

## Lawrence Arms, The "On With The Show"

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Telephone, telephone  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?

I'm a shit stain slave with a grind of my own  
I work day and night, less respect than a Juggalo  
I'm frying on the outside and frozen in the center  
I'm telling you  
I'm telling you to watch out for my temper  
You won't like me when I'm angry  
You'll see banners everywhere.  
The street where I'm from in the town where I live is  
now barely even there

Telephone, Telephone  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?

I haven't had fun in what seems like years  
I had a thumbs up for you, but it was caught in the  
gears  
These tears are just onion eyes this heart is just broken  
This body is a break room where burnouts are smoking  
This body is a break room where the burnouts are  
smoking

Telephone  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?  
What do you scream into your telephone, telephone?  
Telephone

I'm a clown, I'm just here to entertain  
Tear me up and stuff me down the drain

I'm a clown, I'm just here to entertain  
(Telephone, telephone)  
Tear me up and stuff me down the drain

