

White Room

Cream

In a white room, with black curtains, near the station.
Black roof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings.
Silver horses ran down moonbeams, in your dark eyes.
Dawn light smiles on you leaving, my contentment. I'll wait in this place, where the sun never
shines.
Wait in this place, where the shadows run, from themselves. You said no strings, could secure
you at the station.
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye windows.
I walked into, such a sad time, at the station.
As I walked out, felt my own need, just beginning. I'll wait in the queue, when the trains come
back.
Lying with you, where the shadows, run from themselves.
At the party, she was kindness in the hard crowd.
Consolation for the old wound, now forgotten
Yellow tigers, crouched in jungles in her dark eyes.
She's just dressing, goodbye windows, tired starlings.
I'll sleep in this place, with the lonely crowd.
Lie in the dark where the shadows run from themselves.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>