

Phony Calls

Weird Al Yankovic

Mom and dad are goin' out for the evening
And you're stuck inside the house all alone
That's when you decide it might be fun to harass someone
Dial a random number up on your telephone
You ask if their refrigerator is running
Then you tell 'em they should go out and catch it
Buddy, if they ever figured out where you were callin' 'em from
They'd come and bust your head right in with a ratchet

Listen to me

Don't go makin' phony calls
Please stick to the seven-digit numbers you're used to
I know that you think it's funny drivin' folks right up the wall
But it's really gettin' old fast
Little Melvin has a natural obsession
Askin' for Prince Albert in a can
He gets a kick each time he makes a collect call
To some guy he doesn't know who lives in Japan
He's callin' strangers up at three in the morning
Gives 'em pizza pie delivery at four
He won't be laughin' when they're tracin' his line
One day the phone police will be there at his door
Yo, hear me

Don't go makin' phony calls
Only dial the seven-digit numbers you're used to
Swear someday I'm gonna yank that phone cord right out from the wall
How long is this phase gonna last?

Come on

{Moe's Taverne, where the elite meet to drink
Uh, yeah, hello, is Mike there? Last name Rotch
Hold on, I'll check
My crotch! My crotch! Hey, has anybody seen my crotch lately?

Listen to me, you little puke

One of these days, I'm gonna catch you
And I'm gonna carve my name on your back with an icepick}

Don't go makin' phony calls

Please stick to the seven-digit numbers you're used to
You went through the New York City phone book and prank-called 'em all
Hope that you grow out of this fast

Grow out of this fast
Don't go makin' phony calls
Only dial the seven-digit numbers you're used to
But you think it's funny when you're drivin' folks right up the wall
But it's really gettin' old fast

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