

The Benjy Davis Project

"To Your Door"

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Colors surround all that make all these dreams of mine
real.

But all that I've found is a reason for why I am here.
Women and Children they run from the feelings inside.
And everyone's looking for problems and secrets to
hide.

And I've been winded before,
So I talk it out and I walk it out to your door,
To your door.

Colors surround all that make all these dreams of mine
real.

But all that I've found is a reason for why I am here.
I lay on the couch with my dreams and the smell of her
hair.

'Cause when she's around I don't wanna be nowhere
but there.

And I've been winded before,
So I talk it out and I walk it out to your door,
To your door.

And I've been winded before,
So I talk it out and I walk it out to your door,
To your door.

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