

Here In My Room

Incubus

This party is old and uninviting
Participants all in black and white
You enter in full blown Technicolor
Nothing is the same after tonight If the world were to fall apart
In a fiction-worthy wind
I wouldn't change a thing
Now that you're here And love is a verb
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room
Yeah, love is a verb
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room You enter and close the door behind you
Now show me the world as seen from the stars
If only the lights would dim a little
And I'm weary of eyes upon my scars If the world were to fall apart
In a fiction-worthy wind
I wouldn't change a thing
Now that you're here And love is a verb
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room
Yeah, love is a verb
Here in my room, here in my room, here in my room Pink tractor beam into your incision
Head spinning as free as Dervish's whirl
I came here expecting next to nothing
So thank you for being that kind of girl That kind of girl
That kind of girl
That kind of girl
...

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