

Smart Went Crazy "Tight Frame Loose Frame"

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It's a cold call to enemy soil Past the tight frame Behind
which, in disgust, you recoil When you said to leave a
message at the tone I know you were hoping for more
Than a click and a dial tone But I don't know what to say
I guess it's all the same Reason I pick my scabs I know
you don't want to hear about that Especially in august
When you're taking a break From an open season Of
listening to people like me Whine and complain Well, I
guess I just wanted a feeling from this call To feel like I
did when I touched her skin The few times it didn't
crawl The same reason I write checks from long dead
accounts I'm sending one to the phone company now
To cover the cost of these long distance bouts With the
answer machine In your empty house

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