

# Marit Larsen, Walls

I'm surrounded by walls  
They grow closer when I speak  
And the ceiling falls  
When I try to stand up on my feet

I'm looking for doors  
They disappear when I breathe  
There are plenty of floors  
But they can't hold me  
How hard can it be?

Must all sweet things go sour?  
Do all adventures have an end?  
Every waking hour  
I long to bring him back again

In a crowded room  
I make-believe I'm somewhere bound  
Wear my best perfume  
Fooling everyone around  
I'm not what I seem

I'm as under a spell  
Watching and no-one can tell  
Had I only known  
That these walls were just my own