

# 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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