

## Felt Through a Phone Line

36 Crazyfists

So we went after the crash,  
we step out alone.  
An undivided healing  
that swallows us whole.

The air cuts like glass  
and you taste like winter.  
And how long will you last, forever...  
And congratulations  
you've become what you wanted.  
Stepping out of this car with that look in your eye and knowing that you've  
never looked so beautiful.

Telephone lines away,  
death on the end and I'm screaming.  
226 on the door,  
asking to make out while watching the war.

So we went after the crash,  
we step out alone.  
An undivided healing  
that swallows us whole

Nothing's like this exit,  
pale white skin on memory.

And I've got the proof to frame the way.  
As we danced, we bled across the floor.  
And that never-ending supply what we wished for.  
It took me 14 hours to get this sore and knowing that you've never looked so  
beautiful.

Telephone lines away,  
death on the end and I'm screaming.  
226 on the door,  
asking to make out while watching the war

So we went after the crash,  
we step out alone.  
An undivided healing  
that swallows us whole

nothing's like this exit,  
pale white skin on memory

25 days and I still can't get this right.

So we went after the crash,  
we step out alone.  
An undivided healing  
that swallows us whole

nothing's like this exit,  
pale white skin on memory

Telephone lines away, felt through a phone line.