

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