

# Nields, Blue Room

I'm all alone in this blue room.  
The chair's on fire, but I don't move,  
just turn my head from side to side.

I'm all alone in this blue room.  
Count the windows; there are two  
and I recount them from time to time.

There's a moment of decision  
and it's coming up much much later.  
I'm all alone in this blue room.  
Hear the engines rumbling through  
I close the shutters and I change the channel.  
I sit and sing the TV news,  
every note I sing is blue  
and every note is more than I can handle.