

# Alice Cooper, The Quiet Room

(Alice Cooper / Bernie Taupin / Dick Wagner)

The California air  
Your nightgown on the stairs  
I remember every night  
Scenes from home in the Quiet Room

How long have I been gone  
Did winter kill the lawn  
And all those polaroids you sent  
Are on the wall in the Quiet Room

They've got this place  
Where they've been keeping me  
Where I can't hurt myself  
I can't get my wrists to bleed  
Just don't know why  
Suicide appeals to me

The Quiet Room  
Is sterilized and white  
It's like a tomb  
With just a moth stained naked night

Plastic forks and spoon  
No laces in my shoes  
They all know what I tried to do  
Outside the Quiet Room

This quiet place  
It ain't so new to me  
It's haunted atmosphere  
Has heard so many scream  
My home from home  
My twilight zone  
My strangest dream

My confidant  
I have confessed my life  
The Quiet Room  
Knows more about me than my wife

They've got this place  
Where they've been keeping me  
Where I can't hurt myself  
I just can't  
I just can't get these damn wrists to bleed

A mattress on the floor  
No handles on the door  
I really need nothing here  
I'm alone