

Oh What a Feeling

Rodney Crowell

It must be love
Oh, what a feeling

I sit at home alone
I wait here by the phone
I know you'll never call
Oh, what a feeling

It must be love
Although it's bitter
It must be love
I can't forget her

The days turn into weeks
Your letters I shall keep
The ones you didn't write
Oh, what a feeling

It must be love
Oh, what a feeling
It must be love
Oh, what a feeling