

Donna Fargo, Just Call Me

It's almost twelve o'clock but what's one more night
Among so many nights I sit here all alone
Though I must admit by now I'm used to it
And I'm not surprised that you're not home
Since you've grown tired of me I guess eventually
I'll get tired too of waiting some night
But until I do would it be too much to ask of you
To just call me and tell me you're all right
It would only take a dime and the time it takes to call
And all I wanna know is that you're all right that's all that's all
I know that it's too late we're gonna separate
I'd be a fool to think we could go on
And I know by now how I've failed you as a wife somehow
And some of my feelings for this shell of a home are gone
Yes it's too late for me and you there's not much left for us to do
But I still worry about you every night
So until we're really through is it too much to ask of you
To just call me and tell me you're all right
I'd do that much for you if you ever asked me to
Just call me and tell me you're all right