

# Untitled 8

## The Stumps

Losing all my friends losing them to drinking and to driving  
Losing all my friends and I want them back  
Slipping out the back,  
Did you really think they wouldn't notice?  
Slipping out the back  
In the pouring rain  
He loved his wife  
Loved her and was faithful to her always  
Buried by the kids in the summer sun  
Praying for his life huddled in a brig all with his shipmates  
Praying for his life they dropped a bomb  
What you waiting for?  
Searching for your brother  
In an empty room across the hall  
Is he coming back?  
Listening at night  
Waiting for a sound to come up the stairs  
Listening at night  
For the slamming door in the car park  
Call him up this summer on the phone  
Need to know what it feels like again

Summer skin  
Found another lover  
Telling me on the phone a line  
I'll call him up again  
Call him up again...  
Time he pulled his shades up  
Looking cross the ocean for a signal  
Waiting for a body in a open box  
They don't send you letters  
They telephone you  
They don't send you letters  
But you're waiting for them  
You write him. Yeah.  
Call him up this summer on the phone  
Need to know what it feels like again  
I'll call him up again  
Call him up this summer on the phone

Need to know what it feels like again

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