

## **My Sister's Machine "Empty Room"**

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(Pollock/Wright)

Here I sit and I count the hours  
The days turn into a stream  
These empty walls are filled with power  
Of things that aren't what they seem  
The home fires are burning tonight on  
The memories left laying out here on the ground  
The home fires are burning tonight on  
All of our dreams lost, we're getting old and not  
making a sound  
If I could have it all anyways  
Would the pain be the same  
And if I could make it all go away  
Would I see anything outside of my empty room  
All's in order now the mood here is tame  
The air holds nothing, no shame  
So here I sit still thinking it over  
In a room that eats up the pain  
The home fires are burning tonight on  
The memories left laying out here on the ground  
The home fires are burning tonight on  
All of our dreams lost, we're getting old and not  
making a sound  
If I could have it all anyways  
Would the pain be the same  
And if I could make it all go away  
Would I see anything outside of my empty room

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