

Dear and the Headlights "Telemarket Mishap"

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You have your own life I know, but show up you should
I'm disappointed, my vision blurs alone on the curb
Eight weeks since and it's still the same
"Something just came up, I'm so sorry"

And maybe I've got needs that you can't cure
But I'm waiting by the phone until I'm sure

Love like statistics, I've got a head full of hell alone in
my thoughts
Kill the subject; refine the joke, which ever prompts
response
In the moments you laugh it's still not enough
You miss me, you can't mean that

And maybe you've got needs that I can't cure
We sleep in separate houses

A Guarded head shapes the face and heart
So loss ain't bad
I'm trading processing for sleep
So it don't seem sad that I'm losing you

Blotch the face, blood vessels
Broken heart and canvas skin
Write it all out you won't ever quite describe it
Loaned to father for weekends and given back without
the interest
Trivialize memories, dumb it down to make it fit
Syllables, grammatical, read and rewrite for the reader
All the bitter nights in my room alone
They won't know all my secret problems
Or the love that overcame us both
An untold twenty-two year story
So it's one tale and then another, I was saying earlier

A Guarded head shapes the face and heart
So loss ain't bad
I'm trading processing for sleep
So it don't seem sad that I'm losing you

When are you coming home

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