

# Reba McEntire, If I Had Any Sense Left At All

(Hank Cochran/Red Lane/Dale Dodson)

I can feel the darkness reaching in  
As I touch the place you may as well have never been  
Love can hurt much more than one can bear  
When a heart beats for someone who's not there

How many times must I tell myself that you're gone  
When will the rest of me wake up and see what went wrong... So wrong  
And turn on the light and pick up the phone and just call  
And lay pride aside  
If I had any sense left at all

Voices call that only I can hear  
Who would have thought love was something I would fear  
Almost home, almost there, almost taste  
On my mind, in my heart, on my face

How many times must I tell myself that you're gone  
When will the rest of me wake up and see what went wrong... So wrong  
And turn on the light and pick up the phone and just call  
And lay pride aside  
If I had any sense left at all

Oh just lay pride aside  
If I had any sense left at all