Helpline Operator

The The

I watch the sun go down on London Town
I wait for the night voices to sound
I smell the pain upon the breath of the lost and lonely
I hear the thoughts that whisper in the hearts of all menI'm the helpline operator and I'll spare you the time
I'm the intimate stranger, your problems will be minePut your tongue into the mouthpiece
And whisper in my ear
Admit to me the things you can't admit to yourself
Admit to me and no one elseEverybody's looking for someone to tell them what they want to hear
Everybody's looking for true love to help them feel what they cannot feelI'm the helpline operator, can you spare me the time
I'm the intimate stranger, your problems will be mine
I'm the helpline operator, helpline operator
Helpline operator, helpline operatorTrue love will come
True love will come
Helpline operator, helpline operator
Helpline operator, helpline operator

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