

Healer

Bettie Serveert

You say my weakness is my pride,
You say I shouldn't step aside,
Tell me where I stand.
And though you know I'm ill at ease,
You treat my doubt like some disease,
Tell me where I stand.

I go down to the side of extremes,
Head in a cloud, like I know it's a dream,
It's not real.
How'd you know I'm heading home?
When it's such a doubtful word.

When your house is not a home,
Specify the word.
Waiting to collapse,
Heaven make it so.
There's 47 traps
Waiting to let go.

I go down to the side of extremes,
Head in a cloud like I know
It's a dream, it's not real,
But I know how I feel.
How'd you know I'm heading home?
When it's such a doubtful word.

By yourself but not alone,
Now specify the hurt.
I go down to the side of extremes,
Down to the side where I know
I can dream this ain't real,
But I know how I feel.

I go down to the side of extremes.
Heal the healer before you heal inside.
Forget about your weakness,
Forget about your pride.
Everybody's sane on the innocent side.

Though you know that I'm ill,
Ill at ease,
Don't think my doubt is such a dumb disease,
You gotta let it all out.