

Down for the Count, Phone Tag

ironically, your side is cold
and i framed up your pillow onto my wall
i never thought this to be so difficult
and i know how much this hurts us both
take my heart and pluck the strings just like you always do
don't forget to look me up and write me down
as the boy you should call
the boy you should call
so what do we do now
this void is getting bigger by the minute, it won't slow down
i haven't learned to deal without your letters showing up in my box
slightly fragranced with perfume
take my heart and pluck the strings just like you always do
don't forget to look me up and write me down
as the boy you should call
the boy you should call
the sadness lies within your eyes
the sickness feels just like a needle dressed with poison to my heart