The Phone Book

Editors

I'm on watch here
So close your eyes and get some rest
I'm here to watch your heart
It's been faulted from the start
I'm the rips in your chestI'm not an angel,
I never mean to make you cry
Jumping through my hoops
With dissension in the troops
And a smile insideWhat's that over your shoulder?
Fear of getting older
Stay with me.Sing me a love song
From your heart or from the phone book
It don't matter to me
I'm an apple, you're the tree
I won't fall when you shookWhat's that over your shoulder?
Fear of getting older
Stay with me.It ends with a kiss
It ends with a tear
It ends with the lights up
Bathing our fearTell me nonsense
I don't want to see
I saw the lightning cut through the last winter sky of the yearStay with me
Keep with me...

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