

## Wheeler Cheryl

### "Addicted"

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Cheryl Wheeler

"Addicted"

She says she hates to sleep alone, but she'll do it tonight.

She wants to grab her telephone, but she knows it ain't right.

So if he won't call, she'll survive, and if he don't care, she'll get by.

Climb into bed, bury her head, and cry.

From the beginning he was all anyone could have been.

They were delirious with love; they were certain to win.

Now he's breaking plans more and more, and he's leaving notes on her door.

Took a trip out of town, couldn't turn this one down; He said, "I guess I

should have told you before."

She says she feels like she's addicted to a real bad thing,

Always sitting, waiting, wondering if the phone will ring,

She knows she bounces like a yo-yo when he pulls her string,

It hurts to feel like such a fool.

She wants to tell him not to call or come around again,

He doesn't need her now at all the way that she needs

him.

She's on the edge about to fall from leaning out and in,

And she don't know which way to move.

She wants to be fair; she couldn't say he was ever  
unkind,

But if she could bear to walk away, she thinks he  
wouldn't mind

'Cause he just keeps himself so apart and there's no  
one else in her heart,

So she's taking a dive from an emotional high and  
coming down hard.

She's determined to try, but she'll still give in when he  
gives her a call.

She'll ask herself why, but in the end it won't matter at  
all.

Sure, she could sit at home, stay inside and sleep  
alone with her pride

And as she walks out that door, she feels as weak as  
before with nothing to

hide.

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