

# Heart Telegraph

Divinyls

The night is over long distance sending out  
Dispatches from the outpost we're moving in  
Got burnt in the sun didn't have any fun  
So tired of the desert we're moving in  
Nothing matters when you feel like this the way we feel  
Nothing matters in the morning

Long distance calling sending out  
Leaving cardiac outpost we're moving in  
The man in the lookout shouts all is well  
Then the lights go out but it hurts like hell

Nothing matters when you feel like this  
The way I feel nothing matters in the morning

Long distance sending out heart telegraph stop  
Long distance sending out heart telegraph stop  
Might as well try and touch the sun

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