

The Grownup Noise

"White Room"

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WHITE ROOM

WRITERS PETE BROWN, JACK BRUCE

In a white room With black curtains Near the stations
Blackroof country No gold pavements Tired starlings
Silver horses Ran down moonbeams In your dark eyes
Dawn-light smiled On you leaving My contentment I'll
wait in this place Where the sun never shines Wait in
this place Were the shadows run from themselves You
said no things Could secure you At the station Platform
tickets Restless diesels Goodbye windows In walked
into such a sad time At the station As I walked out Felt
my own need Just beginning I'll wait in the queue When
the trains come back Lie with you Where the shadows
run from themselves At the party She was kindness In
the hard crowd Consolation For the old wounds Now
forgotten Yellow tigers Crouched in jungles In het dark
eyes She's just dressing Goodbye windows Tired
starlings I'll sleep in this place With the lonely crowd
Life in the dark Where the shadows run from
themselves

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