The Room Nobody Lives In

Cass Elliot

The room nobody lives in
Is up the stairs and four doors down the hall
And no one ever goes there
Except for linens when the family comes to call

The room nobody lives in
Is always empty but immaculately clean
And all is softly silent
Except for buzzings of the flies between the screens

But there's a feeling even breathing in the air
Like there's someone, when there's no one even there
And I'm hearing the cheers for the heroes
Of scenes going down in this room for so many years

But now nobody goes there
For forty years or so this room has been alone
And starving for a moment
Completely human and completely all her own

The room nobody lives in is up the stairs
And four doors down the hall

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