

# Telegram

## Silver Convention

Sent a telegram today  
Tomorrow you'll be on your way  
Could be Memphis or L.A.  
No questions just get out and play.

Wake up call to catch the plane  
You know you're on the road again  
Someone's bangin' in your head  
Why did you get so late to bed.  
Runnin' late and feelin' bad  
That breakfast was the worst you've had  
Make the gate no time to spare  
Before you know you're in the air.

747 flies us high  
Much higher than we're meant to be  
You're six miles high but feelin' down  
You wish you could be on the ground.

Find your bags and walk for miles  
The customs man is waitin' there  
Immigration cause delay  
You wonder if you'll ever play.  
Limousine is standin' by  
We get inside and drive a while  
F.M. Station soundin' good  
And gettin' better every mile.

Hotel lobby looks the same  
With all the same old girls in town

Press reception takes the day  
With all the same old things to say  
Need your picture smile this way  
And will you tell me what you play

So you wanna be a rock'n'roll star  
Just listen now to what I say  
Get yourself an electric guitar

and take some time and learn to play.

Your roadies call to say OK  
The soundcheck can get underway  
Soundcheckover, had some fun  
A waste of time for everyone  
Time has come to start the show  
It's boogie time for everyone  
Check guitars before you go  
They're close enough for rock n roll  
The lights are low,  
The crowd is high, much higher than  
They're meant to be  
We take the stage and start to play  
The lights come up for all to see

Here we are again, singin' the same old songs  
Lookin for someone who will sing along  
Here we are again playin' the same old scenes  
Lookin' for someone who will share our dreams  
Here we are again facing the same old sights  
Lookin' for someone who will share our nights

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