

## **Depeche Mode**

### **"In Your Room"**

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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  
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Will I always be here

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

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