rexall

navarro, dave

I'm running out of room, don't make me say it
There is nothing left in me, don't make me
Too much for hotel rooms, don't make me say it
Sleeping pills, don't make me
There is no love left in your eyes
There is love between your thighs, roll over say goodnight
A morning dog howl in the street
Cup filled tiny hands and feet, napkin in the drain
I'm running out of room, don't make me say it
There is nothing left in me, don't make me
Too much for hotel rooms, don't make me say it
Sleeping pills don't make me
There is no love left in your eyes
There is love between your thighs, roll over say goodnight
I hate my life I hate my life, never want another wife
I want the life you think I have, think I have, think I have
There is no love left in your eyes
There is love between your thighs, roll over say goodnight
I've had enough of feeling sick
Had enough of feeling sick, the sugar never helps
I hate my life, I hate my life, never want another wife
I want the life you think I have, think I have, think I have, think I have

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