

# Huey Lewis & The News, Whole Lotta Lovin'

I'm tired of these girlie magazines  
I want to stop dreamin', and get back home to the real thing  
Late last night I read the letter you sent  
Woke up this morning, under a tent  
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do

My mini bar's empty, but I'm still alive  
I'm all alone but my bed's big enough for a party of five  
Tossing and turning until a quarter to three  
Can't get to sleep without watching TV  
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do.

Oh it's been weeks since I've seen you,

I'm hoping that you mean it  
When you tell me that you understand  
But there's one little thing that I'm worried about  
I hope that you remember who I am

[I'm the one with the harmonica]

Everybody else is holding hands  
I'm here lonely, playing around with my microphone stand  
But I'm coming home, only one more week  
The first three days we won't get no sleep  
Uh huh, we've got a whole lotta lovin' to do.