

Cutting Jade

"Every Room"

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Every room has a view
Of a different side of the ocean
But nobodies got a clue
In which direction to go in

She sits down on the rocks
Her hair blows in the wind
When our eyes meet she stops
And she says, "You can't save me now."

Every room has a view
Of a different side of my soul
But I don't have a clue
If together they make a whole

Every room has a view
Of a different side of the city
But nobody has a clue
If they think that blackened smoke
And white grass is pretty

I sit down on the rocks
And my hair blows in the wind
For a moment time stops
And I begin to have a view of my own

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