

# Your Call (Radio Version)

## Secondhand Serenade

Waiting for your call, I'm sick  
Call, I'm angry  
Call, I'm desperate for your voice  
Listening to the song we used to sing in the car  
Do you remember, Butterfly, Early Summer  
It's playing on repeat  
Just like when we would meet, like when we would meet I was born to tell you I love you,  
And I am torn to do what I have to,  
To make you mine  
Stay with me tonight Stripped and polished, I am new, I am fresh  
I am feeling so ambitious, you and me, flesh to flesh  
'Cause every breath that you will take  
While you are sitting next to me  
Will bring life into my deepest hopes  
What's your fantasy?  
What's your, what's your, what's your, what's your I was born to tell you I love you,  
And I am torn to do what I have to,  
To make you mine  
Stay with me tonight And I'm tired of being all alone,  
And this solitary moment  
Makes me want to come back home And I'm tired of being all alone,  
And this solitary moment  
Makes me want to come back home And I'm tired of being all alone,  
And this solitary moment  
Makes me want to come back home And I'm tired of being all alone,  
And this solitary moment  
Makes me want to come back home I was born to tell you I love you  
And I am torn to do what I have to,  
And I was born to tell you I love you,  
And I am torn to do what I have to,  
To make you mine  
Stay with me tonight

Songwriters

JOHN VESELY Published by

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