

Back In Bed

Dada

As I hurry down the sidewalk
Briefcase in my hands
Thoughts of you still fill my mind
As the newspapers fill the stands
People rushing everywhere
I think the world woke up too soon

Right now, more than anything
I wish I's back in bed with-a you

Step into the elevator
Press for floor seventeen
It's a long way to the top
So of you again I dream
Doors open, secretary waiting
With more paperwork for me to do

Right now, more than anything
I wish I's back in bed with-a you, with you

Phone's ringin', typewriter's singin'
No I wasn't ready for this
I think back to the AM
When my arms were full of bliss
Here comes my boss
I know just what he's up to

Right now, more than anything
I wish I was back in bed with you

(solo)
Only twenty-two more minutes
'Til five o'clock rolls around
I'll roll my office back into my briefcase
And I'll head back through my town
I won't notice all the traffic
Be whistlin' my favorite tune

For in just a little while I'll reach home and I'll
Crawl back into bed with you

With you, you
With you
Back in bed with you