

George Jones "Wrong Number"

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My fingers tremble as I slowly touch the phone
I dial your number not knowing if your own
It rings you answer with sweet hello
My heart beats loudly as the teardrops start to flow.

I bite my lip until the blood runs free
And keep the words I love you hidden deep deep inside
of me
I hang up wrong number I hear you tell your friend
But I just had to hear you talkin' once again.

--- Instrumental ---

And divisible was the word for you and me
But just one word in a just one moment will change
happiness into misery
You hang up again and I know what you will say
Wrong number, that's the second time today.

Wrong number, that's the second time today...

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