

Room With A View

Mesh

I thought I knew
Something more about you than you let through
I thought I saw
Something close to kindness
But that was all

Oh, it's so ironic
You've got the good book your name's still on it
Oh, it's so ironic
That you've got a room with a view

How wrong it feels
Watching your delight as they grease the wheels
My patience' thin
You're tearing off strips off another skin

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You've got the good book your name's still on it

Oh, it's so ironic
That you've got a room with a view

So what becomes of a friend
That no one wants to defend?

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How wrong it feels
That you've got a room with a view