

Heather Masse

"By The Time I Get To Phoenix"

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By the time I get to Phoenix, he'll be rising.
He'll find the note I left hangin' on his door.
He'll laugh when he reads the part that says I'm leavin',
'Cause I've left that man so many times before.

By the time I make Albuquerque, he'll be workin'.
He'll prob'ly stop at lunch and give me a call.
But he'll just hear that 'phone keep on ringin',
Off the wall; that's all.

By the time I make Oklahoma, he'll be sleepin'
He'll turn softly and call my name out low.
Might even cry, just to think I'd really leave,
Though time an' time I tried to tell him so.
He just didn't know that I would really go.

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