

Wheeler Cheryl "It's The Phone"

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It's the phone, get the phone, there's a phone call
Fish it out, press the talk button right now
Anytime, anywhere there's a phone call
We will answer and start talking real loud
In their odes to Joy and Jesus, do you think they once
foresaw
Their pieces in our wireless devices
All across the planet? Blah blah, blah blah, blah.

Ah, the strains of music all around
Short little beeps cut through the din
I've come to love that Motorola sound
Not harpsichord or violin
I know Ludwig would be so proud
That "Für Elise" could beep so loud
Rossini too and Brahms and Bach
And Mozart and Rachmaninoff inoff, enough.

Hold the fries, keep your eyes on the road somehow
Pretty awkward to talk on the phone right now
To the whims if the Cell Tower Gods I bow
And I hope the local laws allow.

It's so crowded, you're so loud it's some deaf guy
you're talking to
All of us on this Hertz bus attempt to turn our backs to
you
You're impinging, see us cringing, dirty looks aimed at
your head
Not proud of it but I admit I wish your battery was
dead...

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