

# 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

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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