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## Scott McKenzie "Rooms"

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Rooms that we have lived in, The things that they have seen; Rooms that you shared with me, And the rooms in between...

When you're gone, there's a drought of love.

Mornings we would wake up Just to taste our love again, Afraid of some break-up Before the day could end.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love; Empty rooms without your love. Why can't we seem to get it on? (Why can't we seem to get it on)

Words remain unspoken (words...);

Thoughts cannot be heard (Thoughts... cannot be heard). Love's just a token Without some spoken word. When your gone, there's a drought of love.

When you're gone, there's a drought of love; Empty rooms without your love. Why can't we seem to get it on? (Why can't we seem to get it on)

Rooms that you will live in Not a part of me. (They'll never see...) Rooms that you'll make love in; Rooms I've never seen. When you're gone, there's a drought of love... When you're gone, there's a drought of love...

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