

We're About 9, Telephone Booth

i'm on a blue stool
twenty-second avenue
telephone booth thirty-two B
watching the strangers wrap their coats round tightly they're
brushing and crushing the dead and drying leaves
adjusting their scarves so they can still breath

sometimes I forget about the number I've been trying not to call
I stare at the city wondering how I made it through the fall

and the cars drive by my window faster everyday
poster girls flash poster smiles i don't know what to say
i can't believe i lost my mind
on a blue stool
twenty-second avenue
telephone booth thirty-two B

i can't believe i lost my mind in a phone booth

it's a dirty trick i play on myself
imagining she might call
just because i've waited patiently
i have been making friends with these faces
forty nights and forty days
in one of theses places
it's enough to make anyone, anyone
anybody believe

and the cars drive by my window faster everyday
poster girls flash poster smiles i don't know what to say
i can't believe i lost my mind
on a blue stool
twenty-second avenue
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i can't believe i lost my mind
on a blue stool
twenty-second avenue
telephone booth thirty-two B
if you need me, you know where I will be

I can't believe I lost my mind