

Cecilie Norby, By The Time I Get To Phoenix

By the time I get to Phoenix
He'll be rising
He'll find the note
I left a hanging on his door
He laughs when he reads the part
That says I'm leaving
'Cause I left, I left that man
So many times before
By the time I make Albuquerque
He'll be working
He'll probably stop at lunch
Just to give me a call
But he'll just hear that phone ringing
Off that wall
That's all
By the time I make Oklahoma
He'll be sleeping
He'll turn softly
And he'll call my name out low
And he'll just cry to think
That I would really leave him
Though time and time and time again
I'd try to tell him so
He just didn't know, I would really go