

Eskimo Joe, This Room

Whatever happened to this room
It used to be so good, and now the days pile on the floor
And the rain leaked through the crate paper we stuck up on the door

No more pictures on the wall
No more memories of holidays we took when we were two years younger than we are today

All I know is she never impressed by me
All I know is she never impressed by me

Broken bottles on the ground
Blown by the wind, shatter peice and walk among the plants
Collecting water and reflecting all the sounds they are reflecting all the sounds

All I know is she never impressed by me
All I know is she never impressed by me

It makes no difference can't you see
She's the one who needs to be
All I know is she never impressed by me

And the secret note that she wrote oh I'm special

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