

Rooms

Scott McKenzie

Rooms that we have lived in,
The things that they have seen;
Rooms that you shared with me,
And the rooms in between...

When you're gone, there's a drought of love.

Mornings we would wake up
Just to taste our love again,
Afraid of some break-up
Before the day could end.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love
Empty rooms without your love.
Why can't we seem to get it on?
(Why can't we seem to get it on)

Words remain unspoken (words...)
Thoughts cannot be heard
(Thoughts... cannot be heard).
Love's just a token
Without some spoken word.
When your gone, there's a drought of love.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love
Empty rooms without your love.
Why can't we seem to get it on?
(Why can't we seem to get it on)

Rooms that you will live in
Not a part of me.
(They'll never see...)
Rooms that you'll make love in;
Rooms I've never seen.
When you're gone, there's a drought of love...
When you're gone, there's a drought of love...