

# When She Walks in the Room

Bryan Ferry

When she walks in the room, then you know  
Why your date says it's late, time to go  
And you know you can't leave, you must stay  
Till her laughter has drifted away

So you talk to the walls, always know  
'Cause they've seen it all and heart it all before  
And your fair weather friends, fail to speak  
They're so afraid still waters run deep

And they're don't understand or perceive  
That you can't see the wood for the trees  
Christmas trees, you were sure, weren't the sort  
To build up your hopes then sell you short  
Yeah, to build you up and sell you short

All your life you were taught to believe  
Then a moment of truth, you're deceived  
All the wine in your life's all dried up  
Is now the time to give up?

Like the soft paper cup that you squeeze  
So you take this and that and then some more  
And you make your way through the door  
You make up your way through the door  
Through the door, through the door

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