

Jim White **"Phone Booth In Heaven"**

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Oh, where are we goin'? Oh, where have we been?
Our, hush-a-bye angel, she's safe and tucked in
I drive around town, while you sit and watch the rain
There's what you think with your heart and what I feel
with my brain

For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their
falling
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling
It sits on a highway that leads nowhere
I'll drop you a line next time I find myself there

Remembering them days, how we wore our weakness
well
There's some say, that Heaven can't exist without Hell
Well, if the proof's in the pudding, and that axiom's
true
Somehow, the heart of the matter escaped me and you

For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their
falling
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling
Though the ghosts of redemption might whisper odd
promises
I for one don't put much faith in them specters

Now, the blueprint for sorrow is just to put off the hurt
'Til the price of tomorrow, becomes more than love's
worth
'Til what's begged and what's stole is just the hollow
remains
Of some beautiful failure that we cling to in vain

For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their
falling
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling
The truest word heard there is, the word that's
unspoken
'Cause you can't mend what the good Lord designed to
be broken

Oh, where are we going? My darlin', oh, where?

Our sweetheart's in dreamland, please, let her stay
there
We are two separate people, with two separate ways
Until we come to our senses, it's our sweetheart that
pays

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