Look through the peephole

I look through the peephole

My life is a dream

I look through the people

Who aren’t as they seem

I talk to the people

Who live in the hall

I talk to the people

Who happen to call

I talk to the people

Who live in a dream

I talk to the people

Who aren’t as they seam

You talk on the phone now

Avoiding my calls

You talk on the phone now

To no one at all

All the king’s horses

And all the king’s men

Can’t put what’s lost

Together again

I look through the peephole

At no one at all

I look through the people

Who stand in the hall

I sleep all alone now

With no one at all

I sleep all alone now

Do I make the right call?