

Pierlé An

"Telephone"

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Hey little girl

I'm the voice in your head,

I'm the portrait that hangs

on the wall,

I'm the treasure inside

Down the alley she goes

Hush and don't tell any-

One for the road

Take a biscuit and listen politely

to what I'm about to tell

Down the alley she goes

(She sings)

Go precious queen

you mean everything to Mum & Dad

They'll be sad when you're gone

but your target is

Higher

Down the alley she goes

Look at the stairs and

whatever they mean,

It's a frightening thing to look up to

but it is your task
In the alley!
And then she walks
on the telephone wire
To have a little chat with god
So far so good, I am your friend,
and if you get scared, just sing. Lala
One cannot make omelets
without breaking eggs
And the aimless are useless
so go on and
Fight for your dreams
In the alley!
Hey little girl
are the voices still there?
Do you hear them from
Nowhere
The set up was mean,
filial piety in the alley,
She falls
Her final way to heaven

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