Sleeping With The Telephone

Reba Mcentire

I knew who he was when I took his name
But some how knowing is just not the same late 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 ?cause I?m all 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 ?cause I?m all 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
And 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

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