Calling You

Christian Falk

A desert road from Vegas to nowhere,
Some place better than where you've been.
A coffee machine that needs some fixing
In a little cafe just around the bend.

I am calling you.
Can't you hear me?
I am calling you.

A hot dry wind blows right through me.
The baby's crying and I can't sleep,
But we both know a change is coming,
Coming closer sweet release.

I am calling you.
I know you hear me.
I am calling you.
Oh.

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