

# Hazel O'Connor, Calls The Tune

Well, I saw your face in a photograph  
Cried so much, I nearly laughed  
You never really had the chance  
To question why did you live some to cry some and die?

Who, what and how writes the song, calls the tune  
Says what's right and wrong  
Writes the song, calls the tune  
Says what's right and wrong

Oh, I'd have caught your eyes, but my hands were tied  
Was it truth? Was it lies?  
Many words of truth are spoken in jest  
Who would have guessed that, or trust that? What a mess!

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