

Whitney Duncan "The Bed 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 im doing back to you
honey im 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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