

# Operator

Jim Croce

Operator, well, could you help me place this call?  
See, the number on the matchbox is old and faded  
She's living in L.A., with my best old ex-friend Ray  
Guy, she said she knew well and sometimes hated

Isn't that the way they say it goes?  
But let's forget all that  
And give me the number if you can find it  
So I can call just to tell them I'm fine and to show

I'm overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well  
I only wish my words could just convince myself  
That it just wasn't real but that's not the way it feels

Operator, oh, could you help me place this call?  
'Cause I can't read the number that you just gave me  
There's something in my eyes, you know it happens every time  
I think about the love that I thought would save me

But isn't that the way they say it goes?  
Well, let's forget all that  
And give me the number if you can find it  
So I can call just to tell them I'm fine and to show

I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well  
I only wish my words could just convince myself  
That it just wasn't real but that's not the way it feels  
No, no, no, no, that's not the way it feels

Operator, well, let's forget about this call  
There's no one there I really wanted to talk to  
Thank you for your time  
Oh, you've been so much more than kind  
You can keep the dime

But isn't that the way they say it goes?  
Well, let's forget all that  
And give me the number if you can find it  
So I can call just to tell them I'm fine and to show

I've overcome the blow, I've learned to take it well  
I only wish my words could just convince myself  
That it just wasn't real but that's not the way it feels