

Who Was in My Room Last Night?

Butthole Surfers

I'm flying...
I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, flying away, I'm flying away
I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying
I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying, I'm flying All night long, my body
burned

The sheets were wet and cold
The lights were on, my eyes were gone
And at any second I'd lose control The pounding on my window's
Was just the pounding in my head
I wonder who was in my room that night
Who the hell was in my bed?
There must have been a body there
I swear I felt some flesh
It took a little time, but I figured they were mine
There were fingers going down my chest My mouth went through the ceiling
And my body fell to the floor
I couldn't find a key 'cause there was no hole I could see
And someone had moved the door
The cops, the priest, the crisis line
And no one really had a clue
No one to tell us who was touchin' me
Or exactly what I should do
My throat was dry, my hopes were high
But nothing really ever got said
But who was in my room that night?
Who the hell was in my bed?

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