

Femmes Violent

"Telephone Book"

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I look at my telephone book

I look at my telephone book

I can't stand the way it look

I hate to think the way you took

me down into a burnin' rage

I wrote your name on every page

but you don't return my calls

you don't return my calls

you don't return my calls

I'm ready to bust down the walls

I'm going down Niagara Falls

in a barrel of fun

hey ain't I a lucky one

you don't return my calls

my telephone book is the color red

my telephone book is the color red

the red is all in my head

some things are left better unsaid

is that why you don't try

to acknowledge or reply

you don't return my calls

why did you hear from an old friend

I knew once way back when

I did some bad things to myself and my health

or did you happen to hear an old song I once sang

did it make your sweet sweet blood run cold in your
veins

and will you never think of me the same

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