

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

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

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