

# Sarah Masen, Come In

If you're standing next to someone  
Who doesn't know your name  
Come in pull up a chair  
You and me. we're the same

This is the palace of the thinkers.  
Dreamers. in-betweeners  
The broken record-players  
Hearing something in this music  
Here the wind blows softly,  
Carrying a note forever  
Cradling the melody of hope

If you're screaming in the dark  
And no one hears your voice  
Welcome to this whole new world of  
sound  
Come in friend sit down

Oh it's the atmosphere of truth  
With an offering of peace  
Under your flesh of weathered pride  
So many broken dreams  
Fallen man and other things

If you're reaching out  
To no one and holding in a smile  
Come in and know your name  
Friend, I'm listening