

The Call

Anne Murray

It's a long distance phone
And I feel so alone
Here without him.

It's a crime and a shame
That I ain't got the change
And don't you know that
I'm worried about him.

I've been all over street
Every street, up and down
Looking for the man.

It's just a face in the crowd
Where the traffic roars loud
But don't you know he'd be
Proud to give a helping hand.

Mister, can you
Find it in your heart
To lend me a dollar
For the times have been slow
I'm fresh outta dough
And I ain't got the
Money to call him.

I threw my pride out the door
'Cause I've been turned down before
But I'll keep trying.

This kind of pain is
Kind of hard to explain
But the feeling's the same
As like dying.

Mister, can you
Find it in your heart
To lend me a dollar
For the times have been slow
I'm fresh outta dough
And I ain't got the
Money to call him.

You put the change in my hand
You're the world's kindest man
And I thank you, Sir.

You'll never know what you've done
For this poor mother's son
A thirsty man just got a
Cold cup of water.

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