

Greyhound Bound for Anywhere

Joshua Kadison

Please don't be mad at me for callin'.
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 owe 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."

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Well, should 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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