

Air Supply, Feel Like Screaming

Why do i live in the past and why should it hurt me to ask
If someone can hear, i'm standing right here
But this talking aloud cannot last

I've never been one full of words,
It's much better to hide in a smile
With nothing to say, i'd just walk away
Disappear to my room, and shake my fists
Think things over and stare into the wall

And all this time i feel like screaming
Turn that key, let me out, let me out
Let me hold onto someone
Let me out, let me out
Let me hold onto someone

Inside it's so easy to breathe, but never so easy to leave
And just when i try, the fence gets too high
So i sleep with my head on my sleeve

And i dream of us flying away to a place that is out of the way
And there's somebody there who says i don't care
Who you are, where you're from, what you need
Or what you're thinking, we love you anyway