

Secret Doors

Robin Trower

Another lonely weekend, another fast goodbye
Before the show is over, somebody's gonna cry

Give me anticipation, a change has got to come
I lost you hesitating, you heard a different drum

Now that she said one so kind have a madness of their own
And the open space is all overgrown, overgrown

Secret passages and secret doors
Photographs on every wall
Possibilities my mind explodes
Never reaching you at all

You take a lonely silence could be a big mistake
Who's one foot on the ladder, could be a rattle snake

I hear an echo in the silence of all that we have done
I fear the dark but could not face the sun, face the sun

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