

Bran Van 3000**"Untitled 8"**

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Losing all my friends losing them to drinking and to
driving
Losing all my friends and I want them back

Slipping out the back,
Did you really think they wouldn't notice?
Slipping out the back
In the pouring rain

He loved his wife
Loved her and was faithful to her always
Buried by the kids in the summer sun

Praying for his life huddled in a brig all with his
shipmates
Praying for his life they dropped a bomb

What you waiting for?
Searching for your brother
In an empty room across the hall
Is he coming back?

Listening at night
Waiting for a sound to come up the stairs
Listening at night
For the slamming door in the car park

Call him up this summer on the phone
Need to know what it feels like again

Summer skin
Found another lover
Telling me on the phone a line

I'll call him up again
Call him up again...

Time he pulled his shades up
Looking cross the ocean for a signal
Waiting for a body in a open box

They don't send you letters
They telephone you
They don't send you letters
But you're waiting for them
You write him. Yeah.

Call him up this summer on the phone
Need to know what it feels like again

I'll call him up again

Call him up this summer on the phone
Need to know what it feels like again

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