

(When Your Phone Don't Ring) It'll Be Me

George Jones

Well, tonight when you lay lonely in your king size bed
With a hunger inside you can feel
Will, I'll be the empty place laying next to you
And when your phone don't ring it'll be me

It'll be me not calling you, crying like I used to do
A-crawlin' on my hands and knees
It'll be me not on the phone, begging let me come back home
And when your phone don't ring, it'll be me.

Well, tonight it'll be my car not in your driveway
And you'll wonder where on earth I could be
It'll be my footsteps you don't hear in the hallway
And when your phone don't ring, it'll be me.

It'll be me not calling you, crying like I used to do
Crawlin' on my hands and knees
It'll be me not on the phone, a-begging let me come back home
And when your phone don't ring, it'll be me.

Aw, it'll be me not calling you, crying like I used to do
Crawlin' on my hands and knees
It'll be me not on the phone, a-begging let me come back home
And when your phone don't ring, it'll be me.

Yes, when your phone don't ring, it'll be me