

# Love Is An Unmade Bed

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Good times and bad times, the love that we shared  
Now you sleep on the sofa and I don't care  
Times I'd reach for your hand and you'd always be there

So what we can we do but divide up our books  
And our records and field all our friends' funny looks  
You take the TV and I'll take the bed or a chair

I found an old photo from when we first met  
When I still wore your clothes and we'd just stay in bed  
On Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays I'd skip work for you instead

Oh love is a rock, not a straight jacket  
Love is an unmade bed  
Oh love is a rock, not a straight jacket  
Love is an unmade bed

You and me babe, we're a vaudeville show  
All jazz hands and kisses, nobody would know  
Dying inside, but always a life and a soul

Like brother and sister, none closer than we  
When you say that you're tired, I'm secretly relieved  
But I try to see you again  
To see you like the first time

And sometimes I glimpse us before we were us  
Before we had bills, before we had stuff  
Before we bought suitable wine for our meals  
And bought records instead

Oh love is a rock, not a straight jacket  
Love is an unmade bed  
Oh love is a rock, not a straight jacket  
Yeah, love is an unmade bed

Doo doo doo

I see you again in a year, maybe two  
At a wedding or birthday and you have moved on  
And just for a moment I choke  
Then the moment is gone

Just for a second I'll question it  
All nostalgic and trying to hide it  
Then I'll snuff out that thought in this manner  
The issue decided