

Director "Reconnect"

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I'm tired of sitting round the house,
I'm tried of doing well without,
I want to reconnect with you

I'm tracing patterns on the wall,
Where I'm projecting a phone call,
That I had yesterday with you

And I forget just what I ment,
When I said whatever I said,
That wasn't me, that was just talking

And I'll addmit that from the start,
I was alone, you stole my heart,
That was as far as I could see

Sweet talking gets me of the hook,
Returns the liberties I took,
And all you have to say is "fine"

And I'll continue as I do,
I'll look to everything but you,
I am asuming you are mine

My memory's playing round the clock,

Your voice is telling me to stop,
My hands are working by themselves

My brain is dead,
My heart is cold,
I'm shaking,
Fear is taking hold,
But I am felling something else

There's something running down my face,
My things are lying round the place,
I want to reconnect with you

I'm tracing pictures on the wall,
I wonder why you haven't called,
I want to reconnect with you

I want to reconnect with you,
I want to reconnect with you,
I want to reconnect with you,
I want to reconnect with you,
I want to reconnect with you,
I want to reconnect with you...

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