

Galaxie 500, Hearing Voices

Your lips ain't movin
Your body's still
But voices are talkin somewhere
I hear a jukebox
French fries and beer
And people are talkin somewhere

And I know there's no one home
But I won't put down the phone
I can't think where I should be

I search the kitchen
Put my ear to the wall
I look in the freezer again
Sometimes a notion
Swells like the ocean
Then I can't think where I should be

And I know there's no one home
But I won't put down the phone
I can't think where I should be