

# 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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