

# THC

## "Helpline Operator"

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I watch the sun go down on London town  
I wait for the night voices to sound  
I smell the pain upon the breath of the lost and the  
lonely  
Oh Lord  
I hear the thoughts that whisper in the hearts of all men

I'm the helpline operator and I'll spare you the time  
I'm the intimate stranger  
Your problems will be mine

Put your tongue into the mouthpiece  
And whisper in my ear  
Admit to me  
The things you can't admit to yourself  
Admit to me and no one else  
Everybody's looking for someone  
To tell them what they want to hear  
Everybody's looking for true love  
To help them feel what they cannot feel

I'm the helpline operator  
Could you spare me the time  
I'm the intimate stranger  
Your problems will be mine  
I'm the helpline operator  
Helpline operator  
Helpline operator  
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