

# Marilyn Manson, The Telephone

Another night of too much cough syrup  
I'm awakened by the incessant ringing of a telephone  
I still have dreams caked in the corners of my eyes  
and my mouth is dry and tastes shitty  
Again the ringing  
Slowly I bustle out of bed  
The remnants of an erection still lingering in my shorts  
Like a bothersome guest  
Again the ringing  
Carefully I abscond to the bathroom  
As to not display my manhood to others  
There I make the perfunctory morning faces  
Which always seem to precede my daily contribution  
To the once-blue toilet water  
That I always enjoy making green  
Again the ringing  
I shake twice like most others  
and I'm annoyed by the dribble that always seems to remain  
Causing a small acreage of wetness on the front of my briefs  
I slowly languidly, lazily, crazily,  
Stumble into the den  
Where my father smokes his guitars  
I mean cigars  
In his easy chair  
I know all about easy chairs  
and then I sing a song for my friends  
Jesus is my boyfriend  
Jesus is my boyfriend  
You can't have him  
Because Jesus is my boyfriend  
Ringing ringing  
Dang it goddamn motherfucking son-of-a-bitch is ringing  
I walk into the kitchen and I  
Stare blankly at that shrieking plastic bastard  
Since it keeps ringing I know it's her  
and since it keeps ringing she knows it's me  
We are the world, we are the children  
We are the ones who make a darker day  
So let's start killing  
There's a choice you're making  
We're sparing our own lives  
It's true we'll make a darker day  
Just you and me