

Telephone Wires

Watercolor Paintings

Lean in close and speak to me low
Tell me things you want me to know
'Cause i want to be the one
You need to
Lean to
Speak to me low
Regretful it's the time of year for letting go
Wasting all my time 'cause you just tease me
Please leave me alone
Scared of the feeling of you coming home
I'm leaning out the open windows
Looking into the alley below
Rooftops black and the moon's hanging low
And the telephone wires
That carry the sound
Stretch across the sky
And under the ground
And i will be here
When you come back
And speak to me low
Speak to me low
I'll pretend that
It's okay
We'll just be friends
So the wires say
But i will be here
When you come back
And speak to me low
Speak to me low

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