Telephone mama

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 caf? 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

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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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