

Jean Sablon

"Come On Phone"

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Got me a phone in my home but hand don't fit the
handle
And I can't think of what number that I know
Since I had in store there ain't nobody call me and I
can't think nobody I could call
So come on phone and play some pretty music you can
play and I'll sing along
Come on phone and be a comfort to me I'd like to see
you ring right off the wall
[guitar]
Got me some things I could say but I got no one to say
into
And no one ever listens what I am
Well there must be someone feels the same way that I
feel
Sit and waitin' on the other end
So come on phone...
So come on phone...

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