Moscow Calling

Gorky Park

Getting on a phone with a busy line
Talking on a phone and losing my mind
Never never never never realize
It feels so far, like a millions miles
Give me give me give me give me little hand
Just listen to your heart, don't consider it
I'm looking out at the city night
I see your eyes in city lights
Moscow calling Operator don't tease me
Moscow calling Operator what's going on
Moscow calling All the circuits are busy
Moscow calling I'm going on ain't giving it up
Party party party party somewhere, going crazy
Night is calling me out, but I grip the phone
I'm having no choice
No coffee, no beer, no cigarettes, & line's still busy
Operator on the other end I need your voice
I need to hear your voice
I'm phono phono phono phonomaniac
When I hear your voice I wanna kiss the phone
I wanna get paid for the weeks I stayed alone
I have no onelse to call, for you I wanna save it all
But it doesn't get through
I'm going on and on
I feel I'm gonna break this telephone

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