

Little girl sits in the corner  
locked in a stare.  
Arms waiving madly at something  
that sadly isn't there.  
Dressed in the day's best by a nurse  
who's nowhere to be found.  
What does she see?  
Maybe she's looking at me.

Old man is strapped to the seat of his chair  
wearing a gown,  
shouting and cursing at someone who clearly  
isn't around.  
Father Time has twisted his mind. The staff says,  
"He's not well!"  
To whom does he speak?  
Maybe he's speaking to me.

So we keep these people inside these walls,  
from society.  
Their forgotten lives safe from the crowd,  
they can't leave.  
You have left them here for me.

So we keep these people behind these walls,  
from society.  
Their forgotten lives safe from the crowd,  
they can't leave.  
Through the doors come people like me,  
good-bye to them.  
They see a picture few of us see.  
They can't leave.  
You've left them here for me.