

## Trapped

I look at the drop of rain  
sliding down the window  
I do feel a stint of pain  
when I watch the rainbow

Trapped in my living room  
I am waiting for  
the times of doom

I look at the clouds again  
shapes are shifting always  
I do hear the clock my friend  
silence roars like thunder

Trapped in my living room  
I am waiting for  
the times of doom  
trapped in the waiting room  
I am listening to  
the bells of doom

I walk through my dreams  
wake up, wake up, wake up  
it's not what it seems  
look up, keep up, don't stop

You talk through the phone  
get out, get out, get out  
you know I am prone  
I should, we could, they would,

I watch as the life goes on  
reaching out for me now  
pretending we're out for fun  
playing fools and dancing slow

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