

I'm Not Satisfied

Deborah Conway

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Train train shake my window pane

Chair chair sitting empty there

Moon moon can you hear me moan

Phone phone and say you're coming home

I'm falling into the holes in the road

Pain pain put my fingers in the flame

Pain pain put your fist through the frame

Cry cry my tears never dry

Why why was it all a lie

I'm falling you're falling into the holes in the road

And I know we pass and I know they mend,

And I know they pass and I know we mend

Rain rain flowing down my drain

Gone gone my baby's really gone

I'm falling, you're falling, we are all falling

Into the holes in the road

Gone gone my baby's really gone