

GIMME THE LIGHT

Sometimes, I don't mind, sitting in the dark.
Darkness has potential in its own way.
Other times, I am so drearified, tearified, a voice inside,
Bubbles up to say:

GIMME THE LIGHT, all right,
Somethin' warm and bright to guide my way.
GIMME THE LIGHT, all right,
Help me see the signs of a brand new day.

Sometimes, by design, silence speaks to me.
In the precious stillness stirs creation.
Other times, I am so uninspired, righteous tired,
Without desired relaxation.

GIMME THE MUSIC, all right,
Notes and rhythms, joyful sounds of victory,
GIMME THE MUSIC, all right,
Harmonies resolving in a brand new key.

Sometimes, I find I'm holding back, afraid.
Hiding 'neath the covers is so comfy...
Other times, I start to suffocate, stagnate, can't move/can't wait,
Longing to run free...

GIMME THE JOURNEY, all right,
Passages and crossroads mark my way.
GIMME THE JOURNEY, all right,
Driven by a vision...driven by a vision,
Driven by a vision, driven by a vision, driven by a vision
Of people – growing, changing, moving, building, laughing, loving
Driven by a vision of a brand new day!

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Dorie's notes: Balancing – appreciating the journey – can you see the brand new day?