

## 76% Uncertain "The Door"

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There's a room inside each of us  
That's under lock and key  
We've got to store some things in there  
We don't want anybody to see  
A shroud of cobwebs, a blanket of dust  
Shed our prejudice and fears  
Never think too much about that place  
Until someone comes too near

Suppose somebody figures out  
The way to get to that room and then  
Breaks down the door  
I wonder what might happen  
If I lose my inhibitions and just  
Break down the door

Can't let them see all the selfishness  
Sealed off from intimacy  
Got to hide the pride, the greed  
The indifference, the vanity  
Brace that door against the world  
Then pretend to care so much  
Real love, trust and respect can wait outside  
The room remains untouched

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The way to get to that room and then  
Breaks down the door  
I wonder what might happen  
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Break down the door

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