

Aaron Sprinkle, Let Me In

On my own volition
I pound my head against the wall
And I don't hear it when you call
Tumbling down the stairway
I still try to make the phone
I call you back but your not home

Full of good intention
I read the paper to myself
I try to act like someone else
Barely past the headline
I still remember what you said
I'll hold it in until I'm dead

I best be getting on with this
But I can't get you out my head
Ten times a day when I stop to pray
I ask that you would let me in

Beading on the window
The weather underneath my eyes
Is it rain or am I crying
TV in the distance
Am I awake or still asleep
I feel a hand against my cheek

I best be getting on with this
But I can't get you out of my head
Ten times a day when I stop to pray
I ask that you would let me in

Like every time before
I'll sing a metaphor
To try to shed some light inside my mind
A lot of good that will do
I can't get inside of you
To take back the back the past and make things ne

I best be getting on with this
But I can't get you out my head
Ten times a day when I stop to pray
I ask that you would let me in