The Window

All that I know's within the walls of this room where there's a window Roughly boarded up It's true the gaps are patched but even through the tiny cracks , I feel the wind blow I see a light it's strange as you And there's nothing I can say There's no way I can prove That there's a place Beyond this room But still, there's something in the way The light comes shining through And in the way The curtains move Late in the night I lay awake My eyes fixed on the window Swing my ears until I thought That I might have heard a song Somehow hiding in the soft glow All this time, and never knew And there's nothing I can say There's no way I can prove That there's a place Beyond this room But still, there's something in the way The light comes shining through And in the way The curtains move I found a note scratched in the wall In a pained and earnest scrawl The hand I recognized was somehow mine already slight with drea d There's no wind and there's no light There's no song in here at night There's nowhere to hide, we're terrified It's all inside your head Still, there's something in the way The light comes shining through And in the way The way the curtains move