

# Nik Kershaw, What The Papers Say

There are walls to keep the stranger out  
And doors that open wide  
Over here, over here  
Open spaces for a silent shout  
A place for you to hide  
Over here  
Over here that feeling that fills my head  
And smiles as as I take my time to bed  
And  
I hear someone calling me  
Oh no  
This certain space is not your place to go  
And  
I see someone standing there  
Go away  
Gone walkabout, not coming out today  
Nothing ever seems to matter  
And yet, nothing means so much  
Over here, over here  
No magic box or slight of hand  
No mockery of touch  
Over here  
Over here I go but not to sleep  
I hope there's something I can keep  
(Chorus)