

# AMIDST YOUR WALLS

(dedicated to M. Schostak)



IT IS AS COLD AS IT CAN BE  
ON THIS DAY IN THIS WINTER MONTH  
YOU FIGHT AGAINST THE WIND  
LEAVING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND IN SNOW  
SNOW IS ALWAYS FALLING  
IN THE CITY YOU LIVE IN  
AND YOU SPEND YOUR VERY LAST DIME  
FOR A RECORD AND A BOTTLE OF WINE

YOU'LL SIT AMIDST YOUR WALLS - AGAIN

YOU REACH THE HOUSE - YOU GREW UP HERE -  
IT'S ONE OF THOUSANDS IN THIS GREY-PAINTED WORLD  
THE WINE TASTES CHEAP, FINISH THE BOTTLE  
AND IT WARMS YOU UP - BUT NOT YOUR INSIDE  
JUST LIKE THE SOUND OF THE RECORD  
THE PAIN CRAWLES UNDER THE SKIN  
SO YOU TAKE THE OLD GUITAR  
AND WITH TEARS IN YOUR EYES  
YOU SING A SONG AGAINST YOUR PAIN

YOU SIT AMIDST YOUR WALLS - AGAIN

A NEW DAY COMES WITH ALL THE LIGHT  
THE SUN CASTS SHADOWS ON THE TWINKLING SNOW  
SO YOU BELIEVE THE TOWN IS WELL  
AND ONLY YOU ARE THE ONE WHO'S REALLY ILL  
YOU CAN FEEL YOUR BODY  
AND STILL THE PAIN YOU FELT THE DAY BEFORE  
YOU TRY TO WELCOME THE DAY  
BUT YOUR SMILE GROWS STIFF  
WHEN YOU FEEL YOUR WALLS CRUSH YOU...

YOU SIT AMIDST YOUR WALLS - FOR HOW LONG?

BREAK OUT THROUGH YOUR WALLS  
AND TRY TO FREE YOUR MIND