

Joshua Kadison, Greyhound Bound

Please don't be mad at me for callin'
I saw this phone and I had to dial
We left so many things unspoken
I 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 explaining"
The things a woman'll put you through

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

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

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
But just one thing before I go
Tell me, is he good to you