

Latchkey World

Ann Beretta

Turn the key unlock the door to the room where I won't go no more
and the walls are stained the memories fade away
to the room where the records won't play the songs I'd rather not
sing and the chorus rings out the same
to the room where my broken heart lays and innocent minds still
lay awake (I say the things I'd rather no say) and the chorus
rings out the same
its a latchkey world we're living in, I turn the key but you won't
let me into your heart where I belong.