

Eskimo Joe "This Room"

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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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