

In our room at the top of the stairs by Liza Rae
(Tuning - CGCEGC)

Pink and purple walls, Rug of hot pink shag
Our twin beds end to end so our toes might snag
Snuggled under the slanted roof on the right side of our room
In our room at the top of the stairs

Another day of sun playing on Jones Beach sand
It was time for bed for us small fries
Tucked all in like bugs in a rug as our Daddy'd sing Tura lura li
In our room at the top of the stairs

And the songs Dad loved to share I imagined the rivers of the
Shenando(ah) there and I wished I had a mule named Sal so I could
navigate the Erie Canal
In our room at the top of the stairs

Dear Molly Malone's ghost was oh so sweet crying cockles and mussels
down the Dublin streets. Hope Froggy's courting ended in a swoon with
Miss Mousy for whom he crooned.
In our room at the top of the stairs

When I was sent to my room, for disobeying or so.
I'd climb to the room, the room at the top of the stairs
Pull our book of songs right off that shelf carved into the left side of
our slanted roof in our room at the top of the stairs.
And I'd sing. And I'd sing in the room @the top of the stairs

Oh those days have gone but for you and I. How I miss your sweet
brown eyes. The room we shared, dear sister of mine and our dad whose
been gone such a long, long time

The songs we sang like golden wine
In our room at the top of the stairs