

# National Steel

Kathleen Edwards

What a surprise wearing your disguise on the telephone line  
I know it pleased you to know I needed you and your time  
You play the game not saying either way but you know  
Could've made it real quick save me the guilt trip and just said no  
Are you writing this all down?  
This conversation the alienation in your tone  
I've got no fucking clue from your point of view and your time zone  
I wouldn't have asked saved you the task if I weren't for real  
Trading a daughter and two thousand dollars  
For a national steel  
Are you writing this all down?

Lyrics provided by

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