

## Reba McEntire f/ Faith Hill

### "Sleeping With The Telephone"

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I knew who he was  
When I took his name  
But somehow knowin'  
Is just not the same late at night  
He knows the danger  
But he does what he does  
He calls it duty  
But I call it love  
So here I am  
While he's gone  
To some foreign land

And I cry  
'Cause I'm alone  
And the nights get so cold and long  
And I try not to think he won't come home  
But I'm sleeping with the telephone

The yellow ribbon on my neighbor's gate  
Always reminds me that someone's awake  
Just like me  
I hear the sirens  
And I watch the news  
He laughs and leaves with his gun  
And his blue uniform  
And I pray God keeps him safe from harm

And I cry  
'Cause I'm alone  
And the nights get so cold and long  
And I try not to think he won't come home  
But I'm sleeping with the telephone

I lose him in my darkest dreams  
And my blood runs cold and my heart skips a beat  
So I get up; I can't take anymore  
Sometimes I hate how much I love him  
But everyday I love him more

And I try not to think he won't come home  
But I'm sleeping with the telephone

Something awakes me from where he should be  
I reach for him; the telephone rin

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