

# Squeeze, In Today's Room

(Difford/Tilbrook)

Time is a corridor that winds through my life  
Out of each door comes a day  
And when that door closes and I've said good night  
Another door opens again  
Down in the corridor there will be a time  
When I shall run out of doors  
I'll scramble through windows and pull up the blinds  
In another room I'm still not too sure  
That there's no room for me down here  
I shall be sorry  
It will be clear  
And I'll regret not seeing her more  
In today's room love's at the door

I look at my wrist watch, the hands ever turn  
Her face is there I can see  
I'll always regret it but I'll never learn  
Time is so precious to me  
Out in the corridor she sits in a chair  
Here I am pacing the floor  
I've not got the courage, my hand combs my hair  
In today's room I'm still not too sure

That there's no room for me down here  
Will I be sorry  
Well that won't be clear  
And I'll regret not seeing her more  
In today's room love's at the door

In today's room, strawberry jam  
No hope of blue skies holiday plans  
In today's room, trips to the shops  
She's on the doorstep carrying a box