

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 e
xciting
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