Four

Blowhole

She wakes up lonely
She wakes up lonely
She hangs a picture by the phone
She hangs a picture by the phone
Yeah, she doesn't think we're gonna make it
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked
And we pretend that we're in love
She wakes up lonely
And she telephones me
To ask me if I'm coming home
She says "Will you be coming home?"
Yeah, she doesn't think we're gonna make it
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked
And we pretend that we're in love
It was different when we thought
That we wanted the same thing
Everything was figured out
And now it doesn't make much sense
Yeah, it's just another thing she can't get
She doesn't think we're gonna make it
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked
And we pretend that we're in love yeah
She likes to think we're in love
She like to think that we're in love

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