

Philmore "Mobile Telephones"

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I hear that on a date she'll make you wait
'Cause she thinks it takes an hour to be fashionably late
When sooner comes to later you will love her or you'll
hate her
But I can't imagine any guy would miss a chance to
date her

No rice, no dice, she won't think twice
If she doesn't like the waiter then she won't be nice
I could write myself a letter to persuade my friends I
met her
But I don't think they would fall for it, I think that they'd
know better

They woke up
They spoke up
They broke up on mobile telephones

The game's the same but I'm afraid
'Cause I don't know all the rules and never really
learned to play
I thought that I'd forgot her 'til I saw her in the water
Then my heart seized and my car keys went down,
down, down

And as she swam away my mind replayed
All the witty conversation I should have made
So I'll cut her picture from the front page of the Sunday
paper
And attach her to my wall with a staple or I'll tape her

She don't give half a chance to other guys
If I had half a nerve I'd probably try

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