

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