

## Wallingford

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What I need is a hand that'll hold on  
Reaching out and not letting go  
Many times I find I am let down  
By the ones, who keep me close

Are you kept then told like a secret  
Do you find that you're kept in the dark  
Calling out, your voice is an echo  
No words come back, but your own

As a whole  
As a whole

Free to fly but your wings haven't grown out  
Many windows in the house  
Please tell us what concerns you  
Not to help, but to look the part

Anxiously awaiting your arrival  
You look like you could use a rest  
Overwhelmed by all the excitement  
Better friends to take your place

As a whole  
As a whole  
As a whole  
As a whole