

# Self, Callgirls

Forgetful girls, with no thoughts put into action  
The world's your distraction while your asleep  
At the wheel  
Forgetful girl, you've become a mother  
Surroundings tend to suffer when the fiction  
Is real

I can't lie I'm unable to pretend  
I'm unable to defend your actions  
-repeat-

Psychic girl, where's my happy ending  
Your methods patent pending  
So what can't I smile  
Psychic girl, caught between the rails  
Your hearts still not in it  
At three dollars a minute

-chorus-

Lovetalk girl, I'll pin up your photo  
And direct my video like I was Aerosmith  
Lovetalk girl, to further waste my tissue and time  
I'll remain on the line 'till you get off with me

-chorus-