

The The, Helpline Operator (Sick Boy Mix)

I watch the sun go down on London town
I wait for the night voices to sound
I smell the pain upon the breath of the lost and the lonely
Oh Lord
I hear the thoughts that whisper in the hearts of all men

I'm the helpline operator and I'll spare you the time
I'm the intimate stranger
Your problems will be mine

Put your tongue into the mouthpiece
And whisper in my ear
Admit to me
The things you can't admit to yourself
Admit to me and no one else
Everybody's looking for someone
To tell them what they want to hear
Everybody's looking for true love
To help them feel what they cannot feel

I'm the helpline operator
Could you spare me the time
I'm the intimate stranger
Your problems will be mine
I'm the helpline operator
Helpline operator
Helpline operator
Helpline operator

Helpline operator
Helpline operator
Helpline operator
Helpline operator