

Free, Worry

If its the cold black night
That's eating up your heart
The cold damp sweat
Keep you and sleep apart
The ticking clock
Just watching on the table
The wind that howls
As much as it is able

Then worry baby worry
There's a reason for you to
There's a silent, deadly message
In the wind that's meant for you

And the sleeping streets
Have closed their tired eyes
The fear that creeps
Will move & slowly rise
Your beating heart
Will hammer at your breast
Your aching brain
Will cry aloud for rest

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There's a reason for you to
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