

Stands, The

"Outside your door"

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She?s got words she likes to hold
On a page she can unfurl
With a need of purest gold
She is alright
Hangs a heavy, heavy toll
On a heart so cruelly hurt
It keeps one hand on the door
Till it?s alright
Alright
Every time lately
There?s a hush baby
I can see that you?ve been crying.
Sometimes I pass outside your door
She?s the first one to be told
She?s the last one to arrive
Where the night winds bend and twirl
In the moonlight
Alright
Every time lately
There?s a hush baby
I can see that you?ve been crying.
Sometimes I pass outside your door

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