

# This Room

## Eskimo Joe

What ever happened to this room?  
It used to be so good  
But now the days pile on the floor  
And rain leaks through the crepe paper  
We stuck up on the door No more pictures on the wall  
No more memories of holidays  
We took when we were  
Two years younger than we are  
Today All I know is she 's never impressed by me Broken bottles on the ground  
Blown by the wind shattered pieces lie among the plants  
Collecting water and reflecting all the sound  
They are reflecting all the sound All I know is she's never impressed by me  
Makes no difference can't you see  
She's the one who needs to be  
All I know she's never impressed by me  
And the secret note that she wrote..oh I'm special  
What ever happened to this room?

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