

GET OFF THE PHONE

BY MICHAEL PRACHT

So prone to an accident
Oh, nobody's gonna take offense
Oh, you know better than that
Get off that telephone and
Call your mommy when you make home
I've got a kid in back
I'd like to see her intact

She's just a little snap
I've never even seen her tap dance
She's got a show I must go to—
I promised her that
But if you don't get off that
Telephone, I will act and
Ram the hood of my car straight
Up your rude ass

Dance, dance
I've got to see her dance
She's such a delicate angel
I know you won't understand
When you're steering through life with half a hand

Get off the phone!

Armed and loaded with a social vice
Oh, somebody's gonna pay the price
Oh, you've got to get off the phone
And they'll know it's not an accident when
Motorola's left a lasting print on
That rather large head
I'm picturing under my tire tread

Dance, dance, dance, oh!
I've got to see her dance
She's such a delicate angel
I know you can't understand
When every mile marker you pass
Is proof to you
That somebody will always answer
If you just call

Get off that phone!