This Room

Eskimo Joe

What ever happened to this room?
It used to be so good
But now the days pile on the floor
And rain leaks through the crepe paper
We stuck up on the door
No more pictures on the wall
No more memories of holidays
We took when we were
Two years younger than we are
Today
All I know is she 's never impressed by me

Broken bottles on the ground
Blown by the wind shattered pieces lie amoung the plants
Collecting water and reflecting all the sound
They are reflecting all the sound
All I know is she's never impressed by me
Makes no difference can't you see
She's the one who needs to be
All I know she's never impressed by me
And the secret note that she wrote..oh I'm special
What ever happened to this room?

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