

Violent Femmes "Telephone Book"

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I look at my telephone book
I look at my telephone book
I can't stand the way it look
I hate to think the way you took

Me down into a burnin' rage
I wrote your name on every page
You don't return my calls

You don't return my calls
You don't return my calls
I'm ready to bust down the walls
I'm going down Niagara Falls

In a barrel of fun
Hey, ain't I a lucky one
You don't return my calls

My telephone book is the color red
My telephone book is the color red
The red is all in my head
Some things are left better unsaid

Is that why you don't try
To acknowledge or reply
Why you don't return my calls

I look at my telephone book
I look at my telephone book
I can't stand the way it look
I hate to think the way you took

Me down into a burnin' rage
I wrote your name on every page
You don't return my calls

Did you hear from an old friend
I knew once way back when
I did some bad things to myself
And my health

Or did you happen to hear an old song I once sang

Did it make your sweet sweet blood run cold in your
veins
Will you never think of me the same

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