

Jana Mashonee

"Branded On A Telephone"

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Branded on a telephone
Germans came, I wasn't home
Nickel for your fortune true
Dime when you reach forty-two
Vertebrae all scrambled 'round
Lately I have found a sound
Mention this to him above
Take care of the one I love
He told me not to be afraid
I kissed his feet and dug my grave
Walkin' down a line again
Hey mister, have you got a friend
Branded on a telephone
Junk man come, I wasn't home
Peace (?) escaped from me today
Fortune lady was a liar

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