

# Gorky Park, Moscow Calling

Getting on a phone with a busy line  
Talking on a phone and losing my mind  
Never never never never realiza  
It feels so far, like a millions miles  
Give me give me give me give me little hand  
Just listen to your heart, don't consider it  
I'm looking out at the city night  
I see your eyes in city lights  
Moscow calling Operator don't teas me  
Moscow calling Operator what's going on  
Moscow calling All the circuits are busy  
Moscow calling I'm going on ain't giving it up  
Party party party party somewhere, going crazy  
Night is calling me out, but I grip the phone  
I'm having no choice  
No coffee, no beer, no cigarettes, & line's still busy  
Operator on the other end I need your voice  
I needs to hear your voice  
I'm phono phono phono phonomaniac  
When I hear your voice I wanna kiss the phone  
I wanna get paid for the weeks I stayed alone  
I have no onelse to call, for you I wanna save it all  
But it doesn't get through  
I'm going on and on  
I feel I'm gonna break this telephone