

Whitney Duncan "The Bed That You Made"

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Oh honey
Whats wrong with you
You sit around whine
And cry the blues
You aint got no arms
To fall into
What you did to me
I'm doing back to you
Honey
I'm going out to night
In my high heel boots
And my jeans on tight
Get my drinks
For free
Fill my appetete
You'll be
Thinkin bout me
N I'll be out
Of your sight
I bet you
Wished you stayed
But like
A little dog
You up and strayed
Hows if feel to be
Feeling that way
Lying in a bed
That you made
Lying in a bed
That you made

Oh sweet baby
Your
A cheatin kind
You can say
What you want
But you
Can never lie
You were out
On the town
And on the prowl
Thinkin that i

Wouldnt find
Out some how
Well baby
I got news for you
Gonna show you
How well
I can do that too
Gonna clap my hands
Gonna shake my hips
Gonna make you
Remember
What you'll never
Forget
I bet you
Wished you stayed
But like
A little dog
You up and strayed
Hows if feel to be
Feeling that way
Lying in a bed
That you made
Lying in that bed
I hope its cold
And rough on your own
I hope you cant sleep
You want me and
Ill be gone
Gone gone long gone

Oh honey
Whats wrong with you
You sit around whine
And cry the blues
You aint got no arms
To fall into
In that king size bed
For the king of fools
I hope its lonely
Lonely to the bone
Yeah I hope it is
I hope you cant sleep
And you want me and
Ill be gone
Gone gone long gone
I bet you
Wished you stayed
But like a little dog
You up and strayed
Hows if feel to be
Feeling that way

Lying in a bed
That you made
[x4]
Lying in that bed
Goodnight baby, slee

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