

# Sons And Daughters, Red Receiver

Phone phone the red receiver at the end of the bed it keeps getting clearer  
Rings run running around me  
Untying the ribbons for the good of the family  
And your dear friends gathered together  
You were looking for trouble now your losing your temper

Cold feet in London  
Useless confetti  
No groom  
No first kiss  
No diamonds for the girl

Don't look in the side of the wardrobe  
The white dress hangs tall as a tightrope  
Clothes piled high in a suitcase  
Better get moving fast for it's too late  
And you dear friends gathered in darkness  
Formed a search and followed their partners

Cold feet in London  
Useless confetti  
No groom  
No first kiss  
No diamonds for the girl

So phone phone the red receiver at the end of the bed but no one will be here