

Pulley

"Padded Cell 4 Walls Pt.2"

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Going back to yesterday, tomorrow's almost near
Anticipation factors in decisions everywhere
And anger fills the mood right now, there's no more
novelties

Hands on the clock moving, I'm going nowhere
The nights are nothing like the nights before
These same four walls are painted white

The TV set, it's broke, all my friends have left to call
The silence still disturbs me, I'm alone

Pick my pen up, it's dried out for sure
The TV set is broke again
It's eight 'o' clock, I'm out the door
It's eight 'o' clock, I'm out the door

Fear myself but I'm safe inside these walls
Close my mind, nothing gets to me at all
These days are shorter and the nights are really long
Another night of nothing, like the nothing before
Another night of nothing, like the nothing before

Hands on the clock moving, I'm going nowhere
And I wonder why you're still afraid of me
These same four walls are padded white

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