I'm surrounded by walls They grow closer when I sleep And the ceiling falls When I try to stand up on my feet I'm looking for doors They disappear when I breathe There are plenty of floors But they can't hold me How hard can it be? Must all sweet things go sour? Do all adevntures have an end Every waking hour I long to bring him back again In a crowded room I make believe I'm somewhere bound Wear my best perfume Fooling everyone around I'm not what I seem I'm as under a spell Watching and no-one can tell Had I only known That these walls are just my own