

Peter Murphy

"Low Room"

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You've been away a while, while the art on the box cuts
The streets gone wild, defeated wild
Sitting in the low room where we wind our love loom
Don't you think it's wrong that I should get stuck in a
room?

The low room
Low room
Low room
Two, three, uh

I don't know what, what I could do to break the chains?
We talk a lot, we break high ground, high ground no
shame
Maybe there's no need to fight against the chains,
rations of irrational
Thirsty for the up of secret honey, honey on the lips

Low room
Low, low
Ten
Three, four
Four, push

You're away tonight as the art on the box cuts
Vivid life in action shame as the shock cuts
Stuck in a room, frigid and strained
[Incomprehensible] interaction repeating refrains

In the low room
Repeating the holy names in the low room
Repeating the holy names in the low room
Repeating the holy names in the low room

[Incomprehensible]
Low room
[Incomprehensible]
Push

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