

Fact

"Being Watched"

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It's late at night
The house is dark
The t.v. glow won't let me sleep
A noise is heard
I'm filled with fright
The doors are locked
I'm sure I'm sure
A feeling hits me
What's going on
Did that shadow move or was it me
Is this real
Am I asleep
What was that
I check the phone, no it's not dead
That would suck there's no one to call
Those horror movies play with my mind
It might be a burglar, or even worse
I can see it now in tomorrow's paper
"Boy axed to death while alone at home"
The thing I'm scared of is being scared
Courage prevails
I'll check it out
Feeling down the hall
For the switch
The light comes on but there's nothing there
That window's open now what do I do
Did the psycho enter here or not at all
A slow pace draws me to the window
I shut it tight and draw the shade
I turn around silhouette slams door
I freeze in terror, a light clicks on
I wake in shock stiff as a board
It feels like spiders are in my bed
Ten minutes later I start to breath but I'm being
watched.

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