

# Four Walls

Tom Jones

Out where the bright lights are glowing  
You're drawn like a moth to a flame  
You laugh while the wine's over-flowing  
While I sit and whisper your name

Four walls to hear me  
Four walls to see  
Four walls too near me  
Closing in on me

Sometimes I ask why I'm waiting  
But my walls have nothing to say  
I'm made for love, not for waiting  
But here where you've left me, I'll stay

Four walls to hear me  
Four walls to see  
Four walls too near me  
Closing in on me

One night with you is like heaven  
And so, while I'm walking the floor  
I'll listen for steps in the hallway  
And wait for your knock on my door

Four walls to hear me  
Four walls to see  
Four walls too near me  
Closing in on me

Closing in on me