

If it s Friday night I m at the ballgame, and first thing Saturday,
If it don t ring, I m headed 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.

VERSE THREE:

This time she left her number,
but not another word,
She waited by the phone on sunday evening,
and this is what he heard.

If you re calling bout my heart it s still yours,
I should have 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 re talking to...
Can t you tell, This is Austin , and I still love you....

I still love you...