

## Keeper Of The Keys

Marit Larsen

When you fall, when you fall,  
When you fall into your silence  
No way to touch, no way to reach,  
Like a bottled ship, no less

I wish I were the keeper of the keys  
So I could help you out  
Instead of breaking in  
Oh sweetheart  
When the blues come marching in  
Oh sweetheart  
Won't you lean into my arms again

When you go, when you go,  
When you go into your darkness  
You're safe inside your barricades,  
Your shining armor  
But I'm tireless

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So I could help you out  
Instead of breaking in  
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When the blues come marching in  
Oh sweetheart  
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