

I'm Not Satisfied

Deborah Conway

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Train train shake my window pane
Chair chair sitting empty there
Moon moon can you hear me moan
Phone phone and say you're coming home
I'm falling into the holes in the road
Pain pain put my fingers in the flame
Pain pain put your fist through the frame
Cry cry my tears never dry
Why why was it all a lie
I'm falling you're falling into the holes in the road
And I know we pass and I know they mend,
And I know they pass and I know we mend
Rain rain flowing down my drain
Gone gone my baby's really gone
I'm falling, you're falling, we are all falling
Into the holes in the road
Gone gone my baby's really gone