

# 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.