

## **Reba McEntire**

### **"Eight Crazy Hours"**

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It was somethin' as simple as makin' the bed  
That kicked off the voice inside her head  
She was smoothin' the sheet with the palm of her hand  
When the thought struck home, I don't know who I am

And she sat cross legged on the bedroom floor  
And thought there's three people in this house  
That don't need me anymore  
And she cried like a baby in a pile of dirty clothes

Oh, should I be more carefree? Should I be more sexy?  
Should I be more friend than mom?  
And the dryer was buzzin', and the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call her mama

It was somethin' as simple as just checkin' in  
To that cheap motel out on Highway 10  
Was it the sting of leavin' or usin' her maiden name  
That took all of the fun out of runnin' away?  
And she cried like a baby in the tub of room 5

Oh, should I be more carefree? Should I be more sexy?  
Should I be more friend than mom?  
And her head was buzzin', and the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call her husband

It was somethin' as simple as pickin' up the kids  
That brought her back to Earth again  
She'd been to the dark side of the moon  
And she had to keep it to herself  
She grabbed a bucket of chicken for supper

Oh, but she looked more carefree, and she looked  
more sexy  
And she looked more friend than mom  
The table talk, it was buzzin', and the TV, it was blarin'  
And they all sat and laughed at each other

It was somethin' as simple as not givin' up  
And eight crazy hours in the story of love

