In My Room

Nancy Sinatra

In my room
Way at the end of the hall
I sit and stare at the wall
Each day is just like the last
For I live in the pastIn my room
Where every night is the same
I play a dangerous game
I keep pretending he's late
And I sit and I waitOver there is the picture
We took when he made me his bride
Over there is the chair where
He held me whenever I cried
Over there by the window
The flowers he left, have all diedIn my room
Way at the end of the hall
I sit and I stare at the wall
Hating how lonely I've grown
All alone in my room

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