

Red Receiver

Sons and Daughters

Phone phone the red receiver at the end of the bed it keeps getting clearer

Rings run running around me

Untying the ribbons for the good of the family

And your dear friends gathered together

You were looking for trouble now your losing your temper

Cold feet in London

Useless confetti

No groom

No first kiss

No diamonds for the girl

Don't look in the side of the wardrobe

The white dress hangs tall as a tightrope

Clothes piled high in a suitcase

Better get moving fast for it's too late

And you dear friends gathered in darkness

Formed a search and followed their partners

So phone phone the red receiver at the end of the bed but no one will be here