

# 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