

## The Room Below

Marc Almond

I keep old feelings locked  
In the room below  
Soft kisses  
Stained wine glasses  
And outside the snow  
Broken windows  
Wilted flowers  
And we stayed happy there for hours  
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya  
She sings my sad then happy heart  
How I loved any kind of love  
And you the love of art  
I painted walls flamenco orange  
You painted me in greys and charcoals  
We stayed together, braved the winter  
I was happy, but then I had you  
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya  
She sings my sad then happy heart  
How I loved any kind of love  
And you the love of art  
Sometimes the ceiling would collapse  
The upstairs sink leaked down our walls  
We never washed the cups or dishes  
Well love can keep you very busy  
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya  
She sings my sad then happy heart  
How I loved any kind of love  
And you the love of art