

## Making Love To Yourself

Golden Earring

I could be six feet under  
I could be stone dead cold  
Hangin' from the highest tree  
Would you read my suicide note

I'm hungry for affection  
Howlin' at the moon  
Can't you get it inside your head  
All I want is you

All you're thinking of is making love to yourself  
And I wonder if there's any room for somebody else  
Come on, don't make me wait too long  
Sometimes you know, I hate being on my own  
Try to give me one more chance  
Because I wanna be your man  
And when you call me up, I'll be home

Train roll into the station  
In the middle of the night  
Me and my suitcase waiting  
But you're nowhere near in sight  
Heartache's such a bummer  
Knock-knockin' on my door  
Feeling sorry for myself  
I just can't take it no more  
Why don't you read my thoughts  
Before I drown in tears  
I'm thinkin' about nothing  
Nothin' else but you and me

All you're thinking of is making love to yourself  
And I wonder if there's any room for somebody else