

The Call

Eric Clapton

Got a message last night
Came through loud and clear
Called you right back
But there's no one there

Sounded so sad
Tried the other phone
Either you're gone
Or you're all alone

The tone of your voice
Sounded so weird
Like you've been drinking
After all these years

Sent me to thinking
About those bad good old days
All the corners we cut
And all the halls we played

Sins that we stole
The hell we raised
Spite of it all
The music we played
The music God made

Remember those sisters
With the shiny black hair
One fell in love
One didn't dare

Sounded so sweet
One high, one low
Where are they now?
Nobody knows

Still got some pictures
You still got my shirt
You know the one
I let you wear to work

Remember that night
We both nearly cried
Singing that song
Somebody dies
Somebody died

Show that you noticed
Still out on the road
Singing them songs
To bring it all back home

I give you a shout
When you're somewhere near
You could come on out
It's not far from here

You could come on out
And you might even play
Just one more time
For old times' sake
For old times' sake