

# 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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