White Room

Demons & Wizards

In a white room with black curtains, near the stations
Black roof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings
Silver horses run down moonbeams in your dark eyes
Drawn light smiles on your leaving, my contentmentI'll wait in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in this place where the shadows run from themselvesYou 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
When I walked out, felt my own need just beginningI'll sleep in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in the dark where the shadows run from themselvesAt the party she was kindness in the hard crowd
Consolation from the old wound now forgotten
Yellow tigers crouched in jungles in her dark eyes
She's just dressing goodbye windows, tired starlingsI'll wait in the queue when the trains come back
Wait here with you where the shadows run from themselves

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