

Rick Springfield, White Room

I can see her at her windows watching
Locked away inside her skin
I can see her but I can't get to her
She won't come out, and she won't let me into

The White Room (she's living in)
Lying alone 'til she comes undone
In The White Room
She burns for the real thing
But it won't come

In her head is the same obsession
And all the bottles and pills won't heal her heart
She heard his last confession
Every word just tears her apart

In The White Room (locked away)
Doing time 'til her time is done
In The White Room there's so much to say
But the words won't come

Come back to the land of the living
When you gonna break that chain
There's much too much that you're leaving
And you're never gonna stop the rain

In The White Room
Waiting for the call that never comes
In The White Room, she waits

Look at something long enough you'll find
That the splinters and the cracks begin to show
I'll be the first in line when the walls start falling
And she lets go of

The White Room (it's late)
Living alone only makes you numb
In the White Room
She burns for the real thing but it won't come

Come back to the land of the living
When you gonna break that chain
There's much too much that you're leaving
And you're never gonna stop the rain

In The White Room (she's living in)
Doing time 'til her time is done
In The White Room she burns

In The White Room (it's late)
Lying alone till she comes undone
In The White Room she waits

In The White Room...