

# AUSTIN

**Intro: acoustic guitar only 4 measures**

She left without leaving a number  
Said she needed to clear her mind  
He figured she'd gone back to Austin  
Cause she talked about it all the time.

**(Rimshot only)** It was almost a year before she called him up  
Three rings and an answering machine is what she got **(stop)**

If you're calling bout the car, I sold it.  
If this is Tuesday night, I'm bowling.  
If you got something to sell, you're wasting your time, I'm not buying  
If it's anybody else, wait for the tone, you know what to do.  
And P.S. If this is Austin, **(1 2 3 4 stop)** I still love you.

The telephone fell to the counter.  
She heard but she couldn't believe  
What kind of man would hang on that long?  
What kind of love that must be  
She waited three days and then she tried again  
She didn't know what she'd say  
But she heard three rings and then:

If it's Friday night, I'm at the ball game,  
And first thing Saturday, if it don't rain  
I'm heading out to the lake, and I'll be gone all weekend long.  
But I'll call you back when I get home, on Sunday afternoon.  
And P.S. If this is Austin, I still love you.

This time she left her number but not another word  
Then she waited by the phone on Sunday evening,  
And this is what he heard: **(stop)** **(cymbals) 1 2 3 4 2 2 3**

**(Guitar only)** **(Ooh)** If you're calling about my heart, it's still yours  
**(Ooh)** I should've listened to it a little more,  
**(Ooh)** Then it wouldn't have taken me so long **(drums start)** to know where I belong.  
**(Ooh)** And by the way, Boy, this is no machine you're talking to  
Can't you tell that this is Austin **(stop)**  
And I still love you.  
I still love you.