

The Gentle Kind

Aztec Camera

Words and music by Roddy Frame
I look around me and what do I see?
Sadness surrounds me, alone as can be
With too much time and too much distance.
These chains that bind me
They won't set me free,
I look behind me and coming for me
Is my best friend, she's my resistance.

So if you find yourself alone and so unkind,
And if you've asked yourself, over and over,
And even if your heartbeats hurt like goodbyes,
Try, try, try
Open your mind, spend some time,
With the gentle kind

I was torn between the darkness and the light,
Lost to all belief that it could turn out right.
But my quiet friend turned me round,
Made me see again.
Took my hand, said nothing much,
No lesson learned, just a gentle touch
And I am coming round,
I am coming round again.

Cos' in a hard world, with fastness and an eye on the money,
I heard a soft voice, saying "Never worry, hold on honey"
When my world was gone, a whisper kind of eased my mind.
And I am holdin' on,
To the gentle kind.