Rooms

ian william craig

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 your 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...

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