

## Trocadero

### "617"

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213 girls talk too much  
and 212 boys not enough  
312's are very bold  
And 206 gets way too cold  
Doing shots I'm all alone  
I slur my words after the tone

And I drink and I call...

I can't stand to be alone...  
Save me on the telephone.

Now 419's they hate the phone  
Man 208's are never home  
And all my lovers they have voice mail  
They call me back, they give me hell!

And I drink and I call...

I can't stand to be alone...  
Save me on the telephone.

I've dialed the numbers, dialed them all  
But nothing beats, a local call

617 boys, hmm, 617 girls, hmm  
617 boys, hmm, 617 girls, hmm

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