

Room Eleven, All Right

Lazy on the couch
On a Sunday afternoon
I'm listening to Miles
That's why I miss you
While floating on his jazzy sounds.
I'm lifting my glass again
Sunlight whispers rainbows on the wall

I know, I know, I know
But I can't believe it
I really do not understand
I believe you should be here right now!
Then it would be all right