

Telephone Book

Violent Femmes

I look at my telephone book
I look at my telephone book
I can't stand the way it look
I hate to think the way you took
Me down into a burnin' rage
I wrote your name on every page
But you don't return my calls
You don't return my calls
You don't return my calls
I'm ready to bust down the walls
I'm going down Niagara Falls
In a barrel of fun
Hey ain't I a lucky one
You don't return my calls
My telephone book is the color red
My telephone book is the color red
The red is all in my head
Some things are left better unsaid
Is that why you don't try
To acknowledge or reply
You don't return my calls
Why did you hear from an old friend
I knew once way back when
I did some bad things to myself and my health
Or did you happen to hear an old song I once sang
Did it make your sweet sweet blood run cold in your veins
And will you never think of me the same

Songwriters

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