

ring a bell

the telephones

It starts with a whisper, a shimmering light

A blink of a flashbulb, and bats in the night
Most people don't notice, most people don't care
But how could I blame them, when I have been there
But now it's driving me crazy, it's driving me mad
I can't find no rhythm, and I'm pissed at the band
But I would rather be crazy, I would rather be mad
Than lost in the silence, hollow and drab
So I will try my best at keeping secrets from the world

Such a strong and witty world - it's out of my league

And if you're not impressed, why don't you try it for yourself, in front of everybody else
as the band begins to play
I slept with an angel, or maybe a queen

I never talk to the devil, but he's been talking to me
And I swallowed an ocean, an ocean of wine
And the fruit pickers daughters are just grapes on the vine
So if you see me at showtime, looking like hell
I was up after midnight, ringing a bell
So I will try my best at keeping secrets from the world

Such a strong and witty world - it's out of my league

And if you're not impressed, why don't you try it for yourself, in front of everybody else
as the band begins to play

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