

Mary Hopkin, Knock Knock

Tears of rain run down my window pane
I'm on my own again good ev'ning sorrow.
Sit and dream of how things might have been
and as I close my eyes I get the strangest feeling.
Climb the stair and then I say a pray'r
for someone who could share my situation.
But instead as I lay down my head
I have to leave it all to my imagination.

R E F R A I N :

Knock

knock who's there ?

Could this be love that's calling
the door is always open wide;

Knock

knock who's there ?

Now as the night is falling
take off your coat and come inside.