

## A Room Lives in Lucy

## And Also The Trees

I hear voices from another morning  
And in the sunlight I feel the room grow  
Windows, white curtained and smooth walls  
But the night leaves her on the floors  
Of a mansion hall  
And the feet on the floors  
I must get up off the floors  
Off the floors... off the floors....  
In Lucy lives a room, inside  
I feel someone's waking in my room again  
She says she's leaving  
But she will never go  
Wilting while waiting in the dark leaves  
She's stretching but she cannot reach  
The pale flowers  
Watching their petals fall  
Like the rain  
How it rains... how it rains...  
In Lucy lives a room, inside  
There are a lot of nice places we could go  
There are such a lot of nice places we could go  
There are so many beautiful places  
I've seen them somewhere  
But where is it we go  
With the crumbled statues in the dappled wood  
And the gentle laughter swirls round the room  
And she's gone  
In Lucy lives a room