

# 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 dimesSpeak 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 homeOne word was mistaken  
Context that it was taken from  
Write it down  
Must be sound  
Must be trueI hope you can hear me  
My only sanctuary asks  
Why am I here?  
Why aren't I home?  
As the line builds for the phoneI 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 youOld stories  
Gas stations  
Repeating conversations  
Still can't speak long  
The show has to go onAt best I might question  
The focus of my attention  
Though you know that I  
Could bring it downAnd 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 youOne 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!