# Telephone

**Mocca**

It is cold, in this October rain
I go to turn on TV
Sit on the couch feeling blue
Wait till the phone starts too ring
I start to think you forgot
Just as you always do
I don’t want to hear your excuse blah blah blah
‘Cause it all makes my day turn to gray

Feeling bored, it starts to haunt me again
I start to discover some clues
Wondering what you have done
Everything went really bad
I started feel very mad
Just as I always do
I don’t want to hear your excuse blah blah blah
‘Cause it all makes my day turn to gray

The time passes me by
As I listen to lullaby
When the phone start to ring
I am drowning in my dream


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