

No Sittin' By The Phone

Vivian Green

We used to sit over there
That was your favorite chair
But now I sit here alone
I can still smell your scent
So fresh in my head
Still feel you kiss me goodbye
I washed clothes today.
Found some of your garments
Guess you forgot them when you left
Took out the trash as you would
And dined by myself
Guess I better get used to this

We used to sit over there
That was your favorite chair
But now I sit here alone
No use crying bout it,
I'll have to do without it
And no I won't sit by the phone

It's not like you did me right
I was just comfortable and used to you
Now I see, I must first love me
And maybe Mr. Right will come strolling along