## In your room - Depeche Mode

In your room

Where time stands still

Or moves at your will

Will you let the morning come soon

Or will you leave me lying here

In your favourite darkness

Your favourite half-light

Your favourite consciousness

Your favourite slave

In your room

Where souls disappear

Only you exist here

Will you lead me to your armchair

Or leave me lying here

Your favourite innocence

Your favourite prize

Your favourite smile

Your favourite slave

I'm hanging on your words

Living on your breath

Feeling with your skin

Will I always be here

I'm hanging on your words

Living on your breath

Feeling with your skin

Will I always be here

In your room

Your burning eyes

Cause flames to arise

Will you let the fire die down soon

Or will I always be here

Your favourite passion

Your favourite game

Your favourite mirror

Your favourite slave

I'm hanging on your words

Living on your breath Feeling with your skin Will I always be here I'm hanging on your words Living on your breath Feeling with your skin Will I always be here I'm hanging on your words Living on your breath Feeling with your skin Will I always be here I'm hanging on your words Living on your breath Feeling with your skin Will I always be here Will I always be here Will I always be here Will I always be here





Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych