

Hine Rupert, Picture-Phone

It's a reckless world
That lets itself be guided by its tools
But what our eyes can see we believe
The truth is not for fools
Is there nothing between us but plastic and wire
Will some modern invention prove you a liar
All the time you were saying this is it
It was that
And you didn't get that scratch from the cat

CHORUS:

I'll be stripped to the skin
You'll be stripped to the bone
And we'll all say no to the picture-phone
It was so easy to cheat on a blind line
With an alibi and your image intact
Whatever the number -
Whatever the crime -
Not only the famous will have to resign
And you have come to depend
On your right to pretend you're alone
Would the star of the screen
Ever wish to be seen
Red-eyed and dying through the morning call
And the president's friends
Would they live for long
If they saw down the wire what really goes on
When you're home to relax
Come the facial attacks
And the breathers in masks - oh no!

CHORUS

Is she the girl of your dreams
With her curlers and creams
Another fantasy's blown
And we'll all say no on the picture-phone

CHORUS

Additional Lead Vocal: ROBERT PALMER