

A Flock Of Seagulls, Windows

My phobia has got me and I dare not leave the room
I'm stare out of my window with my loneliness in bloom
I try to call you and I try to call you from the phonebox down the hall
I'd like to see you and I'd like to meet you won't you please give me a call
Oh take a look at my window
Oh take a look at my window
Oh take a look at my window
I close my eyes and I think of you, a million miles away
I pray you to be tomorrow where we were yesterday
I try to call you and I try to call you but I just can't find the words
I'd like to see you and I'd like to meet you, is this misplace so absurd
Oh take a look at my window
Oh take a look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
I stare out of my window and the empty streets below
Behind the shades of fading glass I got nowhere else to go
So I take a look at my window
I take a look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
A look at my window
Take a look at my window
Take a look at my window