

## Bottle by My Bed

Sunny Sweeney

All my friends are raisin' babies, I'm still raisin' Cain  
They must think because I've waited that I don't want the same  
Their days are spent changing diapers, they think mine are so exciting  
Running off to where the light are so much brighter

It's an empty room at the top of the stairs  
Watching the evening news with a couple of beers  
I only call my husband baby because I love the word  
Never wanted something so bad that it hurts  
Even give up these damned old cigarettes  
If I could have a bottle by my bed

My only bedtime story is a People magazine  
I'd rather be in a carpool lane than this big cold limousine  
I'd trade every pair of high heel shoes for a high chair in the dining room  
Don't even know you yet but I know I love you

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We wait, we wait  
It'll be our turn someday

Spend a lot of afternoons daydreaming 'bout you  
Right now our mortgage is the only thing that's due

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We wait