

# Sleeping With the Telephone

Reba McEntire & Faith Hill

I knew who he was  
When I took his name  
But some how no one  
Is just not the same 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  
Because 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  
Because 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 wakes me from where he should be  
I reach for him; the telephone rings  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>