

# Venezuela

## Harry Belafonte

By the time I get to Phoenix, she'll be rising  
She'll find the note I left hangin' on her door  
Oh, she'll laugh when she reads the part that says I'm leavin'  
'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 that phone keep on ringin'  
Off the wall, that's all  
By the time I make Oklahoma, she'll be sleepin'  
She'll turn softly and call my name out loud  
And she'll cry, just to think I'd really leave her  
Though time and time, I tried to tell her so  
She just didn't know I would really go

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