

Making Love To Yourself

Golden Earring

I could be six feet under
I could be stone dead cold
Hangin' from the highest tree
Would you read my suicide note

I'm hungry for affection
Howlin' at the moon
Can't you get it inside your head
All I want is you

All you're thinking of is making love to yourself
And I wonder if there's any room for somebody else
Come on, don't make me wait too long
Sometimes you know, I hate being on my own
Try to give me one more chance
Because I wanna be your man
And when you call me up, I'll be home

Train roll into the station
In the middle of the night
Me and my suitcase waiting
But you're nowhere near in sight
Heartache's such a bummer
Knock-knockin' on my door
Feeling sorry for myself
I just can't take it no more
Why don't you read my thoughts
Before I drown in tears
I'm thinkin' about nothing
Nothin' else but you and me

All you're thinking of is making love to yourself
And I wonder if there's any room for somebody else