

Heart Telegraph

Divinyls

The night is over long distance sending out
Dispatches from the outpost we're moving in
Got burnt in the sun didn't have any fun
So tired of the desert we're moving in
Nothing matters when you feel like this the way we feel
Nothing matters in the morning

Long distance calling sending out
Leaving cardiac outpost we're moving in
The man in the lookout shouts all is well
Then the lights go out but it hurts like hell

Nothing matters when you feel like this
The way I feel nothing matters in the morning

Long distance sending out heart telegraph stop
Long distance sending out heart telegraph stop
Might as well try and touch the sun

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