On the Party Line

Words by
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Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

Till ready

VOICE

Hello, Central, give me party J, one nine,
If you ask a little girl to be your own,
You can never tell who's listening on the phone,

Ev'rybody listens on the telephone,
They just can't leave you alone.

For you may be telling that old story over,
To some girl you told before.

They know all your secrets and the latest news,
They know if your mother wears your

Don't ask her to marry on the party line,
In a breach of promise case then

father's shoes, Your pedigree and history,
And they know, if you pay your dues.

You'd look fine, The evidence would be immense,
That is where all the neighbors shine.
CHORUS

On the party line, everything is cheerful; On the party line, you can get an earful. You can hear all the scandal that’s going round the town, when a girlie calls you up, the only instrument the neighbors call you down; if you’re newly-wed neighbors play by ear; you don’t have to go everybody listens, as an indoor sport, it’s fine, when a girl says ‘Bill, I love you so,’ and your wife’s voice says ‘Is that you, Joe?’ then it’s mine, when the girl you love is not about, someone else will call her up, no doubt, if he finds her in, you’ll find her out, if you listen on the party line, on the line.