I don't wanna kiss you. I don't wanna touch. I don't wanna see you 'cause I don't miss you that much. I'm not a telephone junkie. I told you that we were just good friends. But when I hold you like I hold that bakelite in my hands, there's no action, there's no action, there's no action. Ev'ry time I phone you, I just wanna put you down. He's got the keys to the car. They are the keys to the kingdom. He's got ev'rything you need. It's a shame that he didn't bring them. I'm not a telephone junkie. If I'm inserting my coin I'm doing just fine. And the things in my head start hurtin' my mind. And I think about the way things used to be, knowing you with him is driving me crazy. Sometimes I phone you when I know you're not lonely,

but I always disconnect it in time.