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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