

Steve Harley

"Dancing on The Telephone"

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When you call me, I dance on the telephone
When I'm waiting, I gnaw my fingers to the bone
When it's raining, it's always raining on my heart
But when you call me it don't seem to matter that

The car won't start and the roofs started leaking
Some business sets it on fire
When we're in touch with each other
There's a cool exchange, touch me and believe it

Operator, high anticipation
Cool exchange, in a boys imagination
Ooh, ooh, I'm dancing on the telephone

Operator, high anticipation
Cool exchange, in a boys imagination
Ooh, ooh, I'm dancing on the telephone

When you call me, I fall for the party line
Could be in Mensa
With an IQ of under thirty-nine
Ah, now we're talking

Some girls are fond of deceiving
You got my whole heart believing
When you're in touch with each other
There's a cool exchange, touch me and believe it

Operator, high anticipation
Cool exchange, in a boys imagination
Ooh, ooh, I'm dancing on the telephone

Operator, high anticipation
Cool exchange, in a boys imagination
Ooh, ooh, I'm dancing on the telephone

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