

# Seven Mary Three, Where Are You Calling From

Here beats the black heart of my rancor  
The speed of life can dull your nerve  
I beat no drum for anything anymore  
Might have more than I deserve  
The golden age of being amused  
Has turned into the modern life and times of being confused  
And I feel it too  
When I'm alone in my room  
Waiting for that light to blink  
The little song I miss  
There's a ghost there singing  
I saw somebody jump the turnstile at the station  
He barely made the doors and took a seat next to a stranger  
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the aisle  
And you said where are you calling from tonight?  
I don't dismiss it that I need it  
To disappear to something in loud  
A few new faces fill the spaces with a river of names  
And all the names just filter out  
This work can occupy my mind  
But it won't convince my body that I've been satisfied  
And I'm most alive and I'm most like myself in my dreams  
Your eyes connect the mis-remembered me  
I saw somebody jump the turnstile at the station  
Barely made the doors and took a seat next to a stranger  
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the aisle  
And I said where are you calling from tonight?  
And when are you coming home?