

By the Time I Get to Phoenix

Isaac Hayes

By the time I get to Phoenix she'll be rising,
She'll find the note I left hanging on the door,
She'll laugh we she reads the part that says I'm leaving,
Cause I've left that girl so many times before. By the time I make Albuquerque she'll be working,
She'll probably stop at lunch and give me a call,
But she'll just hear the phone keep on ringing,
Off the wall... that's all. By the time I make Oklahoma she'll be sleeping,
She'll turn softly and call my name out low,
She'll cry just to think I'd really leave her,
Though time and time I've tried to tell her, She just didn't know... I would really go.

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