

Stuck Inside

The Rifles

Wake up in the morning
Open my eyes
Look from my window
At the world outside
No movement on the pavement
No life on the streets
No news in the papers
Just the same old repeat
A little isolated
I'm locked down inside
I'm getting tired of the waiting
For the time to fly on by

There's something in the air
It gets so hard to bare, I know
I guess we might be here for a while

These walls well, I've tried climbing
I fall and find we all get stuck inside
These walls well, I've tried climbing
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Caught up in a moment
But we might just find
Through the commotion
Comes the gift of hindsight
A little conversation
A little time to share
Is worth more than a weight in gold
When you can't get there
Well, here's a revelation
A little gift to hold
The peace in the notion
That there's no one here alone

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