

## **Don Walker**

# **"I Must Be Getting Soft"**

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I dunno how many miles I'm away from you  
But I know the phone calls costs a lot  
Now I'm sitting in my room, kicking in the TV  
'Cause I swallowed everything I got

Yes, I took everything I got my hands on  
I guess, I was using a crutch  
But now drugs and alcohol and available women  
Don't seem to interest me that much

Now I feel that it's time that I called you  
I'll tell the boys to turn the radio off  
I can't stop thinking about you  
Hell, I must be getting soft

Now I'm lying in my room holding on to my pillow  
Wishing that it weren't so hard  
And I'd give anything in my miserable world  
Just to show you where I've been scarred

By mishaps and by misfortune  
And others I can't remember their names  
I've had a gutful of being an asshole  
I don't intend to be that way again

Now I feel the need to hear you  
To have the sound of your voice get me off  
To sleep where I'll dream about you  
Girl, I must be getting soft  
Yeah, I must be getting soft

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