

Locked in a Room

Oren Lavie

Locked in a room with a sink and a broom
And the walls are all white
But you think it's alright
'Cause a wonderful picture of a bridge
Which is covered in frost
And a man comes across

Locked in a room that is nothing but walls
And you search for a chair
But there's nothing at all
And the one thing you find when you look at the floor
Is a key, but there isn't a door

Now that you're locked in a room
There is room to assume
You are there for a cause
You're not sure what it was
When you're locked in a room

Locked within a room of memory
Locked within a room you stand
Locked up away with no light of day
Locked in a room you begin
To find your way out
You find your way in

Locked in a room with your memory far
You don't know where it is
But you know where you are
In the dark of a room with a wall out of which
Comes a lamp, but there isn't a switch

Locked in a room it is small it is not
It is empty and cold so you fill it with thoughts
Of a wonderful nature, and various sizes you doubt
You could think your way out

Now that the room 'cause you're locked
And the moon is not lock and nobody's speaking
The silence is ticking
When you're locked in a room

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