

Agans Craig, 900 Song

You dial one nine hundred lookin' for a fix
You dial one nine hundred and get off on your kicks
When you're all alone, and you're stranded at home
And you're sitting by the phone, after you've been wrecked by a cyclone
Dial one nine hundred.. when you're gettin' down to the bone..
You dial one nine hundred it shouldn't be for real
You dial one nine hundred it could be your last meal
They can bring you a million bucks, they can bring a change to your bad
luck
But if you find that you're really stuck, and you see them comin', you'd
better duck
You dial one nine hundred.. your life must really suck..
You dial one nine hundred to hear a prayer from the lord
You dial one nine hundred you sometimes must get bored
But they say it's true, that you just dial, they'll do it for you
They can make all of your dreams come true, it'll hit you out of the
blue
You dial one nine hundred.. they'll make a liar out of you..
You dial one nine hundred, you're lookin' for a cure
You dial one nine hundred, it's quarter after four
But it's the only help that you can see, it's comin' at you from your tv
You're lookin' down out of nights lonely tree, and you know, you would
agree
You dial one nine hundred.. your life sometimes must get lonely..
sallysally@usa.net