

10,000 Maniacs, A Room For Everything

[10,000 Maniacs]

You were looking away from me, western skies calling you.
Colors spilling, running dazzling you.
I was looking the other way, voices call from the east,
I saw my roots of the trees there planted at my feet.
It could be I'm searching for a place so small
with room for everything where worlds on worlds revolve.
But how can we wait?
I wouldn't hold you back.
Suppose I was the clever one and words came easy to me.
I could say I was writing a song about you and me.
Maybe that verse is yet to be found, but waits inside of me,
a secret room a tangled web to unweave.
But how can we wait knowing our ways, how can we hold on,
still you know it's not too late.