

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.

And I can touch the sky

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