

KLF, The "The White Room"

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Talk to me, talk to me

If you want to know the things we see

Then step inside our skins

The White Room, the White Room

We spin, we turn, watch and wait

As the world just creeps on by

The White Room, the White Room

Talk to me, talk to me

Far below, a small boat sails

Catching fish from the sea

The White Room, the White Room

We climb the mountain, feel the wind

We climbed to touch the stars

The White Room, the White Room

The White Room, the White Room

More spetta na noo ne na noo things

The White Room, the White Room

The White Room, the White Room

(More spetta na noo ne na noo things)

The White Room, the White Room

