

Seven Mary Three "Where Are You Calling From?"

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Here beats the black heart of my rancor
The speed of life dulls my nerve
I beat no drum for anything anymore
Might have more than I deserve

The golden age of being amused
Has turned into the modern life and times of being
confused
And I feel it too when I'm alone in my room waiting for
that light to blink
The little song I miss, there's a ghost that's singing

I saw somebody jump a turnstile at the station
He barely made the doors, took a seat next to a
stranger
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the
aisle
And I heard, "Where are you calling from tonight?"

I don't dismiss it that I feel it
To disappear in something loud
A few new faces fill the spaces with a river of names
And all the names just filter out

This work can occupy my mind
But it won't convince my body that I've been satisfied
And I'm most alive and I'm most like myself in my
dreams
Your eyes connect the mis-remembered me
With a ghost that's singing

I saw somebody jump a turnstile at the station
Barely made the doors, took a seat next to a stranger
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the
aisle
And I said, "Where are you calling from tonight?
Where are you calling from tonight? Where are you
calling from tonight?
When are we coming home?"

When we coming home?
When we coming home?

When we coming home?

Saw somebody jump a turnstile at the station
Barely made the doors, took a seat next to a stranger
Saw her eyes, she brushed his body passing in the
aisle

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