In My Room

The Walker Brothers

In my room, way at the end of the hall
I sit and stare at the wall
Thinking how lonesome I've grown, all alone
In my room

In my room, where very night is the same
I play a dangerous game
I keep pretending she's late
So I sit, and I wait

Over there is the picture we took when I made her my bride
Over there is the chair where I held whenever she cried
Over there by the window, the flowers she left - have all died

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