

# 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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