

Page France

"Telephone"

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Here's a telephone
Here's a window
Here a little dove to tell you how the wind blows
I've got a black heart
I've got a shadow
I've got a little dove that drags me up the ladder

You've got a halo, a heart of gravel
Little worms come out my darling rotten apple
I pluck the heart strings until my hands bleed
But when that eye blinks I'll be buried in the tree leaves

Here's a plate for you my darling soliders
Here's a little dove to land upon your shoulders
My precious children you know I love you
But I've got news we're going to have to get rid of you

You thought you knew me
I thought I knew you
The little dove came down and right away i threw you
I've got a black heart
I've got a shadow
I sent a little dove to push you down the ladder

little bell don't you get so worked up at all the
fire in hell its waiting just to burn us
you can jump and yell no one is looking for us
you can ring your bell but everyone ignores it

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