

Other Voices

Cubanate

So here we are again
Other voices in different rooms
And you know, this means nothing
We're gonna rent each other for an hour or two
And our conversation is the hiss of white noise
Just interference through bitter tissue

I never touched you
I want to but I can't do it
I never seen you
I want to but I can't do it

Do you know, friends come in boxes
So what's this piece of wire I hold
I twist it 'til it breaks, and I think of you

I play cards with invisible girls
They always win; I let them
Every corner hides you
I kill the time with red wine
In a house, in an empty... cage

I never touched you
I want to but I can't do it
I never seen you
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I took a taxi in the rain to a disused building
I fell on my knees
I prayed to God knows what or God knows who
Poor, disconnected me

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I never seen you
I want to but I can't do it

I never touched you
I want to but I can't do it
I never seen you
I want to but I can't do it

I want it, but I can't get it
I want it, but I can't get it
I want it...