

John Farnham, Let Me Out

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If it's all the same to you
I'd just as soon not come to see you anymore
You're not giving, I'm not taking
I'm like a salesman with one foot inside the door
Well I seem to get the feeling
That I'm filling in for someone else's time
Trapped inside a prison with no walls
Just like a Marcel Marceau mime

Let me out, scream and shout, let me out
Let me out, I'm not waiting until you're finished
Let me out

If it's all the same to you
Just let it go at that, it's over nothing more
Well I'm pushing it uphill, so let it be
I'm on a losing streak, I've lost before
But don't try to cover up the fact
You're using me to play with while wait
Just let me out, I'm getting mad
You'd be surprised how close love is to hate