

The Dotted Line

Thursday

The angels sing of someone coming down
To wake us from a sleep thats broken
Deeply wont shut up again
Must be some sort of sign for us
That things are going to change

Its hard to dream
Well you'll try hard
In this half hearted minute
You sleep alone
Its hard to dream
If you're a ghost
Its only a matter of time
Before we fade out

The phone is ringing in my head again
I'm too scared to pick up
The fear that this is the call I've been waiting for
Could be some sort of sign for me
That its time for me to change

Its the turning clock
That happens every night
And if we dont stop soon
We will never wake up again
Computers lie
They keep us in our lives
If im paranoid
Its because they're watching us
The phone is tapped