

Reba McEntire, Why Haven't I Heard From You

(Sandy Knox/T.W. Hale)

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
As a crazy little thing they call the 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

So tell me why, haven't I heard from you
Tell me why, haven't I heard from you
I say now: Darlin', honey, what is your excuse
Why haven't I heard from you

Well there's no problem gettin' to me
Baby you can dial direct
I got call forwarding and call waiting
You can even call collect
The service man he told me that my phone is working fine
And I've come to the conclusion trouble isn't with my line
I'm sure the operator will be glad to put you thru
So dial zero for assistance if this all confuses you

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There better been a flood, a landslide of mud
A fire that burns up the wires
And a thunder so loud with a black funnel cloud
A natural disaster I know nothin' about

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