

The Girl In The Other Room

Diana Krall

The girl in the other room
She knows by now
There's something in all of her fears
Now she wears it threadbare
She sits on the floor
The glass pressed tight to the wall
She hears murmurs low
The paper is peeling
Her eyes staring straight at the ceiling Maybe they're there
Or maybe it's nothing at all
As she draws lipstick smears on the wall The girl in the other room
She powders her face
And stares hard
Into her reflection The girl in the other room
She stifles a yawn
Adjusting the strap of her gown
She tosses her tresses
Her lover undresses
Turning the last lamp light down
What's that voice we're hearing?
We should be sleeping
Could that be someone who's weeping? Maybe she's there
Or maybe there's nothing to see
It's just a trace of what used to be The girl in the other room
She darkens her lash
And blushes
She seems to look familiar

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