

**March 11, 1962**

**Mary Gauthier**

Hello, this is Mary, March 11, 1962

It took me forty years and five hundred dollars to find you

I know it's almost Christmas, I don't mean to make you cry

Now you ask me why I'm calling, I don't know why

Hello, hello, say somethin', don't leave me hangin' here like t  
his

If there's somethin' right to say right now, I don't know what  
it is

This is the hardest thing I've ever done and I'm terrified

Now you ask me why I'm calling, I don't know why

You say that I'm a secret and nobody knows

You can't talk about it now and really gotta go

You wish you'd a done it different then but you did not know ho  
w

And it's too late to change any of it now

I must have though about this moment 'bout a hundred thousand t  
imes

But I never could gest past hello, or imagine what I'd find

I guess somewhere deep inside o' me I knew I was a liar

Don't ask me why I'm calling, I don't know why

You say that you loved me but I'm a secret you can't tell

And the hole you hide in's wider than the waiting gates of hell

You wish you'd a done it different then but you did not know ho  
w

And it's too late to change any of it now

Look, I know we're strangers but we might just hurt the same

I'm not lookin' for "I'm sorry", I'm not lookin' to lay blame

I guess I had to thank you once, before this life went by

Yeah, that's why I called, goodbye