

I had something to say so I called you on the line,

That thing in your hand is a telephone not a pen to sign;

This things going down on paper and it's a little hard to talk,

Unless the land line becomes a mobile I won't be able to walk.

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Then we got the fax and email and internet on the phone line,

Now they want to do that so when it goes through the air it will be fine;

There are the grey old years of weather and whether I rang you up,

Are all a bit black and white now with the colour of the cup.

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For television was better to see and telephone to hear and speak,

You had to listen carefully to both though to know the one must seek;

I'm insisting on listening because I don't want to die tone deaf,

And the week become the months and the money the bill and breath.

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Well God is on the line now and it's the royal telephone,

I've seen and read of the Queen but it's Jesus's atmosphere;

That the visit that he paid us was me or she who had the fear,

Like the prime minister's decision is to privatise, was it really fair?

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So this poetry goes down on paper and people read the poem,

That the spirit of being an Australian is that I still call Australia home;

And we can't ring up when flying or call family while asleep,

But the call is fast becoming a minister's telecommunications sheep.

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Now I want to talk to someone but don't know whether to ring or be rung,

So ill sit and take my medicine for the sin I sing and I've sung;

If you're in the business of making telephone calls all the time,

Take a bit more time out to read this the name of mine in rhyme.

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Signed,

The Operator