

The Doobie Brothers, Wrong Number

Tom Johnston

Telephone down the hall
Dark and dusty on a dirty wall
Funky number scratched up above
Call this number if you need some love
Another number that's hard to read
Fools 'round here call it endlessly
But I know better, just leave it alone
Sugar man sellin' dreams on the phone

Oh oh oh oh oh oh wrong number
Don't cha do it, no don't cha do it
Oh oh oh oh oh oh wrong number
Don't cha do it, no don't cha do it
Oh oh that sugar it ain't worth the price

Another day out in the streets
The rollers drag another man to his feet
Take him to jail, to city hall
Sugar man puts a cross on his wall

Oh oh oh oh oh oh wrong number
Don't cha do it, no don't cha do it
Oh oh oh oh oh oh wrong number
Don't cha do it, no don't cha do it
Oh oh that sugar it ain't worth the price

They keep on callin' the man day and night
Mercedes pulls up, they all gather 'round
They flash their cash as the window rolls down
Then they run, run and hide
Back to their room for a warm sugar ride