

White Room

The Guess Who

In a white room with black curtains
Near the stations black roof country
No gold pavements tired starlings
Silver horses ran down moonbeams

In your dark eyes dawn-light smiled
On you leaving my contentment
I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in this place where the shadows run from themselves

You said no things could secure you
At the station platform tickets
Restless diesels goodbye windows
In walked into such a sad time

At the station as I walked out
Felt my own need just beginning
I'll wait in the queue when the trains come back
Lie with you where the shadows run from themselves

At the party she was kindness
In the hard crowd consolation for the old wounds
Now forgotten yellow tigers
Crouched in jungles in her dark eyes

She's just dressing goodbye windows
Tired starlings I'll sleep in this place
With the lonely crowd life in the dark
Where the shadows run from themselves