

Diana Krall, The Girl In The Other Room

The girl in the other room
She knows by now
There's something in all of her fears
Now she wears this thread bare
She sits on the floor
The glass pressed tight to the wall
She hears murmurs low
The paper is peeling
Her eyes staring straight at the ceiling

Maybe they're there
Or maybe it's nothing at all
As she draws lipstick smears on the wall

The girl in the other room
She powders her face
And stares hard into her reflection

The girl in the other room
She stifles a yawn
Adjusting the strap of her gown
She tosses her tresses
Her lover undresses
Turning the last lamp light down
What's that voice we're hearing
We should be sleeping
Could that be someone who's weeping
Maybe she's there
Maybe there's nothing to see
Just a trace of what used to be
The girl in the other room
She darkens her lash and blushes
She seems to look familiar