

## **Big Big Plans**

# **"This Is No Time For Phone Tag"**

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So where does this leave me?  
Hanging by a message; a device that I have  
Grown to loathe a little more with every word I'm using  
just to  
Cover up the truth that you're just a questionable figure  
In a tale far to dull to set in stone.  
And you'd say it like a priestess, but you sin just like the  
rest of us,  
And leave me here to figure out the difference.

I won't take my chances stuck in your speakers,  
Like I'll be waiting when you get lost  
Filling your nothing with my empty words and stories.

Try a call for once; just be a real person.  
Give me a reason to believe you're being genuine  
With what you want, and if I'm a part of that or not.  
'Cause as the record shows, you always  
Say it like a priestess, but you sin just like the rest of us  
And I don't want to sit around and play this.

Don't sell me out for nothing; not on this one

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