

# Reba McEntire, Why Haven't I Heard From You

(Sandy Knox/T.W. Hale)

Back in 1876 an ol' boy named Bell  
Invented a contraption that we know so well  
By the 1950's they were in everybody's home  
As a crazy little thing they call the telephone  
Now there's one on every corner, in the back of every bar  
You can get one in your briefcase, on a plane or in your car

So tell me why, haven't I heard from you  
Tell me why, haven't I heard from you  
I say now: Darlin', honey, what is your excuse  
Why haven't I heard from you

Well there's no problem gettin' to me  
Baby you can dial direct  
I got call forwarding and call waiting  
You can even call collect  
The service man he told me that my phone is working fine  
And I've come to the conclusion trouble isn't with my line  
I'm sure the operator will be glad to put you thru  
So dial zero for assistance if this all confuses you

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Tell me why, haven't I heard from you  
I say now: Darlin', honey, what is your excuse  
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There better been a flood, a landslide of mud  
A fire that burns up the wires  
And a thunder so loud with a black funnel cloud  
A natural disaster I know nothin' about

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