

The Empty Room

Ray Davies

In a room called desolation
That resembles a Tomb
It's here we find our hero
The subject of this tune

He gets up from the table
He walks across the room
He looks out of the window
At the clouds of gloom

He turns and sees a mirror
Reflecting someone he once knew
He feels his nose and mouth
And whispers who are you?

No memories to haunt him
No ghost to exorcise
No pictures on the table
To bring sentimental tears to his eyes
The past belongs to those possessions
Obligations and the ties
Forced on him so long ago
Now he's waving them goodbye

And he doesn't feel pathetic
He's not such a loser after all
That empty room can't torture him
'Cos he's dispossessed it all

Everybody needs an empty room
Nostalgic memories, they'll drive you to doom
Lose all of those attachments start again, and very soon
You'll find yourself just thinking of the life in front of you
Be happy and contented in that empty room

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