

Sister From Texas

Aretha Franklin

Though you don't call anymore
I sit and wait in vain
I guess I'll rap on your door
Tap on your window pane
I want to tell you baby
The changes I've been going through
Missing you
Listen you
'Till you come back to me
That's what I'm gonna do
Why did you have to decide
You had to set me free
I'm gonna swallow my pride
I'm gonna beg you to (please baby please) see me
I'm gonna walk by meself
Just to prove that my love is true
Oh, for you baby
'Till you come back to me
That's what I'm gonna do
Living for you my dear
Is like living in a world of constant fear
In my plea, I've got to make you see
That our love is dying
Although your phone you ignore
Somehow I must explain
I'm gonna rap on your door
Tap on your window pane
I'm gonna camp on your step
Until I get through to you
I've got to change your view baby
'Till you come back to me
That's what I'm gonna do

Songwriters

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