

# Bananarama, Hot Line to Heaven

With your smile you're making plans  
You've got the world right in the palm of your hands  
Everything you touch is gold  
But your future life is bought and sold  
It seems to me that you've got it made  
But you never show that you're afraid  
Now the voices in your head  
They make you scream and drive you mad  
You're on a hot line to heaven  
Now you're all alone, riding on a hot line  
Riding on a hot line to heaven  
Standing all on your own  
Staring eyes as cold as stone  
I want to be at the sands alone  
Reaching out to cry for help

Once a man but now you're just a shell  
You can make a deal, you make the break  
But you're heading for an early grave, you've got to find it  
Got to try something special to get you high  
You're on a hot line to heaven, now you're all alone  
You're on a hot line to heaven, now you're all alone  
It seems to me that you've got it made  
But you're heading for an early break  
But now some voices in your head  
They make you scream and drive you mad  
You're on a hot line to heaven, now you're all alone  
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You're on a hot line to heaven, now you're all alone