

Pains Of Being Pure At Heart

"Wake Up Call"

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You are 8 am on the first day of spring
When everything's new, you move me so
And I eagerly wait for the same look from you
But when I turn I can see you're not impressed

From the tips of your toes to your clove cigarettes
It all adds up and I am so impressed
You are a summer full of sunny days
Rolled into one hour, and you move me so

Here it comes: my chance
My wake-up call
You could phone and if not
The radio will do
Don't you know it's so good
To hear your voice on the line?
I won't miss it, a wake-up call from you will do!

I've tried every joke and turned on the charm
Out of ideas and still you won't sway
Silence replaces meticulous plans
I'm about to give up and so I say

Here it comes: my chance
My wake-up call
You could phone and if not
The radio will do
Don't you know it's so good
To hear your voice on the line?
I won't miss it, a wake-up call from you will do!

Here is my brief moment of honesty
Could you take someone as incomplete as me?

You are 8 am on the first day of spring
When everything is new, you move me so

Here it comes: my chance
My wake-up call
You could phone and if not
The radio will do

Don't you know it's so good
To hear your voice on the line?
I won't miss it!
I hope that I will stir from sleep
But could you come in person?

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