

## The View

Toyah

In your house is a room I avoid  
Full of junk and broken toys  
In my house...

In my house  
Ideas grow and levitate  
In your house  
Is a voice I obey

And I can touch the sky

I can feel freedom  
I can taste purity  
I cast off chains  
To put them on again.

In your house  
Time expands and touches on experience  
In my house  
There is a roof I reach through deceptive means  
To see the view

And I can touch the sky

I can feel freedom  
I can taste purity  
I cast off chains  
To put them on again.

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