

King, Alone without you

Alone without you
A hot room. Septembers gloom
Lick my lashes and kiss my cheeks
Remembered lines in between the sheets

Alone without you
Won't you pass the phone.
Someone pass the phone
Shall we try to make July
You're like the sea to hold
Impossible and cold
But your taste lingers on
On my hands and on my tongue

Alone without you
Won't you pass the phone.
Someone pass the phone
Shall we try to make July
Shall we try to make July
When you called me at home
You said you lived on your own
just dreaming of me
When I called you at home
Someone else picked up the phone
It wasn't you