

## 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