

# My Room (Waiting for Wonderland)

## Van Der Graaf Generator

Searching for diamonds in a sulphur mine,  
    leaning on props which are rotten,  
hoping for anything, looking for a sign  
    that I am not forgotten.  
Lost in a labyrinth of future mystery,  
    tracing my steps, all mistaken,  
trusting to everything, praying it can be  
that I am not forsaken. I wait by the door, wondering  
    when you will come and keep me warm.  
I pray for the end of the night,  
    hoping the light will still the storm  
    which presently entraps me;  
helpless sea-monster stranded on the shore,  
    marooned in an ecstasy of waiting,  
I yearn, although knowing that I shall dive no  
    more  
in the tide already racing. My lungs burst to cry: "Finally  
    how could you leave me here to die?  
I freeze in the chill of this place  
    with no friendly face to smile goodbye-  
how could you let it happen?" How could you let it happen?  
Dreams, hopes and promises, fragments out of  
    time,  
    all of these things have been spoken;  
but still you don't understand how it feels when I'm  
    waiting for them to be broken.

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