

## 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.