

White Room

Demons & Wizards

In a white room with black curtains near the stations
Blackroof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings,
Silver horses run down moonbeams in your dark eyes.

Dawnlight smiles on your 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 stations.

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

I'll wait for you where the shadows run from themselves At 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 jst 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

Songwriters

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