

## Crawl

8mm

Standing near the window looking out with both hands on the phone that's pressed to my ear  
I lay my forehead against the glass  
And its cold against my skin.

The phone rings in my ear again and a machine you comes on  
And tells me to leave a message and you'll call.  
I run my fingers along the shape of the phone searching out every seam and crevice  
Looking for the way in.  
I think now that if I try, if I try, if I concentrate hard enough  
I can change myself into something else.  
Then I'll be able to pour myself into this wire  
Travel across these lines and find my way to you.  
Or maybe there's another trick, another spell  
And I could change you  
And I'd draw you to me,  
Pull you to me,  
Crawl to me.

Draw you to me  
Pull you to me  
Call you to me  
Crawl to me.

Crawl to me.

Crawl to me.

Crawl for me.