Crawl

8mm

Standing near the window looking out with both hands on the phone that's pressed to my ear
I lay my forehead against the glass
And its cold against my skin.

The phone rings in my ear again and a machine you comes on
And tells me to leave a message and you'll call.
I run my fingers along the shape of the phone searching out every seem and crevice
Looking for the way in.
I think now that if I try, if I try, if I concentrate hard enough
I can change myself into something else.
Then I'll be able to pour myself into this wire
Travel across these lines and find my way to you.
Or maybe there's another trick, another spell
And I could change you
And I'd draw you to me,
Pull you to me,
Crawl to me.

[Repeat: x2]
Draw you to me
Pull you to me
Call you to me
Crawl to me.

Crawl to me.

Crawl to me.

Crawl for me.

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