

# Greyhound Bound for Anywhere

Joshua Kadison

Please don't be mad at me for callin'.  
Saw this phone and I had to dial.  
We left so many things unspoken,  
thought we could talk for just a while.

Now I'm not sayin' you owe me anything.  
My memories are my souvenirs,  
like all those cherry lipstick "love-you-baby"s  
you scribbled on faded motel mirrors.

Now, I'm Greyhound bound for anywhere.  
I told the man, "The next bus'll do."  
They're callin' the Twelve-twenty for Tupelo.  
Just one thing before I go.  
Tell me, is he good to you?

I talked it over with Hadley.  
He's still out there off of Highway 10.  
If anybody could explain it.  
I figured good old Hadley can.  
His wrinkled hands upon the table.  
He said, "I hate to break the news,  
but sometimes there ain't no explainin'  
the things a woman'll put you through."

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Well, should you ever think of me  
I'll let Hadley know where I'm stayin'.  
In the meanwhile, I'll get over you.  
Least that's what I'm prayin' for.

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