

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.