

Angus Stone

"Letting The Telephone Ring"

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I am letting the telephone ring
Cause I don't want to know why
I don't want to hear you explain
I don't want to hear you cry
I have written so much about you
So much I thought I knew
Words like water used to flow
Now what could I possibly have to say?
She is someone I don't even know
And all the things that you've given to me
I see now were simply reparations
They were gifts of your guilt
They were my preparation
I know I should be mature
Keep my feet on the floor
But for some reason,
I just don't want them anymore
I know this shouldn't be important
Compared to you and I
But I can still hear my questions
And I can still hear you
I can still hear you
Lie
Now vicariously I have her in me
I want to peel off my skin
Let the water wash in
You always said that I was hiding
That I was hiding from you
But you are capable of things I could not do
You are capable of things I could not do
I remember how you pretended
How you pretended to touch me
I remember how I couldn't bring myself to believe
I remember wondering,
What was wrong
What was wrong
How could I be so naive
How could I be so naive?

