

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