

Common Rotation "Answering Machine"

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Well let's stop pretending
This is not a nerve ending
We've touched on before
Like a delicate dancefloor
When what was once exciting
Has now gone out the window
Kicking and biting
Like a decrepit dog of war
That has wits about him
Too determined to implore
Too deluded to ask for
That hand that let him out the front door
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine
Well now you're in trouble
You believe you're seeing double
Those nightstand eyes and pillow fury
I hate to burst your bubble
But this humiliation it's cracked your [?skin name?]
Timing frustration with a face-full of strain
While squinting at the poetry
And all the words in the night
Keeping the light off
The mirror where the pages lie
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine

Let's stop flashing this madness
To accompany the thunder
Hey the hissing sound of sadness
But remember I have your number
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine
This side of the phone line
It's a reflex to rewind
When the context is a confine
No matter what you say
You're an answering machine
X3
Yeah yeah
La la la la, lalalalalalala
Yeah yeah
La la la la, lalalalalalala

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