

## Alejandro Escovedo

# "This Bed Is Getting Crowded"

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This bed is getting crowded  
One, two, three  
This bed is getting crowded, baby  
Who you want me to be?  
I'll be your lover in the midnight  
I'll be your lover in the dawn  
I'll be your lover when the party's raging  
Long after everybody's gone

This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
Call it what you want  
But it don't feel like love to me

This bed is getting crowded  
Baby something feels wrong  
Let's go somewhere quiet  
Somewhere we can be alone  
You got a statue in your front yard  
And it bleeds on cue  
All these arms and legs and limbs  
Who do you want me to do?

This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
Call it what you want  
But it don't feel like love to me

This bed is getting crowded  
I look up it's four a.m.  
Am I here with you  
Are you here with me?  
Or are we both here with him?

I'll be your lover in the midnight  
I'll be your lover in the dawn  
I'll be your lover when the party's in full swing  
Baby, I'll be your lover when everybody's gone

This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
This ain't love  
Call it what you want  
But it don't feel like love to me

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"This Bed Is Getting Crowded" as written by Chuck  
Prophet Alejandro Escovedo  
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