

White Room

Jack Bruce

In the white room with black curtains near the station
Blackroof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings
Silver horses ran down moonbeams in your dark eyes
Dawnlight smiles on you leaving, my contentment

I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines Wait in this place where the shadows run from themselves

You said no strings could secure you at the station
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye windows

I walked into such a sad time at the station
As I walked out, felt my own need just beginning

I'll wait in the queue when the trains come back Lie with you where the shadows run from themselves

At the party she was kindness in the hard crowd
Consolation for the old wound now forgotten

Yellow tigers crouched in jungles in her dark eyes
She's just dressing, goodbye windows, tired starlings

I'll sleep in this place with the lonely crowd; Lie in the dark where the shadows run from themselves

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