Let Me In

Tracey Thorn

You're up there in your room with all your demons
I'm down here in the kitchen with my blends
I'm sitting here thinking
What is it you're inking on your hands
On your handsConfiding all your secrets to your notebook
Confiding all my worries to my friends
And screwed up in the bin
All the poems in begin but can't end
You come in
Oh, let me inOh, let me in
Oh, let me in
Oh, let me in
Oh, let me inYou're staring out the window at the rooftops
I'm staring out the window at the cars
And night is on its way
And the air is thick with things we can't say
We can't say
Oh, let me in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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