

Love Is An Unmade Bed

Nerina Pallot

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