Having a Real Bad Day

Taj Mahal

I found her number and the note she wrote
Deep in the pocket of a real old coat
It just got by me some way
I'm having a real bad daySaid she was all moved in
And her apartment sure looked fine
Suggested I come by
And see her some timeSaid all her fixtures were new
And I'll turn them on for you
She said I get home at a quarter to six
I'll be waiting for your callI'll fix you something, I'm sure youre gonna love
But we don't have to, we don't have to eat at all
That's one of the problems of life on the road
Little notes like this ain't got no area code

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