

Ann Beretta, Latchkey World

Turn the key unlock the door to the room where I won't go no more and the walls are stained the m
to the room where the records won't play the songs I'd rather not sing and the chorus rings out the
to the room where my broken heart lays and innocent minds still lay awake (I say the things I'd rath
its a latchkey world we're living in, I turn the key but you won't let me into your heart where I belong