Neil Young, Good Phone

Back in the days of covered wagons A man had his own way Whether talkin' to a woman Or crossing the U.S.A. No telephones were ringing No angry words exchanged. I wish I was back in the saddle now Riding on the range.

Let your fingers do the walking Call me up some time I'm listed under Broken Hearts Looking for a good time. I can't reach out and touch you You're hung up on the line I'm your disconnected number now And you're a private line.

Well, I used to be so happy,
When you gave good 'phone.
I could call you up from anywhere
For a little bit of home
But now my heart is aching
After every call
By the way you talk you'd think
You never gave good 'phone at all.

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