

# Life Sex & Death, Telephone Call

Woke up Christmas morning  
Angel said to me "pack your bags tonight"  
Just a child of five I used to lie awake and think about the silent life  
I made a telephone call to Jesus  
Is it true you'll never leave us  
Is it true you'll throw them all out the door  
I made a telephone call to Jesus  
Is it true you'll never leave us  
Is it true you'll throw them all out the door  
Out the door  
You see I'm just a little man  
I can do a little dance  
I can sing a little song  
Have I done so wrong  
Lord I know you've got a gun I can't outrun  
I'm still that little boy haunted by thoughts in the middle of the night  
Is it true?  
Out the door  
Out the door  
Lord help me now  
Lord help me now  
Am I going, going down...