

# The Upstairs Room

## RAWLEY TAYLOR

I love it, all these games we play  
I close my eyes, you run away  
I'm sure I asked you to stay  
But now you're goneToday I feel the gray pulse in my head  
I turn off the lights and crawl into bed  
I try to think of sunshine  
My body goes wet, with the first crash of thunderI don't think I can know  
Anyone but you  
That's for sureWhen it gets to four, it's my turn to go  
Oh the kiss, so alcoholic and slow  
Arranging me for Saturday  
I thought you would know  
That I always sleep aloneI don't think I can know  
Anyone but you dear  
That's for sure  
That's for sure  
That's for sure  
That's for sureThe upstairs room is cool and bright  
We could go up there in summer  
And dance all nightYour sister started talking at a minute after ten  
So everyone jumped up and then fell over again  
In April you could join them and stare at me  
At the ghost from your past  
At the ghost from your past  
A ghost from your  
A ghost from your pastI don't think I can know  
Anyone but you dear  
That's for sure  
That's for sure

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