

Nancy Sinatra, In My Room

In my room
we're at the end of the harm
I sit and stare at the wall
each day's just like the last
for I lived in the past

In my room
where every night is the same
I play a dangerous game
I keep pretending he's late
And I sit and I wait

All the day is the picture
we took when he made me his bride
All the day is the charm way
he held me whenever I cried
All the day by the window
the flowers he left...

...I won't die!

In my room
we're at the end of the harm
I sit at I stare at the wall
hating how lonely I've growned
all alone
in my room...