

Seven Mary Three, Where Are You Calling From?

Here beats the black heart of my rancor
The speed of life can dull your nerve
I beat no drum for anything anymore
Might have more than I deserve

The golden age of being amused
Has turned into the modern life and times of being confused
And I feel it too
When I'm alone in my room
Waiting for that light to blink
The little song I miss
There's a ghost there singing

I saw somebody jump the turnstile at the station
He barely made the doors and took a seat next to a stranger
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the aisle
And you said where are you calling from tonight?

I don't dismiss it that I need it
To disappear to something in loud
A few new faces fill the spaces with a river of names
And all the names just filter out

This work can occupy my mind
But it won't convince my body that I've been satisfied
And I'm most alive and I'm most like myself in my dreams
Your eyes connect the mis-remembered me

I saw somebody jump the turnstile at the station
Barely made the doors and took a seat next to a stranger
I saw her eyes as she brushed his body passing in the aisle
And I said where are you calling from tonight?

And when are you coming home?