

The Answering Machine

Marillion

We flew here to see you
My feelings and i
I looked down on the city
From up in the sky

The sun was reflecting
From the roofs and the water
Spring had come early
In the parks and the old town

I came with a mission
To patch up a dream
We walked and I talked and my words were absorbed
Into the answering machine

I came two thousand miles
Just to take a look at you
But you were broken and frozen
A heartbreak of a statue

In the bulletproof mirrors where your eyes used to be
I stared at myself and I called for some help
Into the answering machine

The day slipped by and I tried and tried
You took me home and you said "goodnight. sleep tight."
On the floor by the bedroom door
I watched you sleep and I left before first light

The bugs don't bite
The bugs don't bite
The bugs bite

From the land of the frozen
To the land of the low
We journeyed together
But we were always alone
So if I should come calling
Best not pick up the phone
Cause I'm no good for you and you're no good for me
Let me talk to the answering machine
I can cope with the answering machine
I'm a friend of the answering machine