

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/>