

Change The Sheets

Kathleen Edwards

My love took a ride on a red-eye plane
Going home
And we're never going to feel the same
Change this feeling under my feet
Change the sheets and then change me

My love is a stockpile of broken wills
Like Santa Fe, margaritas and sleeping pills
I want to lie in the cracks of this lonely road
I can fill in the blanks every time you don't phone
Here is the truth, I swear it used to be fun
Go ahead run, run, run, run

Change this feeling under my feet
Change the sheets and then change me
Won't you change this feeling under my feet

I want to lie in the cracks of this lonely road
I can fill in the blanks every time you don't phone
Here is the truth, I swear it was fun
Go ahead run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run

Change this feeling under my feet
Would you change the sheets and then change me
Change this feeling under my feet
'Cause here is the truth, i swear it was fun
Go ahead run, run, run, run, run, run, run, ooh
Go ahead run, run, run, run, run, run, run, ooh