

Joshua Kadison "Greyhound Bound For Anywhere"

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Please don't be mad at me for callin'.
I saw this phone and I had to dial.
We left so many things unspoken,
thought we could talk for just a while.

Now I'm not sayin' you own me anything.
My memories are my souvenirs,
like all those cherry lipstick "love-you-baby"s
you scribbled on faded motel mirrors.

Now, I'm Greyhound bound for anywhere.
I told the man, "The next bus'll do."
They're callin' the Twelve-twenty for Tupelo.
Just one thing before I go.
Tell me, is he good to you?

I talked it over with Hadley.
He's still out there off of Highway 10.
If anybody could explain it.
I figured good old Hadley can.
His wrinkled hands upon the table.
He said, "I hate to break the news,
but sometimes there ain't no explainin'
the things a woman'll put you through.

"Now, I'm Greyhound bound for anywhere.
I told the man, "The next bus'll do."
They're callin' the Twelve-twenty for Tupelo.
Just one thing before I go.
Tell me, is he good to you?

Well, shoul you ever think of me
I'll let Hadley know where I'm stayin'.
In the meanwhile, I'll get over you.
'Least that's what I'm prayin' for.

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I told the man, "The next bus'll do."
They're callin' the Twelve-twenty for Tupelo.
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Tell me, is he good to you?
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Tell me, is he good to you

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