

Wanda Jackson, Between The Window And The

Today is a far cry from yesterday for yestarday the love was mine I need today
I've walked on many miles since you've been gone
Somewhere between the window and the phone
Somewhere between the window and the phone you'll find me waiting here all alone
I've thought about leaving but I'd go right on grieving
Somewhere between the window and the phone

If the phone should ring I wonder what I'd say
Would I tell you that I love you in the same sweet way
If you look through the window I'll be home
Somewhere between the window and the phone
Somewhere between the window...