

# Rooms

## Small City Calling

Rooms that we have lived in,  
The things that they have seen;  
Rooms that you shared with me,  
And the rooms in between...

When you're gone, there's a drought of love.

Mornings we would wake up  
Just to taste our love again,  
Afraid of some break-up  
Before the day could end.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love;  
Empty rooms without your love.  
Why can't we seem to get it on?  
(Why can't we seem to get it on)

Words remain unspoken (words...);  
Thoughts cannot be heard  
(Thoughts...cannot be heard).  
Love's just a token  
Without some spoken word.  
When you're gone, there's a drought of love.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love;  
Empty rooms without your love.  
Why can't we seem to get it on?  
(Why can't we seem to get it on)

Rooms that you will live in  
Not a part of me.  
(They'll never see...)  
Rooms that you'll make love in;  
Rooms I've never seen.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love...  
When you're gone, there's a drought of love...

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by PHILLIPS, JOHN EDMUND ANDREW  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>