

# 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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