

They Call It Making Love

Wynette Tammy

A little barroom, on his way home
A bed to lay on in a room upstairs
What's her name, he'll never see her again
Close the door, who knows, who cares

And they call it makin' love
Makin' love, makin' love
Throw it down, pick it up
Dress it up and call it love

Together alone like nothing's wrong
In a house called home, in a double bed
They've grown so far apart, they just fumble in the dark
Not one single word is said

And they call it makin' love
Makin' love, makin' love
Throw it down, pick it up
Dress it up and call it love

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