

James Figurine "55566688833"

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My phone's got a camera, it's built right in
but it's hard to keep the dirt and grease off the lens
the last time you were happy since so long ago now
i tried to take a picture but it didn't come out

and the messages sent are almost as blurred
my cryptic printstyles dials to songs no one's heard
if we keep this up, things will never get better
when we disagree we fight in capital letters

I have to type eleven numbers into my cel phone
Just to make it spell 'love'
So I usually don't
And it takes up fifteen digits to spell out 'goodbye'
But if I leave out the 'good' I can save us some time
55566688833

my throat's a little sore after last night's events
you were somewhere doing something
I was out with my friends
You wrote just to ask if I was having fun
and I guess I didn't text you back quite fast enough
So when I got home you were awake in the den
There were tears in your eyes, the lights were dimmed
I turned off my phone, you did the same
And we fought face-to-face like it was the 90s again

I have to type eleven numbers into my cel phone
Just to make it spell 'love'
So I usually don't
And it takes up fifteen digits to spell out 'goodbye'
But if I leave out the 'good' I can save us some time
(x2)
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