

# Cindy Morgan, In These Rooms

In these rooms dark and bare  
I recall when life was living here  
How we sang and how we cried  
A little of us lived here  
And a little of us died  
Mama she knew how to sing  
But her eyes were always sad and wondering  
You see her daddy drank  
And he ran around  
He ran away with all her dreams  
And she looked just like an angel  
With broken wings  
Broken angel  
You can learn how to fly  
Let the wind carry you  
far deep and wide  
Beautiful angel  
Well, it's okay to cry  
Cause your tears will bloom  
Someday on the other side  
I never like my mama's daddy  
For more reasons than I can share  
My mama held him as he died  
And I'm ashamed to say I never cried  
Chubby fat and insecure  
Two crooked teeth  
And clothes from a thrift store  
Well I never quite fit in  
I guess that's why I'm singing  
(chorus)  
In these rooms dark and bare  
What once seemed so confusing  
Seems crystal clear  
If I were to look back into you  
The way you've looked down into me  
I bet you'd look just like an angel  
I bet you'd look a whole lot like me yeah  
I bet you'd look just like an angel  
With broken wings, broken wings  
Yeah your tears will bloom someday  
On the other side