

It's Me Again, Margaret

Ray Stevens

Well, there once was a feller named Willard McVane
And he only had just one thought on his brain
Every evening about midnight he'd sneak off alone
And call the same lady on a pay telephone "It's me again, Margaret.
Hello, is this Margaret?
You don't know me, Margaret
But I know you." Well, this upset the lady and it gave her the blues
So she called up the police, said "What shall I do?"
The chief of detectives came round to her home
And eavesdropped upon them on her upstairs phone "It's me again, Margaret.
Hello, is this Margaret?
Margaret... I know it's you, Margaret!
Are you naked?" Well, they called up Ma Bell and they traced him on down
To a funky old phone booth on the outskirts of town
It was there that the vice squad with their field glasses read
The lips of that amorous man as he said "It's me again, Margaret...
Hello? Is this... is this Margaret?
I know it's you, Margaret!
I bet you can't guess what I'm doing..." Well, they cuffed him and dragged him to the station downtown
And they allowed him one phone call 'fore the jailer came round
He wet his chapped lips and he cleared his young throat
Then he dialed the telephone and softly he spoke... "It's me again, Margaret...
They got me, Margaret
You ain't going to miss me, Margaret, I know that
But I'll miss you And when I get out, Margaret
I'm going to come over there with an egg beater
And a live chicken, and some peach preserves!
We'll have a good old time, Margaret!"

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>