

## Dialtone

Momus

Eyes clear as dialtone  
Are you at home? Are you alone?  
I call on the phone  
Where have you gone, are you out on the street  
Dead on your feet, or harvesting wheat?  
My introvert, are you out chasing skirt?  
Singing fiddle me rum  
Fiddle me dumb  
Your lady in her antechamber

Turtledove, my quivertail  
My purple head, my nightingale  
My corkscrewing fool  
Cuckold coxcomb, is it me who's insane  
Or is it you who's got sex on the brain?  
Always discreet, always obscene  
The Viscompte de Lisle is calling me still  
Your lady in her antechamber

And time is passing  
And you don't call, and my crest falls  
So where are you now?  
Out with some cow at some Japanese inn  
Opening pork cooked in its skin  
Pouring red wine like blood down a string  
Singing fiddle me rum  
Fiddle me dumb  
Your lady in her antechamber

Eyes clear as dialtone  
Here comes the queen, always discreet  
Always obscene  
Pushing her luck like the pig who got stuck  
Don't think she hasn't got men queuing up  
The Marquis of Rochdale's not there for good luck  
Singing fiddle me rum  
Fiddle me dumb  
Your lady in her antechamber