Untitled 8

[V]arga

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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