

# Aaron Neville, Wrong Number

Every time the telephone rings I hold my breath  
Hoping that it's you, I'm scared to death  
Phone went ring, my crippled heart cried  
Let it be you, on the line  
Then a voice say hello, can I speak to Joe?  
Wrong number, I'm sorry, good bye  
Pity the fool who loves you so  
If you found someone new, don't let me know  
The phone rang once again, my heart skipped a beat  
Must be you, this is my belief  
Then the voice on the other end say can I speak to Ben?  
Wrong number, I'm sorry, good bye  
I live simply on the memory  
Of your love that was once for me  
Come back my darling please  
And set my heart at ease  
Then a voice say hello, darling you know I love you so  
Hold on baby, 'til I tell these blues good bye  
'Til I tell these blues good bye