

Telephone Lover

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I almost never write songs. This was composed as an engagement present for close friends in Montréal, whose courtship was carried out largely over the telephone, while one of them was working as a night watchman. They subsequently built a house in the Okanagan and, yes, they are still together.

It's eleven o'clock and I'm lyin' in bed,
My head on the pillow and the phone by my head,
My ankles crossed neatly and my toenails bright red,
Hey, will he call just like he said?
Hmmm, and be my telephone lover.

My sheets are perfumed and my nightgown is white,
There isn't any cream on my face tonight,
There's an apple on the table and a potful of tea,
'Cause we're gonna keep talkin' till half-past three,
Hmmm ... me and my telephone lover.

Shove over, cat, make some room on the bed,
He's gonna call just like he said.
His voice trickles over the wire to mine,
And I think I'll take it slow, like hot spiced wine.
Mmmm ... with my telephone lover.

My hand grows into the friendly black phone,
I don't know and you don't know which voice is our own,
But the street lamp's gone out without makin' a sound,
And the sun's comin' up while your voice goes down.
And it's good-bye ... to you, my telephone lover.

The days slide along, who knows where they're bound,
The people walk in circles, goin' slowly round and round,
The sun comes and goes as the sun will do—
Well, you can get lost, sun, got somethin' better to do,
Mmmm ... I've got my telephone lover.

(It's) e-lev-en o'clock and I'm lyin' in bed, my head on the pil-low and the
phone by my head, my an-kles crossed neat-ly and my toe-nails bright red,
hey, will he call just like he said? Mmm (and) be my tel-e-phone
lov-er.

