

Astronautalis, Gaston Ave

Call you up on the telephone, noone answer
Call again, it rings, I call again
Think of stopping by or stopping in
But never leave home

Tripping back and forth between the bar and home
Looking back and forth at what I done
Collected bottle caps and soggy scraps of high life label peelings

Running tabs, a running up and down the walls again
Climbing up the slang on stalls again
Somethin 'bout good times tonight and baby Jesus

Your letters are the ladder I climb rung by rung
To claw my way up to the gates of heaven
The sketches and scratches you draw drunk and alone
Give me the map that I follow back home

Send me home, take me home, I gotta get, I gotta go
Cut me up, cut me off, kick me,
I'm a busy man I got a schedule to keep

Where's my data, where's my gun, where's my hat,
I'm madder thana...where's my phone, where's my fax,
Can't look past you're hacking at the forest but you never hit a tree

Tell me one more time, tell me once more, promise that I'll listen
But I can't be promis-isn' I'll be baking cakes
Or building you no castles by the sea

Good little lady you driving me crazy
Why don't you swing my way and find you seat
Your lipstick is lazy your eyes are all hazy
But there's somethin' behind the whiskey whispers you speak
That rocks me to sleep

(Woman):
There must be something terribly wrong with me
Sometimes I feel like I haven't learned anything

Good little lady you driving me crazy
Why don't you swing my way and find you seat
Your lipstick is lazy your eyes are all hazy
But there's somethin' behind the whiskey whispers you speak
That rocks me to sleep