# Marilyn Manson, The Telephone

Another night of too much cough syrup
I'm awakened by the incessant ringing of a telephone
I still have dreams caked in the corners of my eyes
and my mouth is dry and tastes shitty
Again the ringing
Slowly I bustle out of bed
The remnants of an erection still lingering in my shorts
Like a bothersome guest
Again the ringing
Carefully I abscond to the bathroom
As to not display my manhood to others
There I make the perfunctory morning faces
Which always seem to precede my daily contribution
To the once-blue toilet water
That I always enjoy making green
Again the ringing
I shake twice like most others
and I'm annoyed by the dribble that always seems to remain
Causing a small acreage of wetness on the front of my briefs
I slowly languidly, lazily, crazily,
Stumble into the den
Where my father smokes his guitars
I mean cigars
In his easy chair
I know all about easy chairs
and then I sing a song for my friends
Jesus is my boyfriend
Jesus is my boyfriend
You can't have him
Because jesus is my boyfriend
Ringing ringing
Dang it goddamn motherfucking son-of-a-bitch is ringing
I walk into the kitchen and I
Stare blankly at that shrieking plastic bastard
Since it keeps ringing I know it's her
and since it keeps ringing she knows it's me
We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a darker day
So let's start killing
There's a choice you're making
We're sparing our own lives
It's true we'll make a darker day
Just you and me