

The Call

John Anderson

I remember that old rotary phone
Momma sitting in the kitchen alone
Waiting for my daddy to check in
6 o'clock right on the dot
Collect from some truck stop
She'd hear his voice and all was well again

Long distance didn't matter
As long as she got... the call

18 and running wild
I sat there as the sheriff dialed
The phone rang in the middle of the night
I could hear the hurt in daddy's voice
He said son you had a choice
And you know the difference 'tween wrong and right

And he said. let this be a lesson
And I hope it wakes you up. The Call

There's calls you love to take.
And calls you hate to make
Some can cost a fortune
And some just pocket change

I got the call at 3 AM
The doctor said time to come on in
Your daddy's here and he's waiting in her room
I held her hand at the side of the bed
A million questions running through my head
Momma how do I live. without you?

And she said. only god has the answers
But you've got to make. the call

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Long distance didn't matter
But you've got to make... the call