In Your Room

Depeche Mode

In your room, where time stands still
Or moves at your will
Will let the morning come soon
Or will leave me lying here
In your favorite darkness
Your favorite half light
Your favorite consciousness
Your favorite slave
In your room, where souls disappear
Only you exist here
Will lead me to your armchair
Or leave me lying here
Your favorite innocence
Your favorite prize
Your favorite smile
Your favorite slave
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here
In your room, your burning eyes
'Cause flames to arise
Will you let the fire die down soon
Or will I always be here
Your favorite passion
Your favorite game
Your favorite mirror
Your favorite slave
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin

Will I always be here
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here
I'm hanging on your words
Living on your breath
Feeling with your skin
Will I always be here

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