

Alarm Call

The Correspondents

Where have you gone?
I am calling on you.
Your alarm call's on,
And I'm coming to your rescue.
I know exactly what to do,
I make the call and sit by you,
Check your heartbeat against mine,
And mop your brow from time to time. Where have you gone?
I am calling on you.
Your alarm call's on,
And I'm coming to your rescue.
I'm the person by your side,
I'm your mentor I'm your guide,
Upon me you can rely,
When you're high and when you're dry. The irony is, that my recovery is always slower than yours.
You're back on your feet in no time,
When I'm left floored.
Haunted by the sound of your alarm call.
Living in fear of your next fall. Where have you gone?
I am calling on you.
Your alarm call's on,
And I'm coming to your rescue.
I know exactly what to do,
I make the call and sit by you,
Check your heartbeat against mine,
But there's no trace of it this time. Where have you gone?
I am calling on you.
My siren's on,
And there's so many things that I need you to do.
I never asked when you were here,
Because it seemed so crystal clear,
That it was you who needed me,
That was the way it had to be. Where have you gone?
I am calling on you.
My siren's on,
And there's so many things that I need you to do.
Be my mentor, be my guide,
Show me when to run and where to hide,
I know you would have known just what to do,

With all the things a life could throw at you. My siren will remain on for awhile,
Waiting soundproof, by a timid little smile.
I'm still haunted by your alarm call,
Without the fear,
Of your next,
Fall.

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