

Covette

"Come Calling"

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(Michael Timmins)

The stillness here,
Like what he sometimes finds inside her,
Hits so hard it can steal your breath forever
He sometimes wonders
Is the sum of their lives together
Him on the floor and her lost to a mind in tatters

These days he's drinking for the pleasure of falling
And he's falling for the pleasure of pretending
That she's sitting by the window waiting
For him to come calling

If I could fix me up a week of twilight hours
We'd sit on the point
And watch the sun continually flounder
Bathed in gold we'd plug into some kind of power
And connect with those days
Back before all of this went sour

'Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling
And I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending
That you're sitting by the window waiting
For me to come calling

Odd how the darkness always makes us whisper
And with the last of the sun
You can feel the approach of the winter
Now is the time of each day
That I Desperately miss her
I suppose I will learn how to live my life without her

So you're drinking for the pleasure of falling
And you're falling for the pleasure of pretending
That I'm sitting by the window waiting
For you to come calling

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