

Locked Doors

Graham Coxon

Locked doors, rose red
Locked doors, half dead
I see your face so clean in my space
And I want to believe that I hold the key to me
Locked doors, release
Locked doors, my peace
Let me retrieve, help me never leave
Cause I'd like to believe that I got the key in me

Locked doors, inside
Locked doors, all mine
I see hard times in me subside
But I've got to believe that I got the key to me