

# The White Room

The KLF

Talk to me, talk to me  
If you want to know the things we see  
Then step inside our skins  
The White Room, the White Room

We spin, we turn, watch and wait  
As the world just creeps on by  
The White Room, the White Room

Talk to me, talk to me  
Far below, a small boat sails  
Catching fish from the sea  
The White Room, the White Room

We climb the mountain, feel the wind  
We climbed to touch the stars  
The White Room, the White Room

The White Room, the White Room

More spetna na noo ne na noo things

The White Room, the White Room  
The White Room, the White Room

(More spetna na noo ne na noo things)  
The White Room, the White Room