

Rooms

The Mamas & The Papas

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 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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