

The Chamber of 32 Doors

Steve Hackett

At the top of the stairs
There's hundreds of people
Running around to all the doors
They try to find, find themselves an audience
Their deductions need applause

The rich man stands in front of me
The poor man behind my back
They believe they can control the game
But the juggler holds another pack

I need someone to believe in, someone to trust
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust

I'd rather trust a countryman than a townman
You can judge by his eyes
Take a look if you can
He'll smile through his guard
Survival trains hard
I'd rather trust a man who
Works with his hands
He looks at you once
You know he understands
Don't need any shield
When you're out in the field

But down here
I'm so alone with my fear
With everything that I hear
And every single door, that I've walked through
Brings me back, back here again
I've got to find my own way

The priest and the magician
Singing all the chants that they have ever heard
And they're all calling out my name
Even academics, searching printed word
My father to the left of me
My mother to the right
Like everyone else they're pointing
But nowhere feels quite right
And I need someone to believe in, someone to trust
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust

I'd rather trust a man who doesn't shout what he's found
There's no need to sell if
You're homeward bound
If I choose a side
He won't take me for a ride

Back inside
This chamber of so many doors
I've nowhere, nowhere to hide
I'd give you all of my dreams, if you'd help me
Find a door
That doesn't lead me back again take me away