

# The Bed That You Made

Whitney Duncan

Oh honey  
Whats wrong with you  
You sit around whine  
And cry the blues  
You aint got no arms  
To fall into  
What you did to me  
I'm doing back to you  
Honey  
I'm going out to night  
In my high heel boots  
And my jeans on tight  
Get my drinks  
For free  
Fill my appetete  
You'll be  
Thinkin bout me  
N I'll be out  
Of your sight  
I bet you  
Wished you stayed  
But like  
A little dog  
You up and strayed  
Hows if feel to be  
Feeling that way  
Lying in a bed  
That you made  
Lying in a bed  
That you made  
Oh sweet baby  
Your  
A cheatin kind  
You can say  
What you want  
But you  
Can never lie  
You were out  
On the town  
And on the prowl  
Thinkin that i  
Wouldnt find

Out some how  
Well baby  
I got news for you  
Gonna show you  
How well  
I can do that too  
Gonna clap my hands  
Gonna shake my hips  
Gonna make you  
Remember  
What you'll never  
Forget  
I bet you  
Wished you stayed  
But like  
A little dog  
You up and strayed  
Hows if feel to be  
Feeling that way  
Lying in a bed  
That you made  
Lying in that bed  
I hope its cold  
And rough on your own  
I hope you cant sleep  
You want me and  
Ill be gone  
Gone gone long gone  
Oh honey  
Whats wrong with you  
You sit around whine  
And cry the blues  
You aint got no arms  
To fall into  
In that king size bed  
For the king of fools  
I hope its lonely  
Lonely to the bone  
Yeah I hope it is  
I hope you cant sleep  
And you want me and  
Ill be gone  
Gone gone long gone  
I bet you  
Wished you stayed  
But like a little dog  
You up and strayed  
Hows if feel to be  
Feeling that way

Lying in a bed  
That you made Lying in that bed  
Goodnight baby, slee

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