

## **Jerry Leger**

# **"Round Walls"**

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Round walls are saving my soul  
From the one who's hunting has come  
He won't corner me and show my eyes  
In his cold reflection

Just not that fair  
I paid in mind  
Long before he crept to hide  
On the gravelled path  
Where my travels were made  
So cruel and painful

Round walls are saving my soul  
Round walls  
Round walls are saving my soul  
Round walls

Walk down this gutter  
With sweat and soot  
Body feeling like a worn out book  
With pictures of devils and crooked men

Trying to swing up to heaven  
I once had a good pure heart  
With the kind of warmth you read about  
But a fire was burning  
And I jumped right into a shivering crowd  
Of begging men

Round walls are saving my soul  
Round walls  
Round walls are saving my soul  
Round walls

Prayed for this room  
Where I stand and drape  
Flesh on my bones with colourful faith  
It's quite the lesson when things don't pay  
And you look for your own round wall one day  
Round walls are saving my soul  
From the one who's hunting has come  
He won't corner me and show my eyes

In his cold reflection

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