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## The Yellow Room

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## **The Yellow Room**

*Daniel Hernandez*

She lives in a yellow room  
She'll die lonely  
I can't explain why I have to hate her the way  
that I do  
I just don't understand why she would choose  
to live  
In that rotting Yellow Room

It isn't as if the room isn't pretty  
It is that you like that sort of thing  
The girl just doesn't realize that the world  
doesn't take pity  
On those that sell out their own  
Or people who live in little Yellow Rooms

The room is like a dungeon of fashion  
The bath towels all match the motif  
She bathes in the water only riches can bring  
She uses her yellow soap  
And sits alone in her hideous Yellow Room

She has yellow hair  
Not blonde or flaxen  
That would be too regal, I suppose  
I can picture her now, crying while she  
brushes her hair  
In that damnable Yellow Room

I can't explain the enmity I feel  
The room is uniform  
It has no personality or charm  
It houses only duplicity and lies

Just like the girl who lives in the Yellow  
Room

She smokes a little dope now and then  
I hope her mommy never finds out  
I know all about you, my pet  
I know all your dirty little secrets  
I know what goes on in your Yellow Room

People like her hardly ever suffer  
They flit through life unafraid of anything  
Except facing themselves  
And realizing their souls have signs that read  
"Vacant"  
Finally, being forced to go and weep in their  
Yellow Rooms

So, now the game is up  
You have been discovered  
The nasty days are just beginning  
Your friends have all disowned you  
The only thing you have left is your Yellow  
Room

I've said just about all there is to say  
Homogeny is for science  
Not people  
But, it is too late for her  
And her Yellow Room