

Jim Lowe **"Four Walls"**

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Out where the bright lights are glowing
You're drawn like a moth to a flame
You laugh while the wine's over-flowing
While I sit and whisper your name

Four walls to hear me
Four walls to see
Four walls too near me
Clo-osing in on me

Sometimes I ask why I'm waiting
But my walls have nothing to say
I'm made for love, not for waiting
But here where you've left me, I'll stay

Four walls to hear me
Four walls to see
Four walls too near me
Clo-osing in on me

One night with you is like heaven
And so, while I'm walking the floor
I'll listen for steps in the hallway
And wait for your knock on my door

Four walls to hear me
Four walls to see
Four walls too near me
Clo-osing in on me
Clo-osing in on me

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