Mesh, Room With A View

I thought I knew Something more about you than you let through I thought I saw Something close to kindness, but that was all

Oh, it's so ironic You've got the good book Your name's still on it Oh, you're so ironic That you've got a room with a view

How wrong it feels Watching your delight as they grease the wheels My patience thin You're tearing off strips of another's skin

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So what becomes of a friend That no-one wants to defend?

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(How... How wrong it feels)
(Ooh, it's so ironic)
(How... How wrong it feels)
(Ooh, it's so ironic)
That you've got a room with a view
That you've got a room with a view