

Kim Wilde, 2-6-5-8-0

Written by Ricky & Marty Wilde

I watch a man sitting down the park
The flashy suit manufactured by the makers
He's got a pen and he circles an add
It makes him laugh 'cos he's reading dirty papers
2-6-5-8-0

She doesn't know but she's getting his call
He's talking straight but he wants it in a strange way
She combs her hair doesn't worry at all
He could be mad but its just another pay day
2-6-5-8-0

2-6-5-8-0
2-6-5-8-0 Oh, dial it if you want to know me
She likes to live on the poor side of town
She's shacking down with a guy from West Guiana
The boys around always look at the ground
Oh, what they'd give for a night with that piranha
2-6-5-8-0

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2-6-5-8-0 Oh, dial it if you want to know me
She doesn't have to make her money that way
She's such a pretty young girl
I guess they love it 'cos you hear when they stay
They cry oh, oh, oh
This guy arrives looking scared as a rat
He needs her love but he wants it like a brother
Three hours later he crawls out on his knees
She's laughing loud 'cos he's calling for his mother
2-6-5-8-0

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