

Martina McBride, Phones Are Ringing All Over Town

With lipstick on his collar and a trace of cheap perfume
He undresses in the darkness and eases into bed
With her face turned to the other wall she pretends to be asleep
But it doesn't really matter 'cause there's nothin' to be said
He calls from work to tell her he's sorry about last night
If he uses all the right words she'll forgive him once again
But the phone just keeps on ringin' and he knows that something's wrong
He feels his heart start pounding, and his head begins to spin
Phones are ringin' all over town
North and south and east and west on main street up and down
He's got friends of his callin' friends of hers
But she's nowhere to be found
Phones are ringin' all over town
He calls the hospital, her sister's house and the place that does her hair
God, if somethin' ever happened he'd surely lose his mind
And he's thinkin' it's just like she's disappeared into thin air
As American flight #204 departed right on time
Phones are ringin' all over town
North and south and east and west on main street up and down
He's got friends of his callin' friends of hers
But she's nowhere to be found
Phones are ringin' all over town
Well he knows she'd never leave him
She's just got to be around
Phones are ringin'
Phones are ringin'
Phones are ringin' all over town