

House Of Love, The "In A Room"

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(Come here) (or possibly something in Spanish)
(Hey)
When I get there I'll be ready
With a map and a pen - duty is a creed
There are lessons for the lonely
When I'm drunk in a room
That's when I think of you
Oh my baby - She went AWOL
Drove to a shop, never to return
And it broke me, like a flower baked in the sun
A hot Spanish sun
But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down
No I can't
What a story, not a volume
Just a tacky little ode in the corner of my mind
Maybe Preston in the winter
Drinking in the night - the cold English night
But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down
No I can't slow down

No I can't
So find out who you are
Take a train, use a car
You've got arms and you've got money
So find a finger and find out who you are
God, find out who you are
And there's a figure, he's so evil
With a black little eye and a pure white mind
And I'm so sorry when I see this
There's a lesson in the blood
The cold English blood
But I can't slow down
No I can't slow down X 6
Slow down
No I can't slow down X 6
Slow down
....etc...

