

She left without leaving a number,  
Said she needed to clear her mind.  
He figured she'd gone back to Austin,  
'Cause she talked about it all the time.  
It was almost a year, before she called him up.  
Three rings and an answering machine,  
Is what she got:

If you're calling 'bout the car, I sold it.  
If this is Tuesday night, I'm bowling.  
If you've got something to sell, you're wastin' your time,  
I'm not buyin'.  
If its anybody else, wait for the tone,  
You know what to do.  
And P.S, if this is Austin...  
I still love you.

The telephone fell to the counter.  
She'd heard, but she couldn't believe.  
What kind of man would hang on that long,  
What kind of love that must be.  
She waited three days, and then she tried again.  
She didn't know what she'd say,  
But she heard three rings and then:

If it's Friday night, I'm at the ballgame,  
And first thing Saturday, if it don't rain.  
I'm headed out to the lake, and I'll be gone all weekend long.  
But I'll call you back when I get home  
On Sunday afternoon.  
And P.S, if this is Austin...  
I still love you.

Well this time she left her number,  
But not another word.  
Then she waited by the phone on Sunday evening,  
And this is what he heard:

If you're calling 'bout my heart,

Its still yours.  
I should listen to it a little more.  
Then it wouldn't have taken me so long  
To know, where I belong.  
And by the way boy, this is no machine you're talkin' to.  
Can't you tell that this is Austin...  
And I still love you.  
I still love you....