

Walter Egan, Welcome To The Room...Sara

It's not home
And it's not Tara
In fact do I know you
Have I been here before
This is a dream, right
Deja Vu
Did I come here on my own
Oh I see
Welcome to the room Sara
For Scarlett
Welcome to the choir, sir

Oooh
Missionary
Well I will be different
When I get back
And you can take
All of the credit
You say everything's fine, baby
But sometimes at night
Where the first cut is the
deepest one of all
And the second one
Well it's a worthless thing, so
Take it all the way back home
Take it home

Ooh, downstairs where the

Big old house is mine
Ooh, upstairs where the
Stars laugh and shine
Oh, Oh well I thought that
You were mine
Well I thought that
You were mine

Welcome to the room Sara, Sara
(For Scarlett)
Welcome to the choir, sir
Well of course it was a problem
(For Scarlett)
Front Line baby
Well you held her prisoner
And after all these years
Well as well as you knew her
In the never forgotten words
Of another one of your friends
In the never forgotten words
of another one of your
friends, baby
When you hang up that phone
Well you cease to exist
Welcome to the room Sara
Welcome
Welcome to the room everyone