

Mark David**"Walls"**

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I'm surrounded by walls
They grow closer when I speak
And the ceiling falls
When I try to stand up on my feet
I'm looking for doors
They disappear when I breath
There are plenty of floors
But they can't hold me

Must all sweet things go sour
Do all adventures have an end
In every waking hour
I long to bring him back again
In a crowded room
I make believe I'm somewhere bound
Wear my best perfume
Fooling everyone around

I'm not what I seem

[piano solo]

I'm as under a spell
Watching and no one can tell
Had I only known
That these walls are just my own

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