Round Walls

Jerry Leger

Round walls are saving my soul
From the one who's hunting has come
He won't corner me and show my eyes
In his cold reflectionJust not that fair
I paid in mind
Long before he crept to hide
On the gravelled path
Where my travels were made
So cruel and painfulRound walls are saving my soul
Round walls
Round walls are saving my soul
Round wallsWalk down this gutter
With sweat and soot
Body feeling like a worn out book
With pictures of devils and crooked men
Trying to swing up to heaven
I once had a good pure heart
With the kind of warmth you read about
But a fire was burning
And I jumped right into a shivering crowd
Of begging menRound walls are saving my soul
Round walls
Round walls are saving my soul
Round wallsPrayed for this room
Where I stand and drape
Flesh on my bones with colourful faith
It's quite the lesson when things don't pay
And you look for your own round wall one day
Round walls are saving my soul
From the one who's hunting has come
He won't corner me and show my eyes
In his cold reflection

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