

Burt Bacharach, Toledo

All through the night you telephoned
I saw the light blinking red
Beside the cradle
But you don't know how far I've gone
Now I must live with the lie
That I made
But if I call, I know I won't have to say it
You'll hear my voice - something is bound to betray it

But do people living in Toledo
Know that their name hasn't travelled very well?
And does anybody in Ohio
Dream of that Spanish citadel?
But it's no use saying that I love you
And how that girl really didn't mean a thing to me
For if anyone should look into your eyes
It's not forgiveness that they're gonna see

You hear her voice - "How could you do that?"
You hear her voice - "How could you do that?"

So I walked outside in the bright
Sunshine and lovers pass by
Smiling and joking
But they don't know the fool I was
Why should they care what was lost
What was broken?

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You'll hear my voice - something is bound to betray it

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But we still have Florence, Alabama
We don't have Paris, and we don't have Rome