

Phone

Donovan Woods

Some people, they love you so great
It spans the countryside
And some people, they love you so pure
It nearly dies
Well, some people's love is so new
They just can't keep it inside
Some people get married and
Their friends and ex-lovers all cry
But we don't have that
So I put on my coat and my hat
And I tell you "I'm sorry."
You say "that's ok - no one's to blame."
You're a sweet little girl
On an airplane
And I know
You'll come home
Or you'll tell me some shit on the phone

On the phone (phone)
On the phone (phone)
On the phone

Well my roommate, he bought a coffee press
And that nearly drove me to tears
See, it's the first thing she'd touch
In the mornings of those private school years
Now brains, though built for thinking
Are very good at worries and fears
But what would I know?
I'm only a volunteer
But you don't know that
So I put on my coat and my hat
And I tell you "I'm sorry."
You say "that's ok - no one's to blame."
You're a sweet little boy on an airplane."
And I know you'll come home
Or you'll tell me some shit on the phone

On the phone (phone)
On the phone (phone)
On the phone (phone)
On the phone (phone)

Lord lift me up over all gentlemen
'Cause we will never know if it's right or it's wrong
And lord lift me up over all gentlemen
'Cause we will never know if it's right or it's wrong

Yeah, when I come home
Yeah, when I come home...