

Sleeping With the Telephone

Reba McEntire & Faith Hill

I knew who he was
When I took his name
But some how no one
Is just not the same at night
He knows the danger
But he does what he does
He calls it duty
But I call it love
So here I am
While he's gone
To some foreign land And I cry
Because I'm alone
And the nights get so cold and long
And I try not to think he won't come home
But I'm sleeping with the telephone
The yellow ribbon on my neighbor's gate
Always reminds me that someone's awake
Just like me
I hear the sirens
And I watch the news
He laughs and leaves with his gun
And his blue uniform
And I pray God keeps him safe from harm And I cry
Because I'm alone
And the nights get so cold and long
And I try not to think he won't come home
But I'm sleeping with the telephone I lose him in my darkest dreams
And my blood runs cold and my heart skips a beat
So I get up; I can't take anymore
Sometimes I hate how much I love him
But everyday I love him more
And I try not to think he won't come home
But I'm sleeping with the telephone Something wakes me from where he should be
I reach for him; the telephone rings

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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