

# Warner Mack, Four Walls

Out where the bright lights are glowing you're drawn like a moth to a flame  
You laugh while the wine's overflowing while I sit and whisper your name  
Four walls to hear me four walls to see four walls too near me closing in on me

Sometimes I ask why I'm waiting but my walls have nothing to say  
I'm made for love not for hating but here where you left me I'll stay  
Four walls to hear me...

( piano )

One night with you is like heaven and so while I'm walking this floor  
I listen for steps in the hallway and wait for your knock on my door  
Four walls to hear me...