

# Mobile Telephones

## Philmore

I hear that on a date she'll make you wait  
'Cause she thinks it takes an hour to be fashionably late  
When sooner comes to later you will love her or you'll hate her  
But I can't imagine any guy would miss a chance to date her  
No rice, no dice, she won't think twice  
If she doesn't like the waiter then she won't be nice  
I could write myself a letter to persuade my friends I met her  
But I don't think they would fall for it, I think that they'd know better  
They woke up  
They spoke up  
They broke up on mobile telephones  
The game's the same but I'm afraid  
'Cause I don't know all the rules and never really learned to play  
I thought that I'd forgot her 'til I saw her in the water  
Then my heart seized and my car keys went down, down, down  
And as she swam away my mind replayed  
All the witty conversation I should have made  
So I'll cut her picture from the front page of the Sunday paper  
And attach her to my wall with a staple or I'll tape her  
She don't give half a chance to other guys  
If I had half a nerve I'd probably try

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