

# 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 dervishes' whirl  
I came here expecting next to nothing  
So thank you for being that kind of girl  
That kind of girl