lying alone
Hoping you'll answer your phone

A rearrangement of my heart is needed
A lack of something's not the issue
It's what we got that needs a sort through.
Lets have a sort through
Just me and you, like we used to do.

Are we holding on should we let go
Is that face you're wearing a feeling
Or just for show?
I guess that's something only you'll ever know
And you're right I should do something constructive
And not destructive as I just don't do nothing at all
Except wait for the fall
And hope that you'll answer my call

A rearrangement of my heart is needed
A lack of something's not the issue
It's what we got that needs a sort through.
Lets have a sort through
Just me and you, like we used to do.

Holding on to pointless things
Like postcards never wrote to someone who never was
my friend
So I tidy up a fresh start
A rearrangement of my heart is needed
A lack of something's not the issue
It's what we got that needs a sort through.
Lets have a sort through.

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