

Billy Joel, A Room Of Our Own

You've got diamonds and
I've got spades
You've got pills
And I've got razor blades

You've got yoga honey
I've got beer
You got overpriced
And I got weird

But it's alright
We're the same even though we're alone
It's alright
Yes we all need a room of our own

You've got love, darlin'
I've got sex
You've got cash, mama
And I've got checks

You've got business, baby
I've got the kids
You got crowded just the way I did

But it's alright
Cause we all need a place to call home
It's alright
Yes we all need a room of our own

I can still remember packed together
Like a can of sardines
No, no, no

Pushin', shovin'
That's when lovin'
Starts to come apart at the seams
Oh no, no, no, no
You've got the day shift
I've got nights
We go wrong at times
But we've got rights

You've got TV shows
I've got crime
But you've got your room honey
And I've got mine

It's alright
It's the one thing that we should have known
Yes, it's alright
Yes, we all need a room of our own

And it's alright
Yes we all need a place to call home
It's alright
It's alright
To have a room of your own

No, no, no, it's alright
Yeah it's alright mama
To have a room of our own
Sometimes you've got to get away
Got to get away
Got to get away

Got to get away to a room of our own

Got to have a room

Got to have a little elbow room of my own