

The Visitors

ABBA

I hear the doorbell ring and suddenly the panic takes me
The sound so ominously tearing through the silence
I cannot move I'm standing numb and frozen
Among the things I love so dearly, The books
The paintings and the furniture help me.

R: Now I hear them moving muffled noises coming
Through the door I feel I'm crackin up.
Voices growing louder irritaion building and
I'm close to fainting cracking up.
They must know by now I'm in here tremblin
In a terror evergrowing, cracking up.
My whole world is falling, going crazy
There's no escaping now I'm cracking up.