

# Common Rotation, Answering Machine

Well let's stop pretending  
This is not a nerve ending  
We've touched on before  
Like a delicate dancefloor  
When what was once exciting  
Has now gone out the window  
Kicking and biting  
Like a decrepit dog of war  
That has wits about him  
Too determined to implore  
Too deluded to ask for  
That hand that let him out the front door

This side of the phone line  
It's a reflex to rewind  
When the context is a confine  
No matter what you say  
You're an answering machine

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Well now you're in trouble  
You believe you're seeing double  
Those nightstand eyes and pillow fury  
I hate to burst your bubble  
But this humiliation it's cracked your (?skin name?)  
Timing frustration with a face-full of strain

While squinting at the poetry  
And all the words in the night  
Keeping the light off  
The mirror where the pages lie

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Let's stop flashing this madness  
To accompany the thunder  
Hey the hissing sound of sadness  
But remember I have your number

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You're an answering machine  
x3

Yeah yeah  
La la la la, lalalalalalala  
Yeah yeah  
La la la la, lalalalalalala