Four Walls - Jim Reeves

artist:Jim Reeves , writer:Marvin Moore, George Campbell

Out where the bright lights are glowing
You're drawn like a moth, to a flame
You laugh, while the wine's over-flowing
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
So here, where you left me I'll stay

One night with you, is like heaven
And so, while I'm walking the floor
I listen for steps in the hallway
And wait, for your knock on my door

> Four walls to hear me
> Four walls to see
> Four walls too near me
> Closing in on me
> *slow to end*
> Closing in on me