

David Mead

"Telephone"

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joey can you sleep tonight
i wanted but i wasn't able
somewhere there's a satellite
blinking out a russian fable
somewhere there's a hollywood
deep inside a distant canyon
don't it make you feel so good
picturing a home, imagine
call came in to meet the lie
of answering service lullabies
"i'm not at home not at home this evening"
plane takes off at twelve again
sipping on dreams i remember when
the telephone the telephone was ringing
and all of the angels chasing me
know i made the most of the world i see
call came in to meet the lie
of answering service lullabies
"i'm not at home not at home this evening"
plane takes off at twelve again
sipping on dreams i remember when
the telephone the telephone was
ringing laughing i can hear them
waltzing breathing i'm just leaving
shadows haunting all or nothing
reckless business i'm just leaving tonight
the telephone, the telephone was ringing
the telephone, the telephone was ringing

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