

The Rubber Room

Porter Wagoner

In a buildin' tall with a stone wall around there's a rubber room
When a man sees things and hears sounds that's not there
He's headed for the rubber room
Illusions in a twisted mind to save from self-
destruction, hmm, it's the rubber room
Where a man can run into the wall till his strength makes him fall
and lie still
And wait for help in the rubber room
From his blurry vision of doom a psycho in the rubber room

The man in the room right next to mine screams a woman's name,
hits the wall in vain, he's in the rubber room
I hear footsteps poundin' on the floor God I hope they don't stop
at my door
Hmm, I'm in the rubber room
Now they've come to get me but they find
I'm a screamin' pretty words tryin' to make 'em rhyme
I'm in the rubber room
Hmm, a psycho I'm in the rubber room, hmm