

Cliff Richard, Carrie

Sorry to disturb you
But I was in the neighbourhood
About a friend I've her picture
Could you take a look?
Oh, I appreciate you're busy
And time is not your own
Yeah, maybe it would be better
If I telephoned
[chorus]:
Carrie doesn't live here anymore
Carrie used to room on the second floor
Sorry that she left no forwarding address
That was known to me
Carrie doesn't live here anymore
You could always ask at the corner store
Carrie had a date with her own kind of fate
It's plain to see
Another missing person
One of many we assume
The young wear their freedom
Like cheap perfume
(It's useless information)
Returning my call
(To help the situation)
They've nothing at all
You're just another message
On a payphone wall
chorus