

Room

Liza Anne

How can I find my home
In the darkness of your mind
You talk of her too much to let it go easy
Will you ever let go long enough to want me?

Oh, because I saw, black as a night, ocean's abyss of her in your eyes
I saw it when you looked through me that night
I heard it in the whispers between your teeth,
Heard it in the way you tried to say that you loved me
Heard it in your leaving, you were packing up your things
I should have known you didn't want me
You never had room to want me

A flickering of innocent light,
But a fire never burns all the way through a windy night
I can't help but notice that you look so nice
Oh, and November's chilling my spine with his call

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