

1-900-USA-NAILS

"Operator I love you.

Operator, I would never leave you

Operator I love to see your face pressed up against the glass.

I need to hear the way your tongue tastes in my ear"

"Put the receiver to your chest

And let me know who loves you best."

"The county sheriff said that my baby is dead.

They found him in some trash can, blue all clenched and chewed.

Don't judge me, I'm not his real mother,

I couldn't even recognize his face, his tears of wax,

His skin like a subway running over spinal tracks.

Operator can I confide you?

They haven't got an ounce of proof!

Those pigs locked me up to see what color I'd rot into!

(It wasn't me it was my false tiger limbs

It wasn't me it was the garbage gryphon!)

When I walk I wald alone (operator come on!),

When I watch you through the phone (operator come on)

And depupil these lonely eyes,

The love scenes grafted to the sky are making me cry

1-900-USA-NAILS (oh baby)

I get one phone call a day from Molson County jail

1-900-USA-NAILS.

98 cents per minute cash or credit, check or debit

Operator-rator won't you tell me again!

Operator-rator yeah you're my only friend!

"Do you remember that night in the back of daddy's car

Strumming the chords of your pubic guitar

The way you tasted like a movie star

The way the windsheild reflected the sunrise,

The way the light tattooed your thighs

You're the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world

Your time is up, till next time! We'll send you a bill."

Listen

Can you hear the buildings crumbling in slow motion?

Blow me up like a baloon we'll float over the ocean!

Listen...can you hear them taking me away,

Don't tell the fucking guards what I've said.

Can you see the angels stringing wires through my face?

Meet me next week, same time, same place.