

Sting, Mother

Words & music by andy summers

Well, the telephone is ringing,
Is that my mother on the phone?
Telephone is ringing
Is that my mother on the phone?
The telephone is screaming
Won't she leave me alone?
The telephone is ringing
Is that my mother on the phone?

Well every girl that I go out with
Becomes my mother in the end
Every girl I go out with

Becomes my mother in the end
Well, I hear my mother calling
But I don't need her as a friend

Oh, oh mother
Oh mother dear please listen
And don't devour me
Oh mother dear please listen
Don't devour me
Oh women please have mercy
Let this poor boy be
Oh mother dear please listen
And don't devour me