

# Phone Booth In Heaven

[Jim White](#)

Oh, where are we goin'? Oh, where have we been?  
Our, hush-a-bye angel, she's safe and tucked in  
I drive around town, while you sit and watch the rain  
There's what you think with your heart and what I feel with my brain  
For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their falling  
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling  
It sits on a highway that leads nowhere  
I'll drop you a line next time I find myself there  
Remembering them days, how we wore our weakness well  
There's some say, that Heaven can't exist without Hell  
Well, if the proof's in the pudding, and that axiom's true  
Somehow, the heart of the matter escaped me and you  
For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their falling  
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling  
Though the ghosts of redemption might whisper odd promises

I for one don't put much faith in them specters  
Now, the blueprint for sorrow is just to put off the hurt  
'Til the price of tomorrow, becomes more than love's worth  
'Til what's begged and what's stole is just the hollow remains  
Of some beautiful failure that we cling to in vain  
For those who plant nothing, but the seeds of their falling  
There is a phone booth in Heaven that no one is calling  
The truest word heard there is, the word that's unspoken  
'Cause you can't mend what the good Lord designed to be broken  
Oh, where are we going? My darlin', oh, where?  
Our sweetheart's in dreamland, please, let her stay there  
We are two separate people, with two separate ways  
Until we come to our senses, it's our sweetheart that pays

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