

Lamb, Sweetheart

The devil makes work
For idle hands to do
He can take these hands
If they're not touching you
And these lips of mine
Would rather turn to stone
Than kiss another now that you are gone
Sweetheart
I'm so alone
Sweetheart
When are you coming home
Sweetheart
I'm so alone
Sweetheart
When are you coming home
I know that love's
A many splendoured thing
If loses it's charm
Without the joy you bring
And happiness
Can be an empty term
But i've found heaven nestling in your arms
And now you've gone
Sweetheart I'm so alone
When are you coming home
Sweetheart I'm so alone
When are you coming home
When are you coming home
Sweetheart I'm so alone
When are you coming home
Sweetheart I'm so alone
When are you coming home