

## Tori Amos

# "Operator"

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Operator, well could you help me place this call  
See, the number on the matchbook is old and faded  
She's living in L. A. with my best old ex-friend Ray  
A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated

Isn't that the way they say it goes? Well, let's forget all  
that  
And give me the number if you can find it  
So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine and to show  
I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well  
I only wish my words could just convince myself  
That it just wasn't real, but that's not the way it feels

Operator, well could you help me place this call  
Well, I can't read the number that you just gave me  
There's something in my eyes, you know it happens  
every time  
I think about a love that I thought would save me

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