

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"Seven Keys And Nine Doors"

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Keep on falling, I keep falling down
So far, far, deeper and further
Keep on calling, I keep calling you now
But I can't hear no answers
I've been feeling so lost
I'm giving in on in all

Voices calling in the back of my mind
They're calling all the time
I face a door, but there's no key to be found
When my life comes crashing down
As my last day unfolds
And hands turn numb and cold

Sail on my love
Sail on to the other side
Sail on further into the night

Wane. staring through my window pane
World gone insane
A fading flame
In the falling September rain
I strive in vain to find a way
To ease the pain

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