

## 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 dervish's whirl  
I came here expecting next to nothing  
So thank you for being that kind of girl