

# Joined By An Ipod

Little Man Tate

Wherever you go, no matter how far  
Even if I cannot reach you no more  
I know that we're not perfect by far  
But joined by the sound of a humble guitar.

Some people say, we're joined at the hip  
But we're joined by a playlist,  
Where we pick the hits  
That got us through some of our worst times  
Like broken hearts and dodgy lines  
Broken hearts and dodgy lines

Don't know why I'm talking  
Cos you don't hear what I say  
I'm sure you'd love to listen  
But the tune gets in the way

It's not ending, cos we're just at the start  
We're not over, just confused and drifting apart  
I'd play a song, but I've left my guitar in the car  
You'd love to leave, but the headphones won't stretch  
That far

Whatever I say, no matter how true  
It's seems that I can't get through to you  
But as soon as I put my thumb on play

All of the rows go away

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