

Porter Wagoner, Rubber Room

In a buildin' tall with a stone wall around there's a rubber room

When a man sees things and hears sounds that's not there

He's headed for the rubber room

Illusions in a twisted mind to save from self-destruction hmm it's the rubber room

Where a man can run into the wall till his strenght makes him fall and lie still

And wait for help in the rubber room

From his blurry vision of doom a psycho in the rubber room

The man in the room right next to mine screams a woman's name hits the wall in vain He's in the r

I hear footsteps poundin' on the floor God I hope they don't stop at my door

Hmm I'm in the rubber room

Now they've come to get me but they find

I'm a screamin' pretty words tryin' to make 'em rhyme

I'm n the rubber room hmm a psycho I'm in the rubber room hmm