

# Jim Carroll, Rooms

By jim carroll and steve linsley

You're passing,  
I hear your shadow through the door  
It's outlined on my shade  
Like a map of some foreign shore  
If I could keep that shadow,  
I could live forever in these

Rooms, the rooms inside my dreams . . .  
And dreams have kept me in these rooms

I've never seen her face  
But I've memorized each sound . . .  
The way the wind meets grace

When it's shadows pull her gown

But I could never hear the whispers,  
Voices cannot reach my room

I live inside my dreams, and dreams  
Have locked me in these rooms

I have no sense of time,  
Or even night and day. I left my body  
Somewhere, somehow it  
Just got in the way

I guess I always knew  
These rooms would all lead back to you