

Sonny, For Hours At A Time

I've got shackles on my feet and chains across my hands.
It's 3 A.M and I'm soaking in the rain
stuck to this sidewalk for hours.
And I've got this feeling I'm close to you
but you're not close enough to me,
just let me pull you in,
into the moonlight.
As I look to your window your shadow is sillouhetted,
and outside the lights turn on,
and the ringing in my ears is just cars
yelling at me with shouts of fear,
a feeling dropped as I run from this night.
So giving up isn't giving in
cause once more I will go.