

Peter Murphy, Low Room

You've been away a while, while the art on the box cuts
The streets gone wild defeated wild
Sitting in the low room
Where we wind our love loom
Don't y'think it's wrong
That I should get stuck in a room

The low room Low--room--low--room
2,3, uh!

I don't know what
What I can do to break the chains
We talk a lot we break high ground, high ground no shame
Maybe there's no need to fight against the chains
Rations of irrational thirsty for the up
Of secret honey, honey on the lips
Low--room--low--low
Ten!
--3--4--push

You're away tonight as the art on the box cuts
Vivid life in action
Shame as the shock cuts
Stuck in a rom frigid and strained
Rejecting interaction repeating refrains
In the low room
Repeating the holy names in the low room
Repeating the holy names in the low room
--low--room
Push