

# 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