

# Air Supply, Feel Like Screaming

Why do i live in the past and why should it hurt me to ask  
If someone can hear, i'm standing right here  
But this talking aloud cannot last

I've never been one full of words,  
It's much better to hide in a smile  
With nothing to say, i'd just walk away  
Disappear to my room, and shake my fists  
Think things over and stare into the wall

And all this time i feel like screaming  
Turn that key, let me out, let me out  
Let me hold onto someone  
Let me out, let me out  
Let me hold onto someone

Inside it's so easy to breathe, but never so easy to leave  
And just when i try, the fence gets too high  
So i sleep with my head on my sleeve

And i dream of us flying away to a place that is out of the way  
And there's somebody there who says i don't care  
Who you are, where you're from, what you need  
Or what you're thinking, we love you anyway