

# Telephone

An Pierlé

Hey little girl  
I'm the voice in your head  
I'm the portrait that hangs on the wall  
I'm the treasure inside

Down the alley she goes

Hush  
An don't tell anyone for the road  
Take a biscuit and listen politely  
To what I'm about to tell

Down the alley she goes  
(She sings)

Go precious queen  
You mean everything to mum and dad  
They'll be sad when you're gone  
But your target is higher

Down the alley she goes

Look at the stairs  
And whatever they mean  
It's a frightening thing to look up to  
But it is your task

In the alley

And then she walks  
On the telephone wire  
To have her little chat with God

So far, so good  
I am your friend  
And if you get scared, just sing  
Lala lala lala

One cannot make omelets without breaking eggs  
And the aimless are useless  
So go on and fight for your dreams

In the alley

Hey little girl,  
Are the voices still there?  
Do you hear them from nowhere?  
The set up was mean  
Filial piety in the alley  
She falls  
Her final way to heaven