

## **Nancy Sinatra** **"In My Room"**

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In my room  
way at the end of the hall  
I sit and I stare at the wall  
each day is just like the last  
for I live in the past

In my room  
where every night is the same  
I play a dangerous game  
I keep pretending he's late  
And I sit and I wait

Over there is the picture  
we took when he made me his bride  
Over there is the chair where  
he held me whenever I cried  
Over there by the window  
the flowers he left...

...I'm all right

In my room  
Way at the end of the hall  
I sit and I stare at the wall  
hating how lonely I've grown  
all alone  
in my room...

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