

Some Phone Numbers

Jerry Jeff Walker

For some kicks I went drinking, with some old hounds I ran with
While you were away for the day
Now the guys hadn't changed much, the scene seemed the same
In the way that the night games are played

Without you I'd be one of the ones who just stumble
And grab any soft place to fall
Where each day begins with a walk out some doorway
With some phone numbers you'll never call

As the evening drank on, we got more into basics
About loves lost and friends we have known
Well, Big John, he's bankrupt, and Old Lucky's in jail
And Fast Eddie's still living alone

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Starting all over would be more than I could handle
I don't think my lines would ring true
Looking for love in the arms of a stranger
Is more than I'm willing to do

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That night I drove home, past the houses for sale
Their plans had all come to an end
There's no blueprint for livin', no one has your answers
But we're given some clues now and then

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