

# 10,000 Maniacs, A Room For Everything

[ 10,000 Maniacs ]

You were looking away from me, western skies calling you.  
Colors spilling, running dazzling you.  
I was looking the other way, voices call from the east,  
I saw my roots of the trees there planted at my feet.  
It could be I'm searching for a place so small  
with room for everything where worlds on worlds revolve.  
But how can we wait?  
I wouldn't hold you back.  
Suppose I was the clever one and words came easy to me.  
I could say I was writing a song about you and me.  
Maybe that verse is yet to be found, but waits inside of me,  
a secret room a tangled web to unweave.  
But how can we wait knowing our ways, how can we hold on,  
still you know it's not too late.