

Lisa Mitchell**"The Land Beyond The Front Door"**

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There's a land beyond the front door
Near where the bike leans
And nobody sees
It's like a good dream
In the dark you hold me
And we go slow dancing
Like we're in a movie
And nobody knows
And nobody sees
The land near where the bike leans

Well darling I've got yours
And darling you've got mine

But the land beyond the front door
Near where the bike leans
Well I haven't been there
In quite a few weeks
I wonder if it's still there
Like a dance floor waiting
Or is it like everything
And is it always changing

Well darling I got you
And darling I'll be true

But we can still go dancing
Near where the bike leans
In another suburb
In another city
You can still hold my hands
Behind my back
Do you hear the schoolyard
Oh what a beautiful soundtrack

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