

# Long Distance

## Iggy Pop

Alone with the phone again  
The deepening light seeps in my mind  
I'm desperate to hear a voice  
Can this really be my choice?  
I'm fifty and I'm tricky and I'm sick of being alone  
You're twenty-five and pretty but you're old enough to know  
That actions form a pattern and the heart's the last to know  
And I'm waitin' for another friend  
Callin' long distance again  
My mind is an antique room  
There's overstuffed chairs and carpets too  
Where nobody ever comes  
It's a good place to run away from  
And I'm runnin' from a love with every step I take  
And if I can fall for you then from the last one I am saved  
And it's a cold gray wet December, shitty shitty day  
And I'm waitin' for another friend  
Calling long distance again  
You're dark and your French voice is lovely  
And you're bright eyes light the receiver across the miles  
I'm listening close and I'm hoping  
To learn love but I don't know how  
Calling long distance again  
Calling long distance again  
I'm calling long distance again  
Oh oh, oh oh  
Calling long distance again

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