

Lady on the Phone

Nik Kershaw

Two-thirty on a Monday morning, I go
No particular worry or care
Down Santa Monica Boulevard, real slow
Just to see if that lady's still there
I don't know if I should
But maybe I could ask her something
I wonder 'bout the place she calls her home
You're not alone

Lady on the phone
Who are you calling
Who are you talking to now
Lady on the phone
Who knows your number
Who lives in your world and how

So another day comes round, life goes
On and lady's still making that call
No need to tell her there's a world out there
She knows
She just doesn't seem worried at all
I see someone in there
Beauty with the reddest of hair
And maybe not such a long, long time ago
You're not alone

[Chorus]

When there are no more dimes to spend
Do operators call you friend
Does anybody know your name
Call me I'll play your game

I know
You're not alone

[Chorus]