

Iggy Pop, Long Distance

Alone with the phone again
The deepening light seeps in my mind
I'm desperate to hear a voice
Can this really be my choice?
I'm fifty and I'm tricky
And I'm sick of being alone
You're twenty-five and pretty
But you're old enough to know
That actions form a pattern
And the heart's the last to know
And I'm waitin' for another friend
Callin' long distance again

My mind is an antique room
There's overstuffed chairs and carpets too
Where nobody ever comes
It's a good place to run away from
And I'm runnin' from a love
With every step I take
And if I can fall for you then
From the last one I am saved
And it's a cold grey wet December
Shity shity day
And I'm waitin' for another friend
Calling long distance again

You're dark and your French voice is lovely
And you're bright eyes light the receiver across the miles
I'm listening close and I'm hoping
To learn love, but I don't know how
Calling long distance again
Calling long distance again
I'm calling long distance again
Calling long distance again