

Another Way In

Dan Croll

Words on the table, I take the reins again
I could've been calm and composed a stone cold patient man
But I found you hard to tell, I lost my grip and fell
It came across down and defeated, and underhand

But I'm not looking for a way out, just another way in
Tired of looking at the same four walls and the people we've be
come within
It's cold at the border, so tell me where to begin
I'm just looking for another way in

All our words run course, and silence bears the force
Hoping for the slightest exchange, or tender word
But time shows no refrain, soon we'll be back again
Amused by the scenes that occurred and the fools we were

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