

Porter Wagoner "The Rubber Room"

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In a buildin' tall with a stone wall around there's a
rubber room
When a man sees things and hears sounds that's not
there
He's headed for the rubber room
Illusions in a twisted mind to save from self-destruction
hmm it's the rubber room
Where a man can run into the wall till his strenght
makes him fall and lie still
And wait for help in the rubber room
From his blurry vision of doom a psycho in the rubber
room
The man in the room right next to mine screams a
woman's name hits the wall in vain He's in the rubber
room
I hear footsteps poundin' on the floor God I hope they
don't stop at my door
Hmm I'm in the rubber room
Now they've come to get me but they find
I'm a screamin' pretty words tryin' to make 'em rhyme
I'm n the rubber room hmm a psycho I'm in the rubber
room hmm

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