Got me a phone in my home but hand don't fit the handle And I can't think of what number that I know Since I had in store there ain't nobody call me and I can't think nobody I could call

So come on phone and play some pretty music you can play and I'll sing along

Come on phone and be a comfort to me I'd like to see you ring right off the wall

Got me some things I could say but I got no one to say into And no one ever listens what I am
Well there must be someone feels the same way that I feel
Sit and waitin' on the other end
So come on phone
So come on phone