

Here in My Room

Incubus

This party is old and uninviting
Participants all in black and white
You enter in full blown technicolor
Nothing is the same after tonight

If the world would fall apart
In a fiction worthy wind
I wouldn't change a thing now that you're here
Yeah, love is a verb here in my room

Love is a verb
Here in my room

You enter and close the door behind you
Now show me the world seen from the stars
If only the lights would dim a little
I'm weary of eyes upon my scars

If the world would fall apart
In a fiction worthy wind
I wouldn't change a thing now that you're here
Yeah, love is a verb here in my room

Love is a verb
Here in my room

Pink tractor beam into your incision
Head spinning as free as dervishes' whirl
I came here expecting next to nothing
So thank you for being that kind of girl