

## The Twang "Answer My Call"

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Well, you're right, that's mad  
Mistaking love for something we never had  
And you're right, I'm just wrong  
But if you're honest you do go on and on and on

And you're right when you say  
There's no place like home  
I just don't miss it till I'm stoned and lying alone  
Hoping you'll answer your phone

A rearrangement of my heart is needed  
A lack of something's not the issue  
It's what we got that needs a sort through  
Let's have a sort through  
Just me and you like we used to do

Are we holding on, should we let go?  
Is that face you're wearing a feeling or just for show?  
I guess that's something only you'll ever know  
And you're right, I should do something constructive  
And not destructive as I just don't do nothing at all  
Except wait for the fall and hope that you'll answer my  
call

A rearrangement of my heart is needed  
A lack of something's not the issue  
It's what we got that needs a sort through  
Let's have a sort through  
Just me and you like we used to do

Holding on to pointless things  
Like postcards never wrote  
To someone who never was my friend  
So I tidy up a fresh start

A rearrangement of my heart is needed  
A lack of something's not the issue  
It's what we got that needs a sort through  
Let's have a sort through

