

I Won't Let It Get In The Way

Air Supply

There's a truth you can find in the candlelight
If you stare long enough at the floor
In the arms of the night we are paralyzed and realize
That we know but were not really sure
Yes it's true that sometimes I'm a prisoner
And I've gotten so used to these chains
It was useless to fight
And eventually I learned to see

But I know I could never explain
When we talk it's a walk into paradise
I can leave all the darkness behind
Then it's clear I can hear all my own advice
And I try to forget all the clouds in my head
But I won't let it get in the way
And I try to forget all the clouds in my head
But I won't let it get in the way

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