

Calls The Tune

Hazel O'Connor

Well, I saw your face in a photograph
Cried so much, I nearly laughed
You never really had the chance
To question why did you live some to cry some and die?
Who, what and how writes the song, calls the tune
Says what's right and wrong
Writes the song, calls the tune
Says what's right and wrong
Oh, I'd have caught your eyes, but my hands were tied
Was it truth? Was it lies?
Many words of truth are spoken in jest
Who would have guessed that, or trust that? What a mess!
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Says what's right and wrong, ooh ... [fade out]