

The Locks --

Every excuse is a lock
Put on your mental front door...

At first, it starts with a few.
What started as one
Then became two.
What grew to three
Became four, five and six.
Soon you end up with 20
And not enough picks.
The Locks became layered
Infused in their function
To where, now your excuses are
Confused at this juncture
There's so many levels
Unlock one, to lock another
You just want to try something new
Maybe see a new color
But there's so many locks
There's locks inside locks
There's keys in deposit boxes
Lost in my thoughts
Now I can't remember why
I made up that lie
That I can't just be free
And give whatever a try
I've now locked myself in
I put up my walls
My thoughts are so boxed
They've now become small
I've lost the big picture
My walls have closed-in
Opportunities knock
But I can't get the door o-pen
I try to unlock 'em
But there's too many of 'em
I'm feeling held hostage
And in circles I'm runnin'
I'm going stir crazy

I gotta get out
The walls that I put up
Have got to come down!

I'm backed in a corner
There's nowhere to go
I just wanna be free
And not be so alone
This place has no comfort
It's holding me back
The halls are so long,
So hollow and black
The excuses I made
When the odds were all stacked
Are now stacked up against me...

So, I close my eyes and say,
"I wish all these walls would fall flat..."

walls fall, a breeze can be heard

I open my eyes
And to my surprise
My walls have come down
I can look at the sky!
I can see the horizon
A world that's so vast
Man, I thought I was broken
But I broke from my cast

No more holding back,
No more excuses
I now choose to no longer
Live in seclusion
My walls have come down
It's just me on a rock
Now when opportunities come
They don't even have to knock.