

# Pulp, Ansaphone

Oh I know I don't own you / but I don't even know if I should phone you  
Someone sending me letters / saying you've been going with other fellers  
And they / bored you / But I / don't wanna cry / or talk for hours  
to a machine / on the end / of a telephone line  
Oh it just kills me / when all you've got to do is call  
Oh do it any time / 'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home  
Leave your message on the ansaphone / I'm not trying to be clever  
but at least we're not still living together  
All those calls in the evening / if I answered they'd hang up without speaking  
And they / bored you / But I / don't want to cry / or talk for hours  
to a machine / on the end / of a telephone line  
Oh it just kills me / when all you've got to do is call  
Oh do it any time / 'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home  
Leave your message on the ansaphone

[Beep!]

"Hello, its me. I just wanted to call and say it doesn't matter what you get up to.  
I just want you to stay in touch. That's all."  
Are you really not at home? / Or are you there but not alone?  
Screening calls / you don't want to receive / meaning calls  
calls that come from me / Oh I / need to see you  
It's not enough for me just to hear you / You said you'd be here by ten thirty  
but you want to stay out and be dirty / Oh it just kills me  
when all you've got to do is call / Oh do it any time  
'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home  
Leave your message on the ansaphone.