

## 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...