

Pulp, Ansaphone

Oh I know I don't own you / but I don't even know if I should phone you
Someone sending me letters / saying you've been going with other fellers
And they / bored you / But I / don't wanna cry / or talk for hours
to a machine / on the end / of a telephone line
Oh it just kills me / when all you've got to do is call
Oh do it any time / 'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home
Leave your message on the ansaphone / I'm not trying to be clever
but at least we're not still living together
All those calls in the evening / if I answered they'd hang up without speaking
And they / bored you / But I / don't want to cry / or talk for hours
to a machine / on the end / of a telephone line
Oh it just kills me / when all you've got to do is call
Oh do it any time / 'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home
Leave your message on the ansaphone

[Beep!]

"Hello, its me. I just wanted to call and say it doesn't matter what you get up to.
I just want you to stay in touch. That's all."
Are you really not at home? / Or are you there but not alone?
Screening calls / you don't want to receive / meaning calls
calls that come from me / Oh I / need to see you
It's not enough for me just to hear you / You said you'd be here by ten thirty
but you want to stay out and be dirty / Oh it just kills me
when all you've got to do is call / Oh do it any time
'cause there's never no-one home / never no-one home
Leave your message on the ansaphone.