

# A Room With a View

## Joe Loss & His Orchestra

Sitting at the window staring down  
Listen to the people shuffle around  
    Hear the children laughing  
    Feel the morning breeze  
    Sunlight warms his skin  
    The autumn air is taken in  
A nearby bird sings its song for himA room with a view  
    You're looking at him  
    He's looking through you  
    A room with a view  
    Who's fooling who  
There's got to be something that he knewSo there he sits and some may wonder  
    About the sly grin on his face  
    Yet little do they know  
    (They don't have a clue)  
The boundaries of his wisdom  
In the solitude of his kingdom

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