

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,
But 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.

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