

Ellis Paul, Roll Away Bed

Wake up Gracie
You're stealing the covers again
It's 4 in the morning
December's outside creeping in
Now 1000 times over I love you
1001 now it's said
But if I want to sleep I've got to find you
Your very own rollaway bed

Now I'm a night person
Come home late from playing the bars
You're tossing and turning
Spinning like Saturn and Mars
At 8 in the morning you wake me
With your coffee, your jam, and your bread
You'd be less likely to burn me
In your very own rollaway bed

Saturday we wake up
We're driving round town
Trying to find the perfect bed
You fall on the mattress
You faint like an actress
The salesmen are all turning red

Move over Gracie
I can't face sleeping alone
Without all that tossin'
It don't even feel like I'm home
Now 1000 times over I love you
1002 now it's said
Baby I don't mean to wake you
But is there room in the rollaway bed?