

# Eight Crazy Hours (In the Story of Love)

Reba McEntire

It was somethin' as simple  
As makin' the bed  
That kicked off the voice  
Inside her head  
She was smoothin' the sheet  
With the palm of her hand  
When the thought struck home  
"I don't know who I am" And she sat cross-legged  
On the bedroom floor  
And thought  
There's 3 people in this house  
That don't need me anymore  
And she cried like a baby  
In a pile of dirty clothes  
Oh, should I be more care free  
Should I be more sexy  
Should I be more friend, than mom  
And the dryer was buzzin'  
And the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call her mother  
It was somethin' as simple  
As checkin' in to that cheap motel  
Out on Highway 10  
Was it the sting of leavin'  
Or usin' her maiden name  
That took all of the fun  
Out of runnin' away  
And she cried like a baby  
In the tub of room 5  
Oh, should I be more care free  
Should I be more sexy  
Should I be more friend, than mom  
And her head was buzzin'  
And the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call her husband  
It was somethin' as simple  
As pickin' up the kids  
That her back to Earth again  
She'd been to the dark side of the moon  
She had to keep it to herself  
So she grabbed Kentucky Fried Chicken  
For supper  
Oh, but she looked more care free  
And she looked more sexy  
And she looked more friend than mom

And the table talk was buzzin'  
And the TV, it was blarin'  
And they all sat and laughed at each otherIt was somethin' as simple  
As not givin' up  
And eight crazy hours  
In the story of love  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>