

# Low Room

Peter Murphy

You've been away a while, while the art on the box cuts  
The streets gone wild, defeated wild  
Sitting in the low room where we wind our love loom  
Don't you think it's wrong that I should get stuck in a room?The low room  
Low room  
Low room  
Two, three, uhI don't know what, what I could do to break the chains?  
We talk a lot, we break high ground, high ground no shame  
Maybe there's no need to fight against the chains, rations of irrational  
Thirsty for the up of secret honey, honey on the lipsLow room  
Low, low  
Ten  
Three, four  
Four, pushYou're away tonight as the art on the box cuts  
Vivid life in action shame as the shock cuts  
Stuck in a room, frigid and strained  
[Incomprehensible] interaction repeating refrainsIn the low room  
Repeating the holy names in the low room  
Repeating the holy names in the low room  
Repeating the holy names in the low room[Incomprehensible]  
Low room  
[Incomprehensible]  
Push

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