Georgie grew to hate her name
It sounded like a tiny man
And the one she had said "I can't see you, but I'll call you
whenever I can"
Sometimes the phone would ring, when she was half-asleep
A voice would drag her down with its suggestions
Though she often felt cheated, she never felt cheap

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so alive

It's impossible to tear apart

It's impossible to tear apart
Georgie and her rival

It was half-past February
And he hadn't called since New Year's Day
Maybe he'd found another woman to say those words no chapel girl should say
Her mother would phone and always keep talking
She'd try to be polite, making faces
But somewhere in the back of her mind, her rival was stalking

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so alive

It's impossible to tear apart
Georgie and her rival

Her rival would always wait till the eighth or ninth bell He'd be desperate anyway and drunk as well She always liked to hurt him to prove he was prepared To love her anyway that she wanted So she could tell which she preferred

He sat up with his address book trying to think what mood he's in His finger traced past Georgie's name to someone who needed less persuading

He didn't hear through her disguise he didn't leave her in a rush Just like the promise that he left on her machine

That almost made her blush

The radio plays a lover's symphony

"The number you have dialed has been re-directed"

Now she puts him on the speaker-phone

Whenever she has company

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so alive

It's impossible to tear apart
Georgie and her rival