

# It's Me Again, Margaret

Ray Stevens

Well, there once was a feller named Willard McVane  
And he only had just one thought on his brain  
Every evening about midnight he'd sneak off alone  
And call the same lady on a pay telephone "It's me again, Margaret.  
Hello, is this Margaret?  
You don't know me, Margaret  
But I know you." Well, this upset the lady and it gave her the blues  
So she called up the police, said "What shall I do?"  
The chief of detectives came round to her home  
And eavesdropped upon them on her upstairs phone "It's me again, Margaret.  
Hello, is this Margaret?  
Margaret... I know it's you, Margaret!  
Are you naked?" Well, they called up Ma Bell and they traced him on down  
To a funky old phone booth on the outskirts of town  
It was there that the vice squad with their field glasses read  
The lips of that amorous man as he said "It's me again, Margaret...  
Hello? Is this... is this Margaret?  
I know it's you, Margaret!  
I bet you can't guess what I'm doing..." Well, they cuffed him and dragged him to the station downtown  
And they allowed him one phone call 'fore the jailer came round  
He wet his chapped lips and he cleared his young throat  
Then he dialed the telephone and softly he spoke... "It's me again, Margaret...  
They got me, Margaret  
You ain't going to miss me, Margaret, I know that  
But I'll miss you And when I get out, Margaret  
I'm going to come over there with an egg beater  
And a live chicken, and some peach preserves!  
We'll have a good old time, Margaret!"

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