

Sarah Mclachlan

"Back Door Man"

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You open your eyes, look around
You feel the earth it wanders out
From under your feet the ground
Is not firm but soft and weak like skin
Under the touch, cannot stop to falter
Now, the damage is done the certainties gone
The spirits altered

And now the angry morning
Gives the early signs of warning
You must face alone the plans you make
Decisions they will try to break

Our hands are tied on the table
Maybe you can try at the back door man
While the helpless line up on the doorsteps
Oh 'cause it's all they can do to try to get through, oh

All of your life you've lived in a world as pure, as
Eden's sixth day
Now all you've been allowed, is taken away
They will not let you be so proud
You have felt the fear growing inside
Protest follows far and wide
They'll see how long it will take 'till you fall from so
much denied

Your soul, it aches relentless for the fear
That they will never guess so unfair that
They can make you feel so small
And the fear you know is real

Our hands are tied on the table
Maybe you can try at the back door man
While the helpless line up on the doorsteps
Oh 'cause it's all they can do to try to get through, oh
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