

# If She Called

David Crosby

She grinds her hips  
Maybe arches her back  
There's nobody there to see when she is doing that  
The guy's not there  
He just doesn't exist  
She's looking at empty space when she is doing this  
She might walk home  
She's kind of tired  
Or spend some of the money on a cab she's hired  
Below a bus groans by  
And splashes a man  
Who swears out a drunkard's curse on the whole damned world  
She smiles at that  
And then starts to cry  
She scrubs at a spot on her leg and then lets it dry  
Then she's sitting on the floor  
With her head hung down  
Listening to another language on TV  
Unaware, hair unbound  
Wondering where her mother and father might be  
If she called, if she called  
She dreams, she dreams  
Don't we all dream  
A place, a way  
A recurring theme

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