

Pulp

"Ansaphone"

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Oh, I know I don't own you
But I don't even know if I should phone you
Someone sending me letters
Saying you've been going with other fellers

And they bored you but I don't wanna cry or talk for
hours
To a machine on the end of a telephone line
Oh, it just kills me when all you've got to do is call
Oh, do it any time 'cause there's never no one home
Never, no one home

Leave your message on the ansaphone

I'm not trying to be clever
But at least we're not still living together
All those calls in the evening
If I answered they'd hang up without speaking

And they bored you but I don't want to cry or talk for
hours
To a machine on the end of a telephone line
Oh, it just kills me when all you've got to do is call
Oh, do it any time 'cause there's never no one home
Never, no one home

Leave your message on the ansaphone

Hello, it's me, I just wanted to call and say
It doesn't matter what you get up to
I just want you to stay in touch, that's all

Are you really not at home
Or are you there but not alone?
Screening calls you don't want to receive
Meaning calls, calls that come from me

Oh, I need to see you
It's not enough for me just to hear you
You said you'd be here by ten thirty
But you want to stay out and be dirty

Oh, it just kills me when all you've got to do is call
Oh, do it any time 'cause there's never no one home
Never, no one home

Leave your message on the ansaphone

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