

Mister Can't-Go-On

Tom Paxton

There's a man on the telephone, says he's been drinkin' some wine

He won't give his name, says he's come to the end of the line

He can't win for losin', he feels like his back's to the wall

He's hard to keep talkin'; keeps sayin' he's tired of it all

I'm asking him anythin', any fool question will do

He knows what I'm doin' and I know what he's goin' through

I hear him cryin', so I'll do the talkin' for now

I hear my own voice and I'm talking, but I don't know how

I say, "Please Mister Can't-Go-On, you can go on one more day

The time to decide is still twenty-four hours away

If you still feel the same, then I'll still have the same thing to say"

I'll say, "Mister Can't-Go-On, you can go on one more day"

I ask him his name again; finally, he tells me it's Ray

His woman can't take it no more and she's movin' away

He's tried to quit drinkin' but the least little thing and he's gone

Keep talkin', keep talkin', keep prayin', keep keep in' him on

Sayin', "Please Mister Can't-Go-On, you can go on one more day

And the time to decide is still twenty-four hours away

If you still feel the same, then I'll still have the same thing to say"

I'll say, "Please Mister Can't-Go-

On, you can go on one more day"

I've drunk so much coffee, I know won't sleep for a week

But I feel like we're winnin'; I'm sitting here letting Ray speak

He's laughed once or twice, even laughed at a lame joke of mine

He said it was lousy - I guess that's a pretty good sign

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