

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Answering Machine

Why you talk about me
I never did you wrong
When you talk about me
It makes me take my receiver off of my phone
Now I'm an answerin' machine
I always play my part (my part)
Now I'm an answering machine
I threw away my heart

It's up to you to find
The words that come from power lines
So I'm beaten up inside
And I'm not a pleasure ride
When you tell me baby

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy what's your problem?
Aren't you man enough to admit you was wrong?
They tell me all this attention has effected him
Everybody is a victim in this place
Daddy, Daddy, Daddy what's your problem?
You get a hard skin sugar when you finally turn pro
You gotta be more like an executive
Talk to my answerin' machine

Now you want me to confess
To a crime I never committed
Well you want me to confess
To make my whole life easier in the city
Well you 're number is on my skin
You scratched it with your claw
Your clockwork is orange
'cause humor is against the law

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