

Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause "Calling Up"

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Now I'm here, sitting by myself
There's no one here left for me to call,
My phone is all out of numbers
Now I'm here thinking to myself
Just two more beers and I'll be passing out
My clothes still on, my light's still on
My minds still on

And I'm so alone.
My patience is gone.
My love calling up.

Just one more night, of sitting by myself
Til you're back in view and sitting in my arms again
Cause I sit and I wonder
Now I'm here thinking to myself
Does time move slow because you're not around?
My clock turns off, my brain turns off
This day won't end

Homebound, I can't find myself anywhere else

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