

MOBILE PHONE BLUES

(Neil Murray)

Make up your mind sweetheart, before I hit town
Make up your mind sweetheart, before I hit town
If you want me you got me, if you don't let me down

I got a mobile phone, so I won't miss your call
I got a mobile phone, so I won't miss your call
We got the technology but I can't read you at all

You haven't arrived and I'm travellin' still
It seems you haven't arrived and I'm travellin' still
How come we know Chicago before Broken Hill?

I heard a rumour you said I was to blame
I heard a rumour you said I was to blame
Well Bob Dylan told me to never drop names

You're taking sweets from strangers, you know that it's wrong
You're taking sweets from strangers, you know that it's wrong
Well that wouldn't happen honey, if you'd taken me along

I'm over the hill, I'm down the mountain side
I'm over the hill, I'm down the mountain side
Even if you wanted me now, I couldn't give you a ride

It's like this, last thing you told me
You said you'd see me one day
Last thing you ever told me
You said you'd see me one day
Well that just fine sweetheart
Maybe in the next life you'll stay