

Lewis Huey

"Whole Lotta Lovin'"

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I'm tired of these girly magazines
I want to stop dreamin', and get back home to the real
thing
Late last night I read the letter you sent
Woke up this morning, under a tent
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do

My mini bar's empty, but I'm still alive
I'm all alone but my bed's big enough for a party of five
Tossing and turning until a quarter to three
Can't get to sleep without watching TV
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do.

Oh it's been weeks since I've seen you,
I'm hoping that you mean it
When you tell me that you understand
But there's one little thing that I'm worried about
I hope that you remember who I am

[I'm the one with the harmonica]

Everybody else is holding hands
I'm here lonely, playing around with my microphone
stand
But I'm coming home, only one more week
The first three days we won't get no sleep
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do.

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