

# Rick Springfield, The White Room

(SpringfieldVallance)

I can see her at her windows watching,  
locked away inside her skin,  
I can see her but I can't get to her, she won't come out,  
and she won't let me into

The white room (she's living in)  
Lying alone til she comes undone  
In the white room, she burns for the real thing.  
But it won't come.

In her head is the same obsession  
and all the bottles and pills won't heal her heart.  
She heard his last confession  
and every word just tears her apart

In the white room (locked away)  
doing time till her time is done  
In the white room there's so much to say  
but the words won't come.

Come back to the land of the living,  
when you gonna break the chain,  
there's so much too much that you're leaving  
and you're never gonna stop the rain  
In the white room.  
waiting for the call that never comes  
in the white room, she awaits.

Look at something long enough you'll find,  
that the splinters and the cracks begin to show,  
I'll be the first in line when the walls start falling  
and she lets go of

The white room (it's late)  
living alone only makes you numb  
In the white room she burns for the real thing  
but it won't come

In the white room (she's living in) I think its time  
that you're time is done,  
In the white room she burns  
In the white room (it's late)  
lying alone till she comes undone  
In the white room she awaits

In the white room