

# Part-Time Lover

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*Thanks to Kirsten Richardson*

Call up, ring once, hang up the phone  
To let me know you made it home  
Don't want nothing to be wrong with part-time lover  
If she's with me I'll blink the lights  
To let you know tonight's the night  
For me and you, my part-time lover

We are undercover passion on the run  
Chasing love up against the sun  
We are strangers by day, lovers by night  
Knowing it's so wrong, but feeling so right

If I'm with friends and we should meet  
Just pass me by, don't even speak  
Know the word's "discreet" when part-time lovers  
But if there's some emergency  
Have a male friend to ask for me  
So then she won't peek its really you my part-time lover

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I've got something that I must tell  
Last night someone rang our doorbell  
And it was not you my part-time lover  
And then a man called our exchange  
But didn't want to leave his name  
I guess that two can play the game  
Of part-time lovers  
You and me, part-time lovers  
But, she and he, part-time lovers

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