

New Amsterdams "Stay On The Phone"

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One waitress
Outside of,
Phone booth, South Carolina
Sits, keeps killing time
Rolls her eyes
Roll of dimes
Speak of this sick surrounding sin
Tears me from limb to limb, within
I don't know how to let it go
This far away from home

One word was mistaken
Context that it was taken from
Write it down
Must be sound
Must be true
I hope you can hear me
My only sanctuary asks
Why am I here?
Why aren't I home?
As the line builds for the phone

I want it all
Work to a fault
That breaks us in two
And always at play
The end of the day
I'm alone and so are you

Old stories
Gas stations
Repeating conversations
Still, I can't speak long
The show has to go on
At best I, might question
The focus of my attention
Though, you know that I could bring it down

I want it all
Work to a fault
That breaks us in two
And always at play

The end of the day
I'm alone and so are you

One waitress, invading
But I'm content to make her wait
It's all I have
So far from home
Oh please stay on the phone

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