

# Reba McEntire, She Thinks His Name Was John

(Sandy Knox/Steve Rosen)

She can account for all of the men in her past  
Where they are now, who they married, how many kids they have  
She knew their backgrounds, family and friends  
A few she even talks to now and then

But there is one she can't put her fingers on  
There is one who never leaves her thoughts  
And she thinks his name was John

A chance meeting, a party a few years back  
Broad shoulders and blue eyes, his hair was so black  
He was a friend of friend you could say  
She let his smile just sweep her away  
And in her heart she knew that it was wrong  
But too much wine and she left his bed at dawn  
And she thinks his name was John

Now each day is one day that's left in her life  
She won't know love, have a marriage or sing lullabies  
She lays all alone and cries herself to sleep  
'Cause she let a stranger kill her hopes and her dreams

And all her friends say what a pity what a loss  
And in the end when she was barely hangin' on  
All she could say is she thinks his name was John  
She thinks his name was John