

The Key

Saint

Cruising 55, the last of summer days
The tension lets, the fury flies, anger has its way
Oh relentless One, He won't let me go
He knew me then and knows me now
And knows there's nowhere else to go

Do you trust Me?
Are you hearing Me?
You got a way
You gotta see that I'm here bleeding

Running fast and hard to spin the roulette wheel
Rebellions set no reason or rhyme, I'm in it for the thrill
Oh conviction nears, He's pounding down the door
He knew me then, He knows me now
When I don't know what's up for sure

Do you trust Me?
Are you hearing Me?
You got a way
You gotta see that I'm here bleeding
Do you trust Me?
Are you hearing Me?
You got a way
Or will you bite the hand that's feeds you? /x2

Do you trust Me?
Are you hearing Me?
I made a Way
You gotta see that I'm the Key

I'm the Key (x3)