

Keeper Of The Keys

Marit Larsen

When you fall, when you fall,
When you fall into your silence
No way to touch, no way to reach,
Like a bottled ship, no less

I wish I were the keeper of the keys
So I could help you out
Instead of breaking in
Oh sweetheart
When the blues come marching in
Oh sweetheart
Won't you lean into my arms again

When you go, when you go,
When you go into your darkness
You're safe inside your barricades,
Your shining armor
But I'm tireless

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