

The Bloomfields

"In My Room"

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Things do to yea I've got them in my room
I've got it going on
The silence of the phone not ringing's just a present
Thing
Under my, my mind
Whoo whoo whoo whoo...

Think of you yea I've got such better things to do than
You
And I don't notice hardly even at all
The aching expanse of space
Aching radiating out
In circles around my house
Whooo whoo whoo whoo...

Things to do yea well I've got them in my room
I've got it going on
And I could read til the end of the page
Without looking for your name
Start over at the top of the page
Read it all again it's all the same
Whoo whoo whoo whoo...

And I don't notice hardly even at all
The aching expanse of space
Aching radiating out
In circles around my house
Whoo whoo whoo whoo...

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