

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