

## Edith Frost "My Lover Won't Call"

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I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin' to the city  
I won't be leavin' at all  
There's work to do on the old collection  
I'm sure that my lover won't call  
I'm sure that my lover won't call

I've picked up the last of the boxes  
And I've counted a hundred or more  
I'll be glad when they take them away from my home  
I won't see his face anymore  
I'll never be seeing his face anymore  
I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin'

These crows are flying around my old lies  
They're tapping away at my door  
My vision is foggy  
My hands, they are aching  
My lover won't call me no more  
My lover, he never will call me no more

I packed up the last of the boxes  
And I know there's a hundred or more  
So I call up the landlord and shut off the phone  
I won't hear his voice anymore  
I'll never be hearing his voice anymore

These crows are flying around me  
They're tapping away at my door  
My vision is foggy  
My hands, they are shakin'  
My lover won't call me no more  
My lover, he never will call me no more

I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin'  
I won't be goin'

