

Music In My Room

Cheryl Wheeler

In my secret hideaway, I would play all night
So if you go out, hope you don't want me to
I've got a rendezvous with a stack of forty-fives

Saturday night sittin' home alone
Disconnect the phone, put those records on
Up in my room, tryin' to find the chords

Learnin' all the words, to all my favorite songs
I love to hear those voices talk in rhymes
I know I've played this one a hundred times

And I know the songs will end too soon
When I'm listenin' to the music in my room

Up in my bed by the radio
Kept it turned so low listnin' in the dark
Closing my eyes, whispering along

Waiting for the song that always hit the mark
I counted two's and four's instead of sheep
And I sailed across the Mersey in my sleep

And I knew the songs would end too soon
When I listened to the music in my room

It was something to take with me where I went
Secret and seductive in my ear
Oh, wondering at all those hours spent
Lost in something I could only hear

Saturday night always here and gone
Sunday comes along, Friday seems so far
Sitting in school, groovin' in my chair

Tap the desk and stare and dream of my guitar
I drifted off in waves of rock and roll
And I wondered if I had a rubber soul

And I knew the songs would end too soon
When I listened to the music in my room

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I've got a rendezvous with a stack of forty-fives