

Blue Velvet

Pere Ubu

In my head is a white room where all the good things go.
A man with a bag walks into -
Leaves it on the floor and goes.
Goodbye, Mr Man.
See you again, see you again next Tuesday.
Lost luggage, broken keys, and an empty room -
I've got a job for life.
I got a job for life.
I got a job for life.
I am free.
I am free.
There is a shadow hangin over me.
It's dark and gray and blocks the sun,
and I think it's you.
The sun does not warm me.
The clean rain does not fall.

In my head is a white room where all the good things go.
A man with a bag walks in,
drops it on the floor and he goes.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Goodbye