

Jim Croce, Operator (That's Not The Way It Feels)

Operator, well could you help me place this call
See, the number on the match book is old and faded
She's living in L.A
With my best old ex-friend Ray
A guy she said she knew well and sometimes hated

But isn't that the way they say it goes
Well let's forget all that
And give me the number if you can find it
So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show
I've overcome the blow
I've learned to take it well
I only wish my words
Could just convince myself
That it just wasn't real
But that's not the way it feels

Operator, well could you help me place this call
'Cause I can't read the number that you just gave me
There's something in my eyes
You know it happens every time
I think about the love that I thought would save me

But isn't that the way they say it goes
Well let's forget all that
And give me the number if you can find it
So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show
I've overcome the blow
I've learned to take it well
I only wish my words
Could just convince myself
That it just wasn't real
But that's not the way it feels
No, no, no, no
That's not the way it feels

Operator, well let's forget about this call
There's no one there I really wanted to talk to
Thank you for your time
Ah, you've been so much more than kind
You can keep the dime

But isn't that the way they say it goes
Well let's forget all that
And give me the number if you can find it
So I can call just to tell 'em I'm fine, and to show
I've overcome the blow
I've learned to take it well
I only wish my words
Could just convince myself
That it just wasn't real
But that's not the way it feels