

If mine is yours, baby, and yours is mine
Then why is yours always so hard to find
A king of men and a queen of whores
You've built your empire on all fours

You give me sorrow in return for love
Bring me down from what I'm dreaming of
The lights are on but there's nobody home
Selling my soul just to be alone

Singin' a song that should bring it all back to you
Doing the things that you said you'd never do
Riding the nights, left the good times far behind
Looking to you for the things I'll never find

I don't need comfort or your sympathy
I don't want pity or an easy lay
I want the sun, the moon, the stars and all
I need your loving and some alcohol