

## In My Room

The Walker Brothers

In my room, way at the end of the hall  
I sit and stare at the wall  
Thinking how lonesome I've grown, all alone  
In my room

In my room, where every night is the same  
I play a dangerous game  
I keep pretending she's late  
So I sit, and I wait

Over there is the picture we took when I made her my  
bride  
Over there is the chair where I held her whenever she cried  
Over there by the window, the flowers she left - have all  
died

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