

# 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 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...

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