

## Worry

Free

If its the cold black night  
That's eating up your heart  
The cold damp sweat  
Keep you and sleep apart  
The ticking clock  
Just watching on the table  
The wind that howls  
As much as it is able

Then worry baby worry  
There's a reason for you to  
There's a silent, deadly message  
In the wind that's meant for you

And the sleeping streets  
Have closed their tired eyes  
The fear that creeps  
Will move & slowly rise  
Your beating heart  
Will hammer at your breast  
Your aching brain  
Will cry aloud for rest

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