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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