

Mint

"The More I"

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Your voice sounds so small on the telephone
I am far away and you are home alone
Your picture in my pocket grows smaller everyday
Seems the more I think of you, the more you drift away

Boy I am a fool, for leaving home alone
I promised you I'd write and call you on the phone
But the letters I had written, I threw them all away
Seems the more I think of you, the more you drift away

Oh baby I miss you, why don't you come on home
You promised me you'd write and call me on the phone
Your picture on my pillow grows smaller everyday
Seems the more I think of you, the more you drift away

Your picture in my pocket grows smaller everyday
Seems the more I think of you, the more you drift away

Away, away, away

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