

KEY TO CURRENT SECRETS

The telephone girl sits still in her chair,
And listens to voices from everywhere.
She hears all the gossip, she hears all the news.
She knows who is happy, and who has the blues.
She knows all our sorrow, she knows all our joys.
She knows every girl who is chasing the boys.
She knows of our troubles, ~~she knows of our strife.~~
She knows every man who is mean to his wife.
She knows everytime we are out with the boys.
She hears the excuse which each one employs.
She knows every woman who has a dark past.
She knows every man who is inclined to be fast.
In fact, there's a secret neath each saucy curl,
Of that quiet, demure looking telephone girl.
If the telephone firl told us everything she knows,
She would turn half our friends into bitter foes.
She would sow a small wind, which would soon be a gale.
Engulf us in troulbe, and land us in jail.
She could let go a story, which growing in force,
Would cause all our wives to sue for divorce.
She would get all our churches mixed up in a fight.
And turn all our days into sorrowing nights.
~~In fact, whe could keep the whole town in a stew,~~
If she told a tenth part of the things she knew.
Now dies it not put your head in a whirl.
When you think what you owe to the telephone girl.