Emergency

Dee Dee King

Hello, this is Dee Dee, you must be a nut.
What do you want, I'm gonna hang up.
Please sir please, just one minute.
There's big trouble, and your in it.
Your wife's at the Ritz, with another guy.
She's been drinkin, we think she's pretty high.
Were all scared to death, and we don't know what to do.
We thought we'd better get a hold of you.

Emergency, calling Mr. Dee Dee.
Pick up your phone.
Emergency, calling Mr. Dee Dee.
We know your home, pick up your phone.

She's always in trouble, can't take anymore.
Put on my coat, and I'm out the door.
Lit up a cigarette, and hailed a cab.
I was soaking wet, and boiling mad.
She never gives me no damn respect.
I've been good to her, if I'm not correct.
Bought her a fur coat, and a pink Cadillac.
Introduced her to my friends, and she stabs me in the back.

Emergency, calling Mr. Dee Dee.
Pick up your phone.
Emergency, calling Mr. Dee Dee.
We know your home, pick up your phone.

Now listen baby doll, you've been busted.
I should have known that you can't be trusted.
That ain't your uncle, and that ain't soda pop.
I'm just about to blow my top.
But I'll forgive you, you know I will.
Get your coat while I pay the bill.
Next time go shopping, if you want a thrill.
Now it's time for you to chill.

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Emergency, calling Mr. Dee Dee.

We know your home, pick up your phone.

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Lyrics submitted by Keith Ramone.

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