

# Detour 180, When You Call

When are you coming home?  
I knew you'd be a while  
But aren't you sick of eating loneliness?  
Thought that you might like to remember  
Thought you'd like to know

That when you call  
I'll be waiting  
When you return  
I'll run to you

Counting the days away  
I call out to your face, but in an empty place  
I find myself  
Thought that you might like to remember  
Thought you'd like to know