Austin

Michael O'neill

She left without leavin' a number
Said, she needed to clear her mind
He figured she'd gone back to Austin
'Cause she talked about it all the time
It was almost a year
Before she called him up
Three rings and an answering machine
Is what she got
If you're callin' 'bout the car I sold it
If this is Tuesday night I'm bowling
If you've got somethin' to sell
You're wastin' your time, I'm not buyin'
If it's anybody else, wait for the tone
You know what to do
And P S if this is Austin
I still love you
The telephone fell to the counter
She heard but she couldn't believe
What kind of man would hang on that long
What kind of love that must be
She waited three days
And then she tried again
She didn't know what she'd say
But she heard three rings and then
If it's Friday night I'm at the ballgame
And first thing Saturday, if it don't rain
I'm headed out to the lake
And I'll be gone, all weekend long
But I'll call you back when I get home
On Sunday afternoon
And P S if this is Austin
I still love you
Well, this time she left her number
But not another word
Then she waited by the phone on Sunday evenin'
And this is what he heard
If you're callin' 'bout my heart, it's still yours
I should've listened to it a little more
Then it wouldn't have taken me so long

To know where I belong
And by the way, boy
This is no machine you're talkin' to
Can't you tell, this is Austin
And I still love you
I still love you

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