

Gary Brooker, Let Me In

(Gary Brooker/Pete Sinfield)

I've been watching your performance
From the minute you got here
you've been riding on your high horse
But your motives are not clear
You have filled up all the ashtrays
And the carpets wearing thin
I believe we both speak English
Won't you kindly let me in
Let me in all I want to do is help you
Let me in, let me in, let me in

You keep looking out the window
You keep staring at the door
Yeah and every time the phone rings
You make frantic semaphore
I'm a man that's used to trouble
I've seen all the seven sins
I'll even be your long lost uncle
If you'll only let me in . . .
Let me in all I want to do is help you
Let me in, let me in, let me in

You know they say a trouble shared's a trouble half way gone
But bottle it inside and you'll explode
I'd rather have your tears than nitro-glycerine
So let me in I can take the load
I can mend a heart that's broken
Put a patch on your romance
But I gotta have some detail
Time and place and circumstance
I'm a man that's used to trouble
I've seen all the seven sins
There ain't nothin' left to shock me
But you gotta let me in . . .