

The Gathering Field "Information"

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I was getting slightly intoxicated
I was going half way out of my mind
So I walked over to the pay phone and I waited
For some helpful voice to come on the line
And as I stood there I could see her face
Bloodshot memory for a welcome mat
And then a voice came from beyond time and space
Said, "How can I help you? How can I help you?"

Chorus:

Information, please my baby
Information, please my baby

Last I heard it she was out your way
Grooming horses for the rodeo
Here's her last name, but it might have changed
I hope that it hasn't but you never know
Last time I saw her didn't think to ask
Truth to tell you is I did not know
That just behind that faithful lover's mask
She was waiting, she was waiting

Chorus

All I want for Christmas is a storybook ending
Or at least an explanation why?
And I'd say, "Baby, I'm just curious, were you
pretending?
Or was it all just a lie?"

If by some miracle I made it through
And heard her pretty voice smile back at me
I know exactly what I'd do
I'd tell her, "Baby please come back to me."
On second thought I would act casual
Act like I did not miss her face at all
I'd say the only thing that makes me call
Could you provide me with a little bit of . . .

Chorus

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