**Call Me if You Make it Home**

*Nancy McCallion*

Screeching tires on a darkened street

Wailing sirens, running feet

Left no message on my phone

Eighteen years and now you’re gone

But the road it is a loyal friend

That you can pound again and again

Pulling off and merging on

Call me if you make it home

Call me if you make it home

Out there running by yourself

Maybe you could use some help

And when the phone rings by my bed

I’m just hoping you ain’t dead

Call me if you make it home

The bill is paid up on your phone

It doesn’t matter what you’ve done

You are still my only one