

Jim's Room

Nina Nastasia & Jim White

In the back of the house in the room I used to sleep
I woke up and smelled burning wires

For a month I wasn't me
A thief would wait for me outside

There were nights I would let him in

No one ever found out

I always wondered, Francis, where you lived

Standing proudly in the tub
I never saw you in your clothes

In the back of the house in the room right next to mine

The only place she let you smoke
There you spent most of your time

Painting pictures of smoke

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