

# Dada, Back In Bed

As I hurry down the sidewalk  
Briefcase in my hands  
Thoughts of you still fill my mind  
As the newspapers fill the stands  
People rushing everywhere  
I think the world woke up too soon

Right now, more than anything  
I wish I's back in bed with-a you

Step into the elevator  
Press for floor seventeen  
It's a long way to the top  
So of you again I dream  
Doors open, secretary waiting  
With more paperwork for me to do

Right now, more than anything  
I wish I's back in bed with-a you, with you

Phone's ringin', typewriter's singin'  
No I wasn't ready for this  
I think back to the AM  
When my arms were full of bliss  
Here comes my boss  
I know just what he's up to

Right now, more than anything  
I wish I was back in bed with you

(solo)  
Only twenty-two more minutes  
'Til five o'clock rolls around  
I'll roll my office back into my briefcase  
And I'll head back through my town  
I won't notice all the traffic  
Be whistlin' my favorite tune

For in just a little while I'll reach home and I'll  
Crawl back into bed with you

With you, you  
With you  
Back in bed with you