The Answering Machine

Xaphoon Jones

We flew here to see you, my feelings and I
I looked down on the city from up in the sky
The sun was reflecting from the roofs and the water
Spring had come early in the parks and the old town
I came with a mission to patch up a dream
We walked and I talked and my words were absorbed
Into the answering machine
I came two thousand miles, just to take a look at you
But you were broken and frozen, a heartbreak of a statue
In the bulletproof mirrors where your eyes used to be
I stared at myself and I called for some help
Into the answering machine, into the answering machine
Into the answering machine
The day slipped by and I tried and tried

You took me home and you said, "Goodnight, sleep tight"
On the floor by the bedroom door
I watched you sleep and I left before first light
The bugs don't bite, the bugs don't bite
The bugs don't bite, the bugs bite
From the land of the frozen to the land of the low
We journeyed together but we were always alone
So, if I should come calling, best not pick up the phone
'Cause I'm no good for you and you're no good for me
Let me talk to the answering machine
I can cope with the answering machine
I'm a friend of the answering machine
I'm a friend, I'm a friend, I'm a friend, I'm a friend

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