

Barbara Mandrell, Standing Room Only

You must think my bed's a bus stop
The way you come and go
I ain't seen you with the lights on
Two nights in a row
So pack your rusty razor
Don't bother with goodbye
Your cup runneth over
But mine is always dry
Standing room only
I can't stand no more
Standing room only
Outside my door
Don't help me set the table
'Cause now there's one less place
I won't lay mama's silver
For a man who won't say grace
If home is where the heart is
Then your home's on the street
Me, I'll read a good book
Turn out the lights and go to sleep
Standing room only
I can't stand no more, no more
Standing room only
Outside my door
Standing room only
I can't stand no more, no more
Standing room only
Outside my door