

# 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