

# White Room

## Cream

In the white room with black curtains near the station  
Black roof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings  
Silver horses ran down moonbeams in your dark eyes  
Dawn light 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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