

## Running on Empty

UFO

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I'm running on empty  
Feel I'm running dry  
I don't have a love life  
It'll make a grown man cry

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I got an old lady  
But we don't touch  
I'm looking for some magic  
Is that asking too much

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White sails and song birds, warm candle light  
I don't want disney, I wanna rock all right  
Call me a cynic  
You can call me a fool  
But I want my life back  
I wanna jump in the pool  
I need to tango  
I got to rock  
I wanna little couch dancer  
Who can stop my clock  
Boxes of chocolate and cold ice cream  
It's too much cinamon  
It's enough to make you scream  
No more pretty words, I've run out of track  
No more bland monotony, I'm not going back  
A married life can bury you, it's like a disease  
I've seen hard men crying and brave men on their knees  
Going back to my roots now  
To what I know best  
Well I need my cherry  
And her treasure chest  
I got me a dancer  
From a personal ad  
She do the watusi  
Come on you color me bad  
Ferris wheels and beaches, walks along the sand  
Please no candy kisses, just pump me a rocking band  
-solo-  
All those pretty words, I've run out of track  
All that bland monotony, I'm not going back  
A married life can bury you, it's like a disease  
I've seen hard men crying, brave men on their knees  
Brave men begging please  
Repeat \*  
Repeat \*\*  
Repeat \*\*\*