

# Thursday, The Dotted Line

The angels sing of someone coming down  
To wake us from a sleep thats broken  
Deeply wont shut up again  
Must be some sort of sign for us  
That things are going to change

Its hard to dream  
Well you'll try hard  
In this half hearted minute  
You sleep alone  
Its hard to dream  
If you're a ghost  
Its only a matter of time  
Before we fade out

The phone is ringing in my head again  
I'm too scared to pick up  
The fear that this is the call I've been waiting for  
Could be some sort of sign for me  
That its time for me to change

Its the turning clock  
That happens every night  
And if we dont stop soon  
We will never wake up again  
Computers lie  
They keep us in our lives  
If im paranoid  
Its because they're watching us  
The phone is tapped