

The Low Hum

Moby

Here I am alone in this empty room
No sign of living here
I hear the muffled conversation of the neighbors through the wall
A strand of lights hangs on the window
But I can't help myself, I'm in love with this isolation

The city shimmers, our life the low hum
And all that glitters may be gold
In the sidewalks
In the sky light
In the spaces,
When it starts
Breathe it in and slowly the low hum
The low hum

Like a tourist in some strange hotel,
No time for worrying, my little safety cell I 'm within.
Here I am alone in this empty room
No sign of living here
I'll be making conversation in the spaces through the wall
A strand of lights hangs on the window
But I can't help myself, I'm in love with this isolation.