

Magic phonecall

Southpaw

The days go by and we are still here
We still try to fill up your ears
With the sound that comes from our soul
We're still waiting for the magic phonecall
That could take us far from here
Help us feel what we cannot feel
We're so frustrated
Stuck in this hole
We're still waiting fot the magic phonecall

Phonecall...

Phonecall...

Just look around and say what you see
All these people with their "reality"
It takes patience and huge self-controll
To be waiting fot the magic phonecall
That could stop us from suffering
In this town where winter is spring
Will we stay trapped here until we get old...
Waiting for the magic phonecall...