

## The Send

### "Conversation"

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Conversation isn't the point  
Near her home in a payphone  
Awaits a call  
A little drizzle  
7.30  
Hidden in chilly breath  
She'd lied to daddy about Gary  
Don't you find it tough?  
Don't you find the waiting tough?

Even when occupied by love  
And all that kind of stuff  
Conversation isn't the point  
All alone like a door  
I wonder what for  
I wonder what for  
The girl from verse one  
Does not exist  
Sure you can feel her a hands  
But she's just an idea  
Don't you find it tough?...  
If you feel any pain well I'm to blaim  
If you feel any pain...

Still  
She's been waiting for quite a while  
And the tragedy is that Gary's me  
And it's 7.40  
Conversation is not the point...

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