

Van Der Graaf Generator "My Room"

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(Hammill)

Searching for diamonds in a sulphur mine,
leaning on props that are rotten,
hoping for anything, looking for a sign
that I am not forgotten.

Lost in a labyrinth of future mystery,
tracing my steps, all mistaken,
trusting to everything, praying it can be
that I am not forsaken.

I wait by the door, wondering
when you will come and keep me warm.
I pray for the end of the night,
hoping the light will still the storm
which presently betrays me;
helpless sea-monster stranded on the shore,
marooned in an ecstasy of waiting,
I yearn, although knowing that I shall dive no
more
in the tide already racing.

My lungs burst to cry: "Finally
how could you leave me here to die?
I freeze in the chill of this place
with no friendly face to smile goodbye-
how could you let it happen?"

How could you let it happen?
Dreams, hopes and promises, fragments out of
time,
all of these things have been spoken;
still you don't understand how it feels when I'm
waiting for them to be broken.

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