

The Visitors

ABBA

A **D A**
I hear the doorbell ring and suddenly the panic takes me
D A
The sound so ominously tearing through the silence
Ami E
I cannot move I'm standing numb and frozen
D A
Among the things I love so dearly, The books
G A
The paintings and the furniture help me.

A G D A
R: Now I hear them moving muffled noises coming
G D A
Through the door I feel I'm crackin up.
G D A
Voices growing louder irritaion building and
G D A
I'm close to fainting cracking up.
They must know by now I'm in here tremblin
In a terror evergrowing, cracking up.
My whole world is falling, going crazy
There's no escaping now I'm cracking up.