

Never Call

Fiction Family

You've got a chair, but never sit down
A new pair of wings but you stay on the ground
A needle propped up but won't make a sound
A first class ticket but you won't leave town
A picture-less frame hangs on your wall
It perfectly compliments nothing at all
You're lonely again and wander the halls
But you've got a friend that you never call
Maybe we're stuck at the docks
But there are no ropes and no locks
The world keeps on spinning but we're standing still
Like two hands on a powerless clock
Yeah, you've got a friend that you never call

Songwriters

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Published by
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