

# New Amsterdams, Stay On The Phone

One waitress  
Outside of,  
Phone booth, South Carolina  
Sits, keeps killing time  
Rolls her eyes  
Roll of dimes  
Speak of this sick surrounding sin  
Tears me from limb to limb, within  
I don't know how to let it go  
This far away from home

One word was mistaken  
Context that it was taken from  
Write it down  
Must be sound  
Must be true  
I hope you can hear me  
My only sanctuary asks  
Why am I here?  
Why aren't I home?  
As the line builds for the phone

I want it all  
Work to a fault  
That breaks us in two  
And always at play  
The end of the day  
I'm alone and so are you

Old stories  
Gas stations  
Repeating conversations  
Still, I can't speak long  
The show has to go on  
At best I, might question  
The focus of my attention  
Though, you know that I could bring it down

I want it all  
Work to a fault  
That breaks us in two  
And always at play  
The end of the day  
I'm alone and so are you

One waitress, invading  
But I'm content to make her wait  
It's all I have  
So far from home  
Oh please stay on the phone