

# The Answering Machine

## Malbec

We flew here to see you, my feelings and I  
I looked down on the city from up in the sky  
The sun was reflecting from the roofs and the water  
Spring had come early in the parks and the old town  
I came with a mission to patch up a dream  
We walked and I talked and my words were absorbed  
    Into the answering machine  
I came two thousand miles, just to take a look at you  
But you were broken and frozen, a heartbreak of a statue  
    In the bulletproof mirrors where your eyes used to be  
I stared at myself and I called for some help  
Into the answering machine, into the answering machine  
    Into the answering machine  
The day slipped by and I tried and tried

You took me home and you said, "Goodnight, sleep tight"  
    On the floor by the bedroom door  
I watched you sleep and I left before first light  
    The bugs don't bite, the bugs don't bite  
    The bugs don't bite, the bugs bite  
From the land of the frozen to the land of the low  
    We journeyed together but we were always alone  
So, if I should come calling, best not pick up the phone  
'Cause I'm no good for you and you're no good for me  
    Let me talk to the answering machine  
I can cope with the answering machine  
    I'm a friend of the answering machine  
I'm a friend, I'm a friend, I'm a friend, I'm a friend

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