

Pick up the Phone

Carina Round

Pick up the phone
I'm pregnant with your baby
I wanted you to know
The dreams I've been having lately

I woke up, I woke up from an explosion
And the city speaks in sirens
And the wreckage is my angel of devotion.
A dying light inside him
And I try to tell you something
But my mouth fills up with water
You say finally you found me
And suddenly I'm drowning

Pick up the phone
I'm trying to say sorry
The things you should know
Are weighing heavy on me

Well it's nothing can't be fixed
With a hot bath and
a fifth of mother's ruin
All forgone for the duration
With deranged and maybe eaten
Drunken sex with strangers
And his wife didn't stop crying
For at least a week he told me
But at least she got the kids and half a million
I just assumed she was sleeping

And I fall in love in the only way I know
As I'm diving into the mouth of a hungry volcano
I walk not recognizing sight reflections
As I lay next to the next one with you on my mind

Pick up the phone
Pick up the phone
Pick up the phone
I'll eat the ruin, go on go