

Kate Bush, In The Warm Room

In the warm room
Her perfume reaches you.
Eventually you'll fall for her.
Down you'll go
To where the mellow wallows.

In the warm room
She'll touch you with your Mamma's hand.
You'll long to kiss those red lips,
But when you do
It'll feel like kicking a habit.

She'll tell you that she'll stay,
So you'd better barricade the way out.
She'll tell you she's true.
She'll tell you she loves you.
She's waiting in that warm room.

In the warm room
She prepares to go to bed.
She'll let you watch her undress,
Go places where
Your fingers long to linger.

In the warm room
You'll fall into her like a pillow.
Her thighs are soft as marshmallows.
Say hello
To the soft musk of her hollows.

She'll tell you that she'll stay,
So you'd better barricade the way out.
She'll tell you she's true.
She'll tell you she loves you.
She's waiting in that warm room.

In the warm room.

She's waiting in that warm room.