Locked Doors

By John T. Wurzer

I used to let things in, but now I shut them out

I used to have thin skin, but now I show little doubt

I used to doubt myself almost every night and day

I used to let things in; but now I piss them all away,,

I live inside a fortress, surrounded by a moat

Terrified of anyone who owns a river boat

Nightmares filled with submarines and those who swim like eels

I used to let things in; but now I don’t even know how that feels

You see I finally lock the doors

And I didn’t give anyone the keys

And now I’m done with all these fruitless chores

And I’m falling my knees and begging you please

Forgive my sins

And if you can find it in your heart tonight; could you let me in

I used to watch the world, through bewildered eyes

I used to love a girl who could cut me down to size

With a simple glance or a terse sarcastic tear

I used to let her in; but I haven’t thought about her in years

You see I finally lock the doors

And I didn’t give anyone the keys

And now that I’m done with all these fruitless chores

And I’m falling my knees and begging you please

Forgive my sins

And if you can find it in your heart tonight; could you let me in