

# Telephone Love

## Shabba Ranks; J.C. Lodge

You say 'me too' as if you're here  
Your hiss so hoarse, so very near  
When we can't run the distance  
Each other's all we're thinking of  
When we're together somehow  
We seem to cease to be in love  
I touch you there, yes you know where  
I know you know  
Your freckle face, your messy hair, i love you so  
We really should  
I wish we could  
I've got to go  
You know we can't  
I'll call you back  
I miss you so  
You save the day by getting back to me  
You seem so gay  
The way your voice cracks  
When we can't run the distance  
Each other's all we're thinking of  
When we're together somehow  
We seem to cease to be in love  
I touch you there, yes you know where  
I know you know  
Your freckle face, your messy hair  
I love you so  
We really should  
I wish we could  
I've got to go  
You know we can't  
I'll call you back  
I miss you so  
I feel you breathe as if you're really here  
Your muffled moans  
I wish i had your hair to stroke  
We're not alone  
The way we feel, it's an ordeal  
I've got to go  
You're in my hands

It feels so real:  
The telephone.

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