

Phone Booth in Heaven

Jim White

Oh where are we going? Oh where have we been? Our hush-a-bye angel, she's safe and tucked in. I drive around town, while you sit and watch the rain. There's what you think with your heart and what I feel with my brain. For those who plant nothing but the seeds of the falling there is a phone booth in heaven that no one is calling. It sits on a highway that leads nowhere. I'll drop you a line next time I find myself there. Remembering them days, how we wore our weakness well. There's some say that heaven can't exist without hell, well if the proof's in the pudding, and that axiom's true, somehow the heart of the matter escaped me and you. For those who plant nothing but the seeds of the falling there is a phone booth in heaven that no one is calling. Though the ghosts of redemption might whisper odd promises, I for one don't put much faith in them specters. Now the blueprint for sorrow is just to put off the hurt 'til the price of tomorrow becomes more than love's worth. 'Til what's begged and what's stole is just the hollow remains of some beautiful failure that we cling to in vain. For those who plant nothing but the seeds of the falling there is a phone booth in heaven that no one is calling. The truest word heard there is the word that's unspeakable 'cause you can't mend what the Good Lord designed to be broken. Oh where are we going? My darling oh where? Our sweetheart's in dreamland, please let her stay there. We are two separate people, with two separate ways. Until we come to our senses, it's our sweetheart that pays.