

# Telephone Book

## Violent Femmes

I look at my telephone book  
I look at my telephone book  
I can't stand the way it look  
I hate to think the way you took Me down into a burnin' rage  
I wrote your name on every page  
You don't return my calls You don't return my calls  
You don't return my calls  
I'm ready to bust down the walls  
I'm going down Niagara Falls In a barrel of fun  
Hey, ain't I a lucky one  
You don't return my calls My telephone book is the color red  
My telephone book is the color red  
The red is all in my head  
Some things are left better unsaid Is that why you don't try  
To acknowledge or reply  
Why you don't return my calls I look at my telephone book  
I look at my telephone book  
I can't stand the way it look  
I hate to think the way you took Me down into a burnin' rage  
I wrote your name on every page  
You don't return my calls Did you hear from an old friend  
I knew once way back when  
I did some bad things to myself  
And my health Or did you happen to hear an old song I once sang  
Did it make your sweet sweet blood run cold in your veins  
Will you never think of me the same

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>