

The Telephone Is Empty

Love and Rockets

The telephone is empty
And now I realize the time Good music, it's a pure form
A pure form of sympathy
And if you break my system
I'll burn you down This music, it's a pure form
A pure form for sympathy
But I'm so scared of driving
Down same old lonely roads Drinking to see for a moment
Drinking to forget things
Drinking to forget and remember nothing
Drinking and driving let's catch another plane
Flame The telephone, it's empty
And now I realize the time The telephone, it's empty
And now I realize the time

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