

Sheryl Crow, White Room

Ah, in a white room with black curtains, near the stations
Blackroof country, no gold pavements, tired starlings
Silver horses, run down moonbeams in your dark eyes
Drawnlight smiles on your leaving, my contentment

I'll wait in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in this place where the shadows run from themselves

You said no strings could secure you at the station
Platform ticket, restless diesels, goodbye windows
I walked into such a sad time at the station
When I walked out, felt my own need just beginning I'll sleep in this place where the sun never shines
Wait in the dark where the shadows run from themselves

At the party she was kindness in the hard crowd
Consolation from the old wound now forgotten
Yellow tiggers crouched in jungles in her dark eyes
She's just dressing goodbye windows, tired starlings

I'll wait in the queue when the trains come back
Wait here with you where the shadows run from themselves