

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