

GUD

"Wrong Number"

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"Hey Dad, good to hear your voice,"
Said the young man on the end of the line
"It's been a while since we last spoke
Thought we could talk about the bad old times
And maybe we could get together
Just like we never did
When you were the Daddy I hardly knew
And I was just your kid."

And the tears welled up in my eyes
'Cos I'm not good at telling lies
Unless my voice is slightly disguised
So I said, "Wrong number
Wrong number
Your Daddy don't live here
You just called this number at random
'Cos you thought I might be queer
Don't you ever call me again, you freak
Your Daddy's probably dead
And I'll get the cops to whoop your ass
If you ever call this number again
Wrong number."

(Spoken)

Now fuck off. Get off the fucking phone, I'm expecting
a business call. No, fuck off. Oh, it's your birthday, is it?
Well, happy fucking birthday, freak. Oh and you're five,
are you? Stop crying. Stop crying, you're a cry-baby.
Cry-baby, cry-baby, cry-baby. You'll never play football
for Geelong. No, you won't. You're a cry-baby. Go get
your mother, Shondelle, and put her on the line. Get
your mother... oops.

(Sung)

Wrong number

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