

Let Me In

Gabrielle Aplin

He doesn't make your knee weak,
he's beautiful and bleak.
He has a porcelain face,
that cracks when he speaks.
I go to start a conversation but I,
get no reply,
and you stare just like a statue
as I break down and cry.

Your face is like an eagle,
but your mind is like a crow.
and boy i know you have opinions,
but you don't let them show.
You're a shelf of books with out the pages,
a wealth of thoughts locked up in cages.

So if blood runs through your veins,
don't you suppose it's such a waste
to be composed in such a way?
Just let me in...

You write me letters
in a pen with no ink.
and you have your own eyes,
but you don't dare blink.
You speak in words,
without a sentence.
you're the ghost that haunts me,
without a presence...

So if blood runs through your veins,
don't you suppose it's such a waste
to be composed in such a way?
Just let me in...
Just let me in...