

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  
It was almost a year  
Before she called him up  
Three rings and  
an answering machine  
Is what she got

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  
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 its friday night,  
Im at the ball game  
And first thing Saturday  
If it don't rain  
Im headed up 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

If you're calling about my heart  
It's still yours  
I shoulda listened to it a little more  
Then it wouldn't have  
Taken me so long  
To know where i belong  
And by the way boy this is no machine you've talking to  
Can't you tell this is Austin  
And I still love you