

# This Is My Phone

Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 2013

Music: Dave Carter, "Gentle Arms of Eden"

In a Boston laboratory, when just telegraph was found,  
There was rhythm in the click and clack but not a voice around.  
Till one day across the wire Alexander Graham Bell  
Said, "Come here, Watson," he was heard, and then began to yell:

This is my phone. This is my telephone.  
This is the finest way to talk that I have ever known.  
And should I stray with a number wrong  
Rock me, Ma Bell, in the gentle lines of telco.

Then the years were bright with progress and the phone lines rose and grew,  
Till the city had ten thousand phones and old gave way to new.  
And to the operator each home and business called,  
Picked up the line and shouted out in wonderment enthralled:

Chorus

Then the busy lines were buzzing and the traffic grew more vast,  
And direct dial calls made operators relics of the past.  
But we still were bound to wires, till at last there came a day  
When a single cell phone hit the air and people then would say:

Chorus

Now there's smartphones in our pockets and there's Skype in people's homes,  
And there's spying by the NSA and charges when we roam,  
But I will lay my burdens in the cable of their grace  
And the speeding data of 4G that reaches every place.

Chorus