

# Golden Earring, Making Love To Yourself

From the Albums:

\* Bloody buccaneers

\* Last blast of the century

I could be six feet under  
I could be stone dead cold  
Hangin' from the highest tree  
Would you read my suicide note?  
I'm hungry for affection  
Howlin' at the moon  
Can't you get it inside your head  
All I want is you  
All you're thinking of  
is making love to yourself  
And I wonder if there's any room  
For somebody else  
Come on  
Don't make me wait too long  
Sometimes you know  
I hate being on my own  
Try to give me one more chance  
Because I wanna be a man  
And when you call me up  
I'll be home  
Train roll into the station  
In the middle of the night  
Me and my suitcase waiting  
But you're nowhere near in sight  
Heartache's such a bummer  
Knock-knockin' on my door  
Feeling sorry for myself  
I just can't take it no more  
Why don't you read my thoughts  
Before I drown in tears  
I'm thinkin' bout nothing  
Nothin' else but you and me