

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 day Said she was all moved in
And her apartment sure looked fine
Suggested I come by
And see her some time Said 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 call I'll fix you something, I'm sure you're 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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