

Bryan Ferry

"When She Walks in The Room"

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When she walks in the room, then you know
Why your date says it's late, time to go
And you know you can't leave, you must stay
Till her laughter has drifted away

So you talk to the walls, always know
'Cause they've seen it all and heard it all before
And your fair weather friends, fail to speak
They're so afraid still waters run deep

And they're don't understand or perceive
That you can't see the wood for the trees
Christmas trees, you were sure, weren't the sort
To build up your hopes then sell you short
Yeah, to build you up and sell you short

All your life you were taught to believe
Then a moment of truth, you're deceived
All the wine in your life's all dried up
Is now the time to give up?

Like the soft paper cup that you squeeze
So you take this and that and then some more
And you make your way through the door
You make up your way through the door
Through the door, through the door

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