

Marshall Crenshaw, Calling Out For Love

(m. crenshaw, d. dixon)

She was kicking down the fence trying to hide the evidence
That would give her game away
But everything was as clear as day
I knew she had no more to give, she hated everything she did
And I could feel her restless mind
Calling out for love at crying time
All those days that seemed like years
The silence roaring in our ears
Then at night a ticking sound
The timebomb of the life we'd found

I watched her leave, my heart in flames
Fanned by all her other lovers' names
And I could feel my restless mind
Calling out for love at crying time
Whisky, wine and cheap perfume; all those crowded bars
And hotel rooms
Exotic rhythms to embrace
But everywhere is a lonely place
So down and down and down I go
But where I'm going, well I sure don't know
But I can feel my restless mind
Calling out for love at crying time