

Gilbert O'sullivan

"Love Being Faxed By You"

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Oh what a feeling when you're up all night
Get home to see that in the morning light
Whether it's cold out there's no doubt
Love being taxed by you

Looks like a piece of junk till it gets turned on
So good at getting to anywhere you want
Even if one time it's one line
Love being faxed by you

I despise the telephone when it goes and I am home
I just say I'm out
Anyone whose mobile rings on a train that I am in
I just scream and shout
Let there be no doubt
Give their ears a clout

Night time's the right time in the U.S.A.
There only starting up as you end your day
Whether it's New York an old Cork
Love being faxed by you

I despise the telephone when it goes and I am home
I pretend I'm out

Anyone whose mobile rings on a train I'm sitting in
I just scream and shout
Let there be no doubt
Give their ears a clout

Oh for the fun of it when you're on your own
Oh for the joy it gives as you head for home
Maybe I'm crazy but lately
Love being taxed by you
After a hard day I must say
Love being faxed by you

And I don't know what I'd do now without it
And I don't know how without I'd live
Would that I did
And I don't care if it runs out of paper
I don't mind if at time it's a mess

It's still the best

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