

If She Called

David Crosby

She grinds her hips
Maybe arches her back
There's nobody there to see when she is doing that
The guy's not there
He just doesn't exist
She's looking at empty space when she is doing this
She might walk home
She's kind of tired
Or spend some of the money on a cab she's hired

Below a bus groans by
And splashes a man
Who swears out a drunkard's curse on the whole damned world
She smiles at that
And then starts to cry
She scrubs at a spot on her leg and then lets it dry

Then she's sitting on the floor
With her head hung down
Listening to another language on tv
Unaware . . . hair unbound
Wondering where her mother and father might be
If she called . . . if she called

She dreams . . . she dreams
Don't we all dream
A place . . . a way
A recurring theme

She remembers a time
When love was alive
Somehow it get's lost in the sound of the city's morning drive
Lost in the sound of the city's roaring, morning drive