

Crack The Sky, Telephone Lady

Cold night down on Mean street
Wet shoes in the telephone stall
I'm trying to explain it
But I don't have the change to make the call
She thinks I'm running 'round with that waitress
The one who still wears those platform shoes
And she's gonna get even so you can see there's really
no more time to lose, and that's why I'm telling you
Telephone lady won't you get my baby, won't you
get my baby on the line. Telephone lady don't
let my baby, don't you let my baby have the last
laugh

She says she's gonna make me sorry
Gonna jump on every joker that she sees
You gotta put me through before she
Makes a fool out of me