

The Films "Come On"

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Baby pick up the phone
because I'm drunk and alone
and I need someone to take me home
and I wish it was you

Well get me out of this place
Cause I've got blood on my face
And I'm gettin tired of the taste
Of my own shoe

But how in the devil
I get into trouble
I don't think I'll ever be sure
But the one thing I'm sure of
is there's no love like your love

So come on
Quit draggin me down
Come on
I'm waiting around
for you to come and get me out of here

Well it was a God-awful scene
At the bar down on King
In fact this whole night's been
troubling to say the least

Phony friends, phony names
Exchanging numbers, playing games
Well I guess I should do the same
But it's just not me

(chorus)

Come on, stop thinking about it
Come on, you know I'm working it out
And I don't think I can wait another year

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