

The Wanting of You

[Melissa Etheridge](#)

She's got her sweet children
She's got her house, she's got some land
Her earthly possessions
She's got a ring upon her hand She tried to be a good girl
She tried to make everything right
She tried to kill the voices
That haunt her each and every night She looks up to heaven
And wonders why love is so cruel
She loves him, won't hurt him
Can't stop the wanting of you, oh She married in high school
Oldest was well upon her way
But that wild night, Chicago
It left a mark she can't erase A phase you'll just get over
That's what her friends have always said
You dip your toes in water
She's in way over her head She looks up to heaven
And wonders why love is so cruel
She loves him, won't hurt him
Can't stop the wanting of you, oh Keeping her desire paralyzed
She catches in the corner of her eyes
Tank top, smooth skin, soft lips, tan thighs
How the hell's this ache ever gonna die? We make our choices
Doing what we think is good
We deny our own dreams
'Cause we think we've been told we should
We think we've been told we should She looks up to heaven
And wonders why love is so cruel
She loves him, won't hurt him
Can't stop the wanting of you She looks up to heaven
And wonders why love is so cruel
She loves him, won't hurt him
Can't stop the wanting of you Oh, oh, oh, oh
She can't stop, she can't stop the wanting of you
Oh, oh, oh, oh
She can't stop the wanting, the wanting of you

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