

Sheryl Crow "White Room"

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In the white room with black curtains by the station
Blackroof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings
Silver horses ran down moonbeams in your dark eyes
Dawnlight smiles on you leaving, my contentment

I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in this place where the shadows run from
themselves

You said no strings could secure you at the station
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye windows
I walked into such a sad time at the station
When I walked out, felt my own need just beginning

I'll sleep in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in the dark where the shadows run from
themselves

At the party she was kindness in the hard crowd
Consolation for the old wound, now forgotten
Yellow tigers crouched in jungles in her dark eyes
Now she's dressing, goodbye windows, tired starlings

I'll wait in the queue where the trains come around
Wait here with you where the shadows run from
themselves

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