

Clarks, The "Lock And Key"

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I keep it under lock and key
My world is heavy can you hear my plea
I'm growing tired of this tear-stained eye
Sometimes I wonder why I even try
So I keep it under lock and key
I guess it wasn't really meant to be...
And I keep it under lock and key

I keep it behind my front door
My ears are ringing and my throat is sore
I'm growing tired of lonely place
Sometimes I wonder when I'll see your face
And I keep it behind my front door
I guess you never really know for sure
..And I keep it behind my front door

I keep it under lock and key
My heart is heavy and my legs are weak
I'm growing tired of the lonely life
I want a child and I want a wife

Then I'll open up my front door
I'll tell you when I know for sure
I'll get down on my one good knee
And I'll ask you will you marry me

Then I'll throw away this lock and key

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