

I See a Shadow (Not a Fantasy)

Jennifer Rush

Standing 'neath my window
Waiting to come in
Sometimes there's a sound outside my door
Reaching out to touch me
It moves on in
Getting closer, closer to when I give in

I see a shadow not a fantasy
It's gaining ground - it's coming back
So very strange
It never changes this memory
Always the same - he's dressed in black

No one else can hear a sound -
Or feel a thing
No one else can see the sorrow that he brings
Following close behind
Closing on in
Open arms are beckoning - inviting me

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