

Hymn

"Baby Steps"

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Refrain:

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's easier just to stay.

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's easier just to stay.

I'm standing by a road
Though I'm sitting in a chair,
The traffics gone by,
But I pretend that it's not there.
I'm shutting out my thoughts,
Blindfolding my eyes;
I want to live my life,
I want to keep some pride.
I don't know what I want,
I haven't had the time,
To realize my skills;
And understand my mind.
I'm frightened of the world,
And what it means to see;
So I'll ignore the path,
That's right in front of me.

Refrain:

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's easier just to stay.

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's easier just to stay.

I view your tiny form,

So vulnerable and small;
And start to wonder if,
We're so different after all?
I don't control my life,
It's in another's hands;
I guess that he knows best,
But I wish I knew the plans.
Reminisce about the past,
I wish those days could last.
I hope and wait and watch,
As time goes quickly by.

Refrain:

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's easier just to stay.

Crossroad up ahead,
Which I look upon in dread.
Alternate path to chose,
A risky place to tread.
You look at me with love,
Your soul is in my care.
A new route in this world;
I don't know if I dare?
Look back and don't know when,
I lost sight of the track.
I taste the lure of change,
Don't have the strength to pack.
The route that calls to me,
Provides no security.
I sacrifice myself,
Will this mean you'll be free?

Refrain:

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
It's easier just to stay.

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's just easier to stay.

Eh?

I'll make a cup of tea,
I'm thinking far too hard.
Back to reality,

I must be feeling tired.
Give my mum a ring,
I miss her nagging voice,
I'll make do with this
I don't really have the choice...

Refrain:

Four walls that look the same,
They close in day by day;
Don't know which way to turn,
So it's just easier to stay.

Eh?

Eh?

Cup of tea, far too hard.
Reality?
Feeling tired.
Mum a Ring?
Nagging voice...
Do, with this?
Have a Choice!

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