

Confess

Phantom Planet

Round and round the dial turns
Your finger itches but your vanity hurts
So you cross your friends off one by one
Either they're busy or they are no fun

Well, you can call me whenever you want
You can call me if your mouth needs to run

Your number's up, it's by request
Do you have something to confess?
I'm out of touch, you're out of breath
Do you have something to confess?

So round and round the dial turns
Your finger itches but your vanity hurts, oh
And you know that all your friends will scream in horror
When they find you hanged by a phone cord

Well, you can call me whenever you want
Yeah, you can call me if your mouth needs to run

Your number's up, it's by request
Do you have something to confess?
I'm out of touch, you're out of breath
Do you have something to confess?

You're out of touch, I'm out of breath
Have you got something to confess?