She Thinks His Name Was John
Reba McEntire

C/B (used as a walkup/walkdown to/from **Am**)

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C                   Am                C/B C
She can account for all of the men in her past
C                            Am                C/B       C
Where they are now, who they married, how many kids they have
C                  Am              C/B C
She knew their backgrounds, family and friends
C         Am            C/B     Am
A few she even talks to now and then
             F             C
But there is one she can t put her fingers on
         F       C                Am
There is one who never leaves her thoughts
        Am         F    G   C
And she thinks his name was John
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A chance meeting, a party a few years back
Broad shoulders and blue eyes, his hair was so black
He was a friend of friend you could say
She let his smile just sweep her away
And in her heart she knew that it was wrong
But too much wine and she left his bed at dawn
And she thinks his name was John

Now each day is one day that s left in her life
She won t know love, have a marriage or sing lullabies
She lays all alone and cries herself to sleep
 Cause she let a stranger kill her hopes and her dreams
And all her friends say what a pity what a loss
And in the end when she was barely hangin on
All she could say is she thinks his name was John

She thinks his name was John