

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

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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

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  
You've 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