

# The Red Telephone

Love

Sitting on the hillside  
Watching all the people die  
I'll feel much better on the other side  
I'll thumb a ride

I believe in magic  
Why because it is so quick  
I don't need power when I'm hypnotized  
Look in my eyes  
What are you seeing (I see...)  
I feel real phony when my name is Phil  
Or is that Bill?

Life goes on here  
Day after day  
I don't know if I'm living or if I'm supposed to be  
Sometimes my life is so eerie  
And if you think I'm happy paint me (White) (Yellow)

I've been here once  
I've been here twice  
I don't know if the third's the fourth or if the  
The fifth's to fix  
Sometimes I deal with numbers  
And if you wanna count me  
Count me out

I don't need the time of day  
Anytime with me's ok  
I just don't want you using up my time  
'Cause that's not right

They're locking them up today  
They're throwing away the key  
I wonder who it'll be tomorrow, you or me?

We're all normal and we want our freedom  
Freedom... freedom... freedom... freedom