

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

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 ***