

Kecak, Call Waiting

These words lie stillborn in my mouth
Licking my lips to get this festering taste out
I know it sounds a bit melodramatic
But don't you dare call this a cry for help
I'm just a practiced insomniac
And I've grow a little tired of talking to myself

I've got something to say so pick up the phone
If you can spare a word I need some peace-of-mind
We're like the stories that build
We've got no place to go
A penny for your thoughts, I'll pay you back in time

I take no joy in being scolded by my TV
The papers and the Magazines all now seem to agree
I started smoking so I'd be choking
On something more than all this double-speak
You're the proof on an outside world
That I gave up on sometime late last week

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