

Artist: gazebo

Title: Telephone mama

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I Lived my life on a razor blade
Never found escape in my empty shade
Till came one day when the C.I.A
Said we need you bad down in Leningrad

I took my life of a legal alien
A "Bolivian Dancer" that's what I was
And I knew I found my aim

Just Telephone Mama
Just living on a poison pill
Just Telephone Mama
A robot dressed to kill
Telephone Mama
That's all I kept in mind
Just Telephone Mama
The rest is left behind

I met Freulein in a French Café
Just a cigarette and "les jeux sont faits"
Till came one night when she was in sight
Through the bathroom door saw her seek for more

I took my colt and I pointed at her eyes
A sentimental cancer that's what it was
And I knew I lost my prize

Just Telephone Mama
Just living on a poison pill
Just Telephone Mama
A robot dressed to kill
Telephone Mama
That's all I kept in mind
Just Telephone Mama
The rest is left behind

She looked at me God she was so sweet
She knelt to my feet said she had to cheat
Cause she lived her life on the sharpest knife
And the K.G.B never let her breathe

I took her hand we decided to go far
The naivest "dancer" that's what I was
And two men approached the car

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