Well, you covered your tracks and now I can't see you You had your ashes scattered at sea There's no grave to visit, no tombstone to look at You were in the NY Times obituary

There's no record, no tape, no book, no movie Some photographs and some memories Sometime I dial your phone number by mistake And this is what I hear

"This is no longer a working number baby Please redial your call This is no longer a working number Your party doesn't live here anymore.

This is no longer a working number If you still require help Stay on the line and an operator Will try to bail you out."

I knew I should have seen you that Thursday I knew I shouldn't have left
But you sounded so good, your spirits so up I thought I'd see you next week

I say over and over if I had half a brain If I had half a brain in my head I wouldn't sit here dialing a wrong number And listening to what some recording said

"This is no longer a working number baby Please redial your call This is no longer a working number Your party doesn't live here anymore.

This is no longer a working number But if you still require help Stay on the line and an operator Will try to bail you out."

I knew I should have written, written things down I always say I'll never forget
Who can forget a one-eye pilot
Who's a concert pianist

A painter, a poet, songwriter supreme My friends are blending in my head They're melting into one great spirit And that spirit isn't dead

Now I may not remember everything that you said But I remember all the things you've done And not a day goes by, not an hour When I don't try to be like you

You were gassed, stoked and rarin' to go And you were that way all the time

This is no longer a working number baby This is no longer a working number

Gassed, stoked and ready to go Gassed, stoked and ready to go Gassed, stoked and ready to go Gassed, stoked and ready to go