

Zita Swoon, Hot Hotter Hottest

30 days is long enough
So baby I wont call you anymore
I wish youd rush into my arms
But every wish I wish is bound to do me harm
The phone it rang around half past one
And then I pull the plug out of the wall
The conversations that I have
They dont amount to nothing
Except for the ugly thoughts I have

The doorbell rang around half past two
And when I walk back inside my day was through
I think I slept all afternoon
And when I woke at night the moon was full
The neon flashing in the streets
And then I walk through town to a lazy beat
I take the phone off of my ears
Cause the music dont sooth me
It just makes me bleed

I wonder if Im done with thinking
This prison room will be my grave
But now Im all alone and drinking
Although I surely lost the taste

In the morning when I woke
I heard a noisy television host
I switch the man out of my room
Cause the games they dont thrill me
They just make me blue
The windows open
The curtain flies
I see the ghost of you before my eyes
I shiver as I turn away
I see the phone is waiting
I dial and I pray