

Here's A Telephone

Page France

Here's a telephone
Here's a window
Here's a little dove to tell you how the wind blows
I've got a black heart I've got a shadow
I've got little dove that drags me up a ladder
You've got a halo
A heart of gravel
Little worms come out my darling rotten apple
I pluck the heart strings until my hands bleed
But when that eye blinks I'll be buried in the tree leaf

Here's a flag for my darling soldier
Here's a little dove to land upon your shoulder
My precious children you know I love you
But I've got news I'm gonna have to get rid of you
You thought you knew me
I thought I knew you
The little dove came down and right away out threw you
I've got a black heart
I got a shadow
I send a little dove to push you down the ladder

Little bell don't you get so worked up at all
But fire in hell is waiting just to burn us
We can't jump and yell no ones looking for us
You can ring your bell but everyone it bars in