

# Gazebo, Telephone Mama

I lived my life on a razor blade  
Never found escape in my empty shade  
Till came one day when the c.i.a  
Said we need you bad down in leningrad  
I took my life of a legal alien  
A "bolivian dancer" that's what i was  
And I knew I found my aim

Just telephone mama  
Just living on a poison pill  
Just telephone mama  
A robot dressed to kill  
Telephone mama  
That's all I kept in mind  
Just telephone mama  
The rest is left behind

I met freulein in a french caf?  
Just a cigarette and "les jeux sont faits"  
Till came one night when she was in sight  
Through the bathroom door saw her seek for more  
I took my colt and I pointed at her eyes  
A sentimental cancer that's what it was  
And I knew I lost my prize

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Just telephone mama  
A robot dressed to kill  
Telephone mama  
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Just telephone mama  
The rest is left behind

She looked at me god she was so sweet  
She knelt to my feet said she had to cheat  
Cause she lived her life on the sharpest knife  
And the k.g.b never let her breathe  
I took her hand we decided to go far  
The naivest "dancer" that's what I was  
And two men approached the car

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