

Into My Life

Men at Work

Carpet stained with my red wine
I've been staring at the fire
I keep looking at the time
I'm waiting on you
I can hear the howling wind
Yes the sound is getting higher
As the night is closing in
I'm waiting on you
Those big black eyes wicked smile
That you flash as you walk through my door
Into my life
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Won't you come in and sit right down
Here let me pour a stolichnaya
Why is it when you come around
I'm waiting on you
We drink until we get too tired
Even though you try to dance for me
I still can't light up your fire
So I'm waiting on you
From time to time I feel so blind
And there's still so much more left to do
Into my life
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You call me on the telephone
You say that I am always busy
So why am I here all alone
Waiting on you
I pick you up in my white car
I could fall ever so easily
Why you keep me hanging on
I'm waiting on you
Still, those big black eyes wicked smile
That you flash as you walk through my door
Into my life