

S.o.s. "Borrowed Love"

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What could make me think that I could live on borrowed
love?

Now I see that I could never live on borrowed love.

It's three-o-one in the morning
Another sleepless night

I feel your presence with me and it doesn't feel right.
And then it starts flowing through me
From my feet right to my head

Then I scream calling out your name

I want you back in my bed
My bed.

What could make me think
That I could live on borrowed love? . . .
Like a drummer always beating the insides of my soul

Hidden feelings always seeking
The touch they knew so well in the places that matter.

What could make me think
That I could live on borrowed love? . . .
I can't eat
I can't sleep
Thinking about who you're with.
Are you happy making me crazy
You were the best I ever had.
What could make me think
That I could live on borrowed love? . . .

The pain of too much pleasure is all so clear to me

After you go nothing but ache to
Fill my emptiness
Emptiness
Emptiness.
What could make me think
That I could live on borrowed love? . . .
What could make me think

That I could live on borrowed love? . . .
What could make me think
That I could live on borrowed love? . . .

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