

# Veljanov, In My Room

In my room  
Way at the end of the hall  
I sit and stare at the wall  
Thinking how lonesome I've grown  
All alone  
In my room  
In my room  
Where every night is the same  
I play a dangerous game  
I keep pretending she's late  
And I sit and I wait

Over there is the picture we took  
When I made her my bride  
Over there is the chair where I held her  
Whenever she cried  
Over there by the window the flowers she left  
Have all died

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