

# The Mamas & The Papas, Rooms

Rooms that we have lived in  
The things that they have seen  
Rooms that you shared with me  
And the rooms in between

When you're gone, there's a drought of love

Mornings we would wake up  
Just to taste our love again  
Afraid of some break-up  
Before the day could end

When you're gone, there's a drought of love  
Empty rooms without your love  
Why can't we seem to get it on?  
(Why can't we seem to get it on?)

Words remain unspoken (Words)  
Thoughts cannot be heard  
(Thoughts, cannot be heard)  
Love's just a token  
Without some spoken word  
When your gone, there's a drought of love

When you're gone, there's a drought of love  
Empty rooms without your love  
Why can't we seem to get it on?  
(Why can't we seem to get it on?)

Rooms that you will live in  
Not a part of me  
(They'll never see)  
Rooms that you'll make love in  
Rooms I've never seen  
When you're gone, there's a drought of love  
When you're gone, there's a drought of love