

Incubus, Here In My Room

This party is old and uninviting
Participants all in black and white
You enter in fullblown technicolor
Nothing is the same after tonight

If the world would fall apart
In a fiction worthy wind
I wouldn't change a thing
Now that you're here

Yeah, love is a verb here in my room
Here in my room, here in my room

You enter and close the door behind you
Now show me the world as seen from the stars
If only the lights would dim a little
I'm weary of eyes upon my scars

Pink tractor beam into your incision
Head spinning as free as dervishs' whirl
I came here expecting next to nothing
So thank you for being that kind of girl
That kind of girl