

Electronic, Reality

You keep calling but I'm not at home'
To give me your explanation
I'm not waiting by the telephone
With a feeling of frustration
I always thought that if you understood
You'd clean up this mess and you'd do me some good

I don't need you anymore
I'm not the man you're looking for

Can't you see there's nothing in your head
And your body's on vacation
I keep hearing what I never said
You got me in your conversation
Now it's too late and you get what you see
I don't like this hatred, it just isn't me