

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