

Hot Chocolate, Put Your Love In Me

What do the lonely do on Sundays?
What do they do
or does nobody care?
Do they make it through to Mondays
Or with a heart filled with pain do they just disappear?
I tried so hard to play it real cool
girl
When you said I was out of your heart.
I tried so hard to keep my true feelings inside - but you made me cry.
Tears on the telephone - it's tears.
Tears on the telephone - you made me cry - tears on the telephone.
How could you just out of the blue say
You and I are through - you found someone new.
How could you
when you know that this heart of mine can't live without you
What do the lonely do on Mondays?
What do they do? Now I know that it's true
'Cos I tried all night on Sunday to get back to you.
But you're not taking no calls.
I told you that I didn't care
when you said
We were through
you've found someone new.
I heard myself saying
girl
I can live without you
but you made me cry.
Tears on the telephone - it's tears.
Tears on the telephone - you made me cry.
Tears on the telephone - tears - you made me cry - tears
What do the lonely do on Sundays?
What do they do for the rest of the week?
'Cos the pain is never ending
And there just ain't no way I can take anymore.
I tried so hard to play it real cool
girl
When you said I was out of your heart.
I tried so hard to keep my cool feelings inside
but you made me cry
Tears on the telephone - it's tears. . . .