

Jil Is Lucky, When I'm Alone

Tell me why when I'm alone
My room looks bigger than it is
My left hand is stuck on the phone
The other one scratches my knees
I press my face against the window
And my ears against the wall
I hear the rain and see the snow
I'm not bored, not at all
When I'm alone
When I'm alone
Across the country my baby knows there's something wrong
When I'm alone
When I'm alone
She calls me on the phone

She plays the trumpet Well I just miss her so much
That I could write an entire book
So I wrote down this song
So that she can have a look
At me on my own, quietly growing old
My eyes staring at the shirt
The one I didn't fold
When I'm alone
When I'm alone
Across the country my baby knows there's something wrong
When I'm alone
When I'm alone
She calls me on the phone
And says
"Jil, you seem pretty tired
You seem to be worried
cause I am not behind you"
She says
"Jil, go and tidy up your room cause I am coming soon"
Yeah Yeah Yeah