

Sylvia Juncosa, Room 3

In the office waiting room
One girl enters softly, quickly
She seems somewhat bashful
and you cannot meet her eye
She's come to see her doctor,
but, she has no disease

It's the weight of the world
That's brought her to her knees

A deal is simple made
Both sides are well-pleased
Behind the doors of Room 3

He's well-known, respected
He owns the premises
He smiles as always,
but you cannot meet his eye

What is it that seems so wrong
With living his fantasies
When the weight of the world
Has brought him to his knees

Anything is legal
In their own society
Behind the walls of Room 3
A deal is simple made
Both sides are well-pleased
Behind the doors of Room 3