

# Standing Outside A Broken Phone Booth With Money In My Hand

Primitive Radio Gods

I've been downhearted baby  
I've been down, I've been down hearted baby  
Ever since the day we met, ever since the day we met  
I've been downhearted baby  
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Ever since the day we met, ever since the day we met

Jan lays down and wrestles in her sleep  
Moonlight spills on comic books  
And superstars in magazines  
An old friend calls and tells us where to meet  
Her plane takes off from Baltimore  
And touches down on Bourbon Street

We sit outside and argue all night long  
About a God we've never seen  
But never fails to side with me  
Sunday comes and all the papers say  
Ma Teresa's joined the mob  
And happy with her full time job

Do do do  
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Do do do

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Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?  
Does summer come for everyone?  
Can humans do as prophets say?  
And if I die before I learn to speak  
Can money pay for all the days  
I lived awake but half asleep?

Do do do  
Do do do  
Do do do

A life is time, they teach you growing up  
The second sticking killed us all  
A million years before the fall  
You ride the waves and don't ask where they go  
You swim like Lions through the crest  
And bathe yourself on Zebra flesh

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