

Wrote A Song For You

Douwe Bob

I go to work, you call it play
You say it should be weekend on a Saturday
You tell me I should get a real job and stay with you
I leave the house a mess, I guess I'm blind
You feel you're talking to me like it's pantomime
I know you think you're never really on my mind at all

Hey, hey
I wrote a song for you, come on
Hey, hey
I wrote a song for you, come on

I come home late at night
You're rudely awakened by the bedroom light
I promised you I wouldn't be late, baby know that I try
I can't afford a diamond ring
And I may not be your father's friend
And I may not be able to pay the rent again, and I'm sorry

But hey, hey
I wrote a song for you, come on
Hey, hey
I wrote a song for you, come on

Foolish games in dressing rooms
Typing words for men in suits, you know
Some might say we're worlds apart
And I reply we're close at heart, you see

Hey, hey
I wrote a song for you, come on
Hey, hey
I wrote a song