

In My Room

Nancy Sinatra

In my room
way at the end of the hall
I sit and I stare at the wall
each day is just like the last
for I live in the past

In my room
where every night is the same
I play a dangerous game
I keep pretending he's late
And I sit and I wait

Over there is the picture
we took when he made me his bride
Over there is the chair where
he held me whenever I cried
Over there by the window
the flowers he left...

...I'm all right

In my room
Way at the end of the hall
I sit and I stare at the wall
hating how lonely I've grown
all alone
in my room...