

Lauper Cyndi**"911"**

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There's a riot in the kitchen and the bed's on fire
There's a locket in my pocket that I can't find
Oh I'm at the window whistling in the wind
I'm at my own front door and I can't get in

I'm dialing up 911
I'm on the brink of trouble again,
If you could change the time, a little,
Then everything would be
Fine, fine, fine

Tell me do you have a home-made remedy,
The only time we talk is in our sleep
Oh he likes mornings, I like the moon
It's a typical case of too little, too soon

I'm dialing up 911
I'm on the brink of trouble again,
If you could change the time, a little,
Then everything would be
Fine, fine, fine

...My back is in the corner,
My boat is taking on water,
You can't wrap fire up in paper
And you can't rap your way out of here

Oh I like mornings, he likes the moon
It's a typical case of too late, too soon

I'm dialing up 911...

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