

# The Bed That You Made

Whitney Duncan

Oh, honey, what's wrong with you?  
You sit around whine and cry the blues  
You ain't got no arms to fall into  
What you did to me, I'm doing back to you  
Honey, I'm going out tonight  
In my high heel boots and my jeans on tight  
Get my drinks for free, fill my appetite  
You'll be thinkin' 'bout me and I'll be out of your sight  
I bet you wished you would have stayed  
But like a little dog you up and strayed  
How's it feel to be feeling that way?  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Oh, sweet baby, you're just a cheatin' kind  
You can say what you want but you can never lie  
You were out on the town and on the prowl  
Thinkin' that I wouldn't find out somehow  
Well, baby, I got news for you  
Gonna show you how well I can do that too  
Gonna clap my hands gonna shake my hips  
Gonna make you remember what you'll never forget  
I bet you wished you would have stayed  
But like a little dog you up and strayed  
Well, how's it feel to be feeling that way?  
Lying in the bed that you made

Lying in that bed  
I hope it's cold and rough there on your own  
And I hope you can't sleep  
You want me and I'll be gone  
Gone, gone, long gone, yeah  
Oh, honey, what's wrong with you?  
You sit around whine and cry the blues  
You ain't got no arms to fall into  
In that king size bed for the king of fools  
And I hope it's lonely, lonely to the bone  
Yeah, I hope it is and I hope you can't sleep  
And you want me and I'll be gone  
Gone, gone, long gone, yeah

Oh, I bet you wished you would have stayed  
But like a little dog you up and strayed  
How's it feel to be feeling that way?  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Lying in the bed that you made  
Lying in that bed  
Goodnight baby, sleep tight  
Gonna be alright

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