

Telephone

Marilyn Manson

Another night of too much cough syrup
I'm awakened by the incessant ringing of a telephone
I still have dreams caked in the corners of my eyes
And my mouth is dry and tastes shitty Again the ringing Slowly, I bustle out of bed
The remnants of an erection
Still lingering in my shorts
Like a bothersome guest Again the ringing Carefully, I abscond to the bathroom
As to not display my manhood to others
There, I make the perfunctory morning faces Which always seem to precede my daily
Contribution to the once blue toilet water
That I always enjoy making green Again the ringing I shake twice like most others
And I'm annoyed by the dribble
That always seems to remain
Causing a small acreage of wetness
On the front of my briefs I slowly languidly, lazily, crazily stumble into the den
Where my father smokes his guitars
I mean cigars in his easy chair
I know all about easy chairs
And then I sing a song for my friends Jesus is my boyfriend, Jesus is my boyfriend
You can't have him because Jesus is my boyfriend Ringing, ringing Dang it, goddamn, motherfucking, son of a
bitch is ringing
I walk into the kitchen and I stare blankly
At that shrieking plastic bastard, since it keeps ringing
I know it's her and since it keeps ringing she knows it's me We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a darker day
So let's start killing There's a choice you're making
We're sparing our own lives
It's true, we'll make a darker day
Just you and me

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