

44-1000
my cell number

867-5309

those were indeed some mighty fine times
sitting on the phone and playing with the chord
dialing up your best friend, in your head his number stored

I still remember the phone numbers from my youth
smoking camel lights, chatting friends up from the booth
waiting for your buddies bro to head off to the packie
pick up a six of pbr and a carton of tobaccoe

oh how times have changed, in oh so many ways
a sawbuck for a pack of smokes, victim to the new health craze
character assessments given by the college board
straying from the narrative, behavior that's untoward

and worst of all the digital, youg're never on our own
email text and gps and soon your cover's blown
i'm shackled to my device, yet how i pine for yesteryear
when the only way to socialize was together w/a beer

someday i will accede to the luddites brave attacks
and i will torch my cursed iPhone like Hendrix torched his axe
i'll drive a thousand miles to the only phone booth left
and I'll dial ancient numbers deeply sighing still bereft

i'm not one of those people who thinks progress is all bad
even though i must admit i thought the iphone was a fad
and maybe i'm just whining 'cause i'm disappearing fast
and the only way to feel relevant is to idolize the past

my cell number
i do not know
another password
wifi too slow
can you hear me?
no service here
childhood phone
was always clear