

Corrymeela

Tom Paxton

I was angry with myself. I was lost and confused.
There wasn't an unkind word or spiteful thought I hadn't used.
All the anger I carried was bound to explode.
I was walking in a rage down a long hard road.

O Corrymeela, I need to rest myself.
I need to discover myself again.
O Corrymeela, I need a peaceful vision.
O let my only decision be to lay down my sorrows.

There were times when I was right.
There were times when I was wrong.
I couldn't feel one way about anything for very long.
The blame for all my troubles pointed everywhere but me.
I was as full of hate as any one you'll ever see.

O Corrymeela, I need to rest myself.
I need to discover myself again.
O Corrymeela, I need a peaceful vision.
O let my only decision be to lay down my sorrows.

Just to feel the anger leaving me.
Just to let the burning bitterness die.
O show me the sea, let its music heal me.
Show me a field where I can lie.

I was tearing myself apart.
I was my own worst enemy.
There didn't seem to be an answer to my misery.
I knew that I was wrong and I was sure that I was right.
I was cursing the darkness and blowing out the light.

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I need to discover myself again.
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