I turn my head
There's nothing there
All I own is my thoughts
For my fears
I close the door
To keep out the bad
I plug my ears
To keep out these fears

And I cry

R: So hold me close
for I'm so tired
of holding myself
So very tired
And tired
tired and tired
Just hold me

I listen to these voices or is it this house that's giving me chills, As I lie upon This little girls bed Who's at the door? Who's walking near? Or has My imagination spilled? This little girl All grown up still fears

Oh and I cry

R: So hold me close... (2x)

Where can I go
Where can I hide
from these evil sufferings?
Oh these images
Painted on my walls
They say there's a place
That I can hide
in the shadow of your wings
Oh Lord, bring me
To this place of refuge

No more tears.

R: So hold me close... (4x)