

Call Me Home

Edie Carey

It's far too perfect an end
Aren't I supposed to learn to bend in all kinds of unnatural ways?
You've already seen me at my best
Oh my god
You've seen me undressed
So much for mystery

And on the count of ten
Swear you'll tell me the truth
Is there a minefield under you too?
And do you wanna run to the nearest telephone booth
And call me?

'Cause it's not like I don't know you
And I don't wanna throw you
But it's damn near impossible
To meet your gaze
And the silence just isn't the same
It only feeds the flame and steers us clear of the blaze

'Cause I've always tied myself to the deadest driest trees
And I've been known
To strike a match
And now I'm screaming
Like bloody hell to be set free
And all you have to do boy is catch

Catch my drift
Drift to me
The only mystery is what your answer will be

The real mystery is why
I just won't accept the truth
That I've been resenting red
For not being blue
Like I've been resenting him
For not being you
And not calling me home