

Chris De Burgh, Man On The Line

There's a man on the line, he is wasting my time,
He calls me everyday, he's got nothing to say,
And at the dead of night when I turn out the light,
The telephone rings, it's him again;

I wouldn't mind if he told me,
Just what the hell is going on,
He like a man in a fever,
I know that something is wrong,
He's whispering your name!

There's a man on the line and he is wasting my time,
He calls me everyday, and he won't go away,
Is he part of a plan, is he a government man,
Well one thing is true, he's after you;

He must be totally crazy,
He must be out of his mind,
To be in love with a lady,
Ah when that lady is mine,
He's whispering your name, whispering your name,
Tell me, tell me,

How many men have seen this heaven,
How many down in flames,
How many men are lost forever,
How many still in chains?
Just whispering your name, whispering your name...

There's a man on the line and he's still waisting my time,
He calls me day after day and it's always the same,
And at the dead of the night,
When I turn out the light,
The telephone rings, yes it's him again;

He's got me deep in suspicion,
He's got me looking at you,
He like a man with a mission,
Ah tell me what did you do?
He's whispering your name, whispering your name,
Tell me, tell me,

How many men have seen this heaven,
How many down in flames,
How many men are lost forever,
How many still in chains?
Just whispering your name, whispering your name,

Oh there's a man on the line - whispering your name!