

Aaron Neville, Wrong Number

Every time the telephone rings I hold my breath
Hoping that it's you, I'm scared to death
Phone went ring, my crippled heart cried
Let it be you, on the line
Then a voice say hello, can I speak to Joe?
Wrong number, I'm sorry, good bye
Pity the fool who loves you so
If you found someone new, don't let me know
The phone rang once again, my heart skipped a beat
Must be you, this is my belief
Then the voice on the other end say can I speak to Ben?
Wrong number, I'm sorry, good bye
I live simply on the memory
Of your love that was once for me
Come back my darling please
And set my heart at ease
Then a voice say hello, darling you know I love you so
Hold on baby, 'til I tell these blues good bye
'Til I tell these blues good bye