

Joe Cocker, Night Calls

The night gang started working
With a mile of southern road
As I watched
I got to thinking
You ain't never coming home
I looked out of nowhere
There was nobody at all
To get me help
To get through to you

I'm here making night calls
Night calls
Making night calls
Night calls
Making night calls
I gave

I tried too hard to reach you
But you must be moving fast
All my hopes about the future
Will just live on
Into the past
You know that it ain't easy
And the twilight starts to fade
Shouldn't you
The chill of the morning
Thinking of the plans we made

Oh, night calls
Making night calls
Let it ring
The night calls
Making night calls
Oh, night calls
Give up those night calls