

Ion

"Shut Up, I'm Trying To Worry"

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It's 3:57 in the morning, I know it 'cause I just passed by
a payphone that told me so.
It caught my attention because it rang about 3 or 4
times, I'm not sure?
(Anyway... I didn't answer...)

I was way too drunk and lost into "Ulver's Perdition
City"
To truly acknowledge what was going on.

And prior to that particular insignificance, I had lost all
senses of time & space

(I'm alone and the subway docks are empty, completely
deserted by the Metropolis's natives
Closing my eyes for a second, I could've sworn I heard
tumbleweeds, rolling on the other side of the track...)

Then I saw a girl, only a child to my poor tired eyes,
Running after what might have been fragments of my
life...
Porcelain doll, a permanent scar on the smooth face of
Depression.

(The phone is ringing again, breaking trough my
illusions,
Leaving me to witness an impenetrable view upon
boredom itself.
Could this call save me?
Is it salvation on the other end of the line?
Or just a mere attempt to disturb my concentration?
Still, this will have to wait.)

It shines; I'm sore and inspired...
Scribbled upon the wall, you can easily read; Amy was
here, 07-12-1980
Answering, I simply wrote back; Hope was here... and
quickly left, 02-10-2005

I've narrowed it down to it's simplest core.
And I know what's required of me now...

There are no parallels in my mind... no subtleties.

And how come this phone is still ringing?
It'll be the last time and I'll still ignore it completely.

For once I think I'll be noticed, by doing something
concrete & visible,
As of tomorrow... hundreds of humans will be late for
work.

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