

# The Phone Book

Editors

I'm on watch here  
So close your eyes and get some rest  
I'm here to watch your heart  
It's been faulted from the start  
I'm the rips in your chest

I'm not an angel,  
I never mean to make you cry  
Jumping through my hoops  
With dissension in the troops  
And a smile inside

What's that over your shoulder?  
Fear of getting older  
Stay with me.

Sing me a love song  
From your heart or from the phone book  
It don't matter to me  
I'm an apple, you're the tree  
I won't fall when you shook

What's that over your shoulder?  
Fear of getting older  
Stay with me.

It ends with a kiss  
It ends with a tear  
It ends with the lights up  
Bathing our fear

Tell me nonsense  
I don't want to see  
I saw the lightning cut through the last winter sky of the year

Stay with me  
Keep with me...