

Hung Up on You

Fountains of Wayne

While I down Kentucky bourbon
I am waiting for a call
And the moon and stars tonight
Are playing shadows on the wall

With the moon the way it is, dear
Would you answer out of spite
Or are you feeling lonely tonight

Cause I remember last time
We were out under the stars
Driving crooked down the highway
Drinking beer in roadside bars

And now and then I wonder
Why this painful memory
Can never find its way to you from me

And I can't dial the phone just now
Even though I know your number
Can't bring my broken heart to be untrue
Like you did today
You'll say goodbye the same old way
Ever since you hung up on me
I'm hung up on you

Well the house I'm ringing up from
Is a half a mile from you
But with the reception I'm getting
Might as well be Timbuktu

And behind the door of your home
Is a strange and foreign land
Where you speak a language I don't understand

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Now I'm going down to Jimmy's bar
Like a thousand other times
With an appetite for poison
And a suitcase full of dimes

And I'll wait there by the payphone
With one hundred other guys
With those sorry hung-up teardrops in our eyes

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