

Sarah McLachlan, Back Door Man

You open your eyes, look around
You feel the earth, it wanders -
Out, from under your feet - the ground
Is not firm but soft and weak - like skin
under the touch, cannot stop to falter
Now, the damage is done, the certainties gone
The spirit's altered

And now the angry morning
Gives the early signs of warning
You must face alone, the plans you make
Decisions they will try to break

Our hands are tied on the table
Maybe you can try at the back door man
While the helpless line up on the doorsteps
'Cause it's all they can do to try to get through

All of your life you've lived in a world as pure
As eden's sixth day - now, all you've been allowed
Is taken away - they will not let you be so proud
And you have the fear growing inside
Protest follows far and wide - they'll see how long
It will take 'till you fall - from so much denied

Your soul - it aches relentless for the fear
That they will never guess - so unfair that
They can make you feel so small
And the fear you know is real

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Maybe you can try at the back door man
While the helpless line up on the doorsteps
'Cause it's all they can do to try to get through

Oh, 'cause it's all they can do to try to get through