

Version of the Future

Smoke Fairies

SOMEWHERE IN YOUR BUILDING A PHONE CUTS THE NIGHT
NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO'S ON THE LINE
YOU DON'T WAKE, I WONDER HOW I GOT HERE
TRY TO REMEMBER WHERE I WAS THIS TIME LAST YEAR AND FOR MINUTES I LAY LISTENING
WONDERING WHAT NEWS ITS SONG'S HERALDING
IS THERE SOMETHING OF WORTH I HAVE YET TO DISCOVER?
THE RINGING CONTINUES COULD IT BE YOUR LAST LOVER? THERE'S A VERSION OF THE
FUTURE HANGING CLOSE ABOVE MY HEAD
BUT I CAN'T GET TO IT
SEARCH AROUND THE ROOM TO BUILD THE PIECES OF A LIFE
BUT I CAN'T MAKE THEM FIT THE DARKNESS LIFTS AND I THINK OF THE DOOR
I THINK I LIKE YOU BUT I'M NEVER THAT SURE
ONE DAY WILL YOU CALL ME WHEN I'M HALF ASLEEP
DIALING A NUMBER THAT'S INCOMPLETE? THERE'S A VERSION OF THE FUTURE HANGING
CLOSE ABOVE MY HEAD
BUT I CAN'T GET TO IT
SEARCH AROUND THE ROOM TO BUILD THE PIECES OF A LIFE
BUT I CAN'T MAKE THEM FIT IN THE DARK I FEEL ALONE
'TILL THE SUN COMES UP ITS POLITE TO GO HOME
IF I BACK OUT OF THIS TOO SOON
WILL I BE LEFT HOLDING TORCHES FOR YOU? WE MIGHT NOT KNOW EACH OTHER IN A WEEK
BECOME WEIRD NUMBERS WE DIAL IN OUR SLEEP
LISTENING TO EMPTY DIAL TONES
LEFT WITH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ALONE THERE'S A VERSION OF THE FUTURE HANGING CLOSE
ABOVE MY HEAD
BUT I CAN'T GET TO IT
SEARCH AROUND THE ROOM TO BUILD THE PIECES OF A LIFE
BUT I CAN'T MAKE THEM FIT IN THE DARK I FEEL ALONE
'TILL THE SUN COMES UP ITS POLITE TO GO HOME
IF I BACK OUT OF THIS TOO SOON
WILL I BE LEFT HOLDING TORCHES FOR YOU?

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