

# Here In My Room

## Incubus

This party is old and uninviting  
Participants all in black and white  
You enter in full blown Technicolor  
Nothing is the same after tonight  
If the world were to fall apart  
In a fiction-worthy wind  
I wouldn't change a thing  
Now that you're here  
And love is a verb  
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room  
Yeah, love is a verb  
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room  
You enter and close the door behind you  
Now show me the world as seen from the stars  
If only the lights would dim a little  
And I'm weary of eyes upon my scars

If the world were to fall apart  
In a fiction-worthy wind  
I wouldn't change a thing  
Now that you're here  
And love is a verb  
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room  
Yeah, love is a verb  
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room  
Pink tractor beam into your incision  
Head spinning as free as Dervish's whirl  
I came here expecting next to nothing  
So thank you for being that kind of girl  
That kind of girl  
That kind of girl  
That kind of girl

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