

# Why Haven't I Heard From You

[Reba McEntire](#)

Back in 1876 an ol' boy named Bell  
Invented a contraption that we know so well  
By the 1950's they were in everybody's home  
That crazy little thing they call a telephone  
Now there's one on every corner, in the back of every bar  
You can get one in your briefcase, on a plane or in your car

Chorus:

So tell me why, haven't I, heard from you  
Tell me why, haven't I heard from you  
Darlin', honey, what is your excuse  
Why haven't I heard from you  
There's no problem gettin' to me  
Baby you can dial direct

I got call forwarding, call waiting  
You can even call collect  
The service man he told me that my phone was workin' fine  
And I've come to the conclusion the trouble isn't with my line  
I'm sure the operator would be glad to put you through  
So dial zero for assistance if all confuses you

Repeat Chorus:

There better been a flood, a landslide of mud  
A fire that burns up the wires  
And thunder so loud with a black funnel cloud  
A natural disaster I know nothing about

Repeat Chorus:

(Sandy Knox, T.W. Hale)  
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