

Jim White, Phone Booth In Heaven

Oh where are we going? Oh where have we been? Our hush-a-bye angel, she's safe and tucked in
you sit and watch the rain. There's what you think with your heart and what I feel with my brain. For
nothing but the seeds of the falling there is a phone booth in heaven that no one is calling. It sits on
leads nowhere. I'll drop you a line next time I find myself there. Remembering them days, how we v
There's some say that heaven can't exist without hell, well if the proof's in the pudding, and that axi
the heart of the matter escaped me and you. For those who plant nothing but the seeds of the fallin
booth in heaven that no one is calling. Though the ghosts of redemption might whisper odd promis
much faith in them specters. Now the blueprint for sorrow is just to put off the hurt 'til the price of to
more than love's worth. 'Til what's begged and what's stole is just the hollow remains of some beau
cling to in vain. For those who plant nothing but the seeds of the falling there is a phone booth in he
calling. The truest word heard there is the word that's unspoken 'cause you can't mend what the G
broken. Oh where are we going? My darling oh where? Our sweetheart's in dreamland, please let h
separate people, with two separate ways. Until we come to our senses, it's our sweetheart that pay