

# In My Room

Nancy Sinatra

In my room  
we're at the end of the harm  
I sit and stare at the wall  
each day's just like the last  
for I lived in the past  
In my room  
where every night is the same  
I play a dangerous game  
I keep pretending he's late  
And I sit and I wait  
All the day is the picture  
we took when he made me his bride  
All the day is the charm way  
he held me whenever I cried  
All the day by the window  
the flowers he left.....I won't die!  
In my room  
we're at the end of the harm  
I sit at I stare at the wall  
hating how lonely I've growned  
all alone  
in my room...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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