

Squeeze, In Today's Room

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Time is a corridor that winds through my life
Out of each door comes a day
And when that door closes and I've said good night
Another door opens again
Down in the corridor there will be a time
When I shall run out of doors
I'll scramble through windows and pull up the blinds
In another room I'm still not too sure
That there's no room for me down here
I shall be sorry
It will be clear
And I'll regret not seeing her more
In today's room love's at the door

I look at my wrist watch, the hands ever turn
Her face is there I can see
I'll always regret it but I'll never learn
Time is so precious to me
Out in the corridor she sits in a chair
Here I am pacing the floor
I've not got the courage, my hand combs my hair
In today's room I'm still not too sure

That there's no room for me down here
Will I be sorry
Well that won't be clear
And I'll regret not seeing her more
In today's room love's at the door

In today's room, strawberry jam
No hope of blue skies holiday plans
In today's room, trips to the shops
She's on the doorstep carrying a box