

Stay On The Phone

The New Amsterdams

One waitress outside of
Phone booth, South Carolina
Sit's, keeps killing time
Rolls her eyes, roll of dimes
Speak of this sick surrounding sin
Tears me from limb to limb within
I don't know how to let it go
This far away from home
One word was mistaken
Context that it was taken from
Write it down
Must be sound
Must be true
I hope you can hear me
My only sanctuary asks
Why am I here?
Why aren't I home?
As the line builds for the phone
I want it all
Work to a fault
That breaks us in two
And always at play
The end of the day
I'm alone and so are you
Old stories
Gas stations
Repeating conversations
Still can't speak long
The show has to go on
At best I might question
The focus of my attention
Though you know that I
Could bring it down
And I want it all
Work to a fault
That breaks us in two
And always at play
The end of the day
I'm alone and so are you
One waitress invading
But I'm content to make her wait
It's all I have
So far from home
Oh, please stay on the phone!

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