

Pride

Happy Rhodes

I walk on out and let the water weigh me down to my waist
and let my roots have a drink, let the rain wash my eyes
Maybe when I open them things will have changed, things
will have changed

Still

I am not a mountain, I am not an island
I am not a hero, I'm not even a saint
Now that this confession's out, let me just lie here
I'll have to find my own resolve someday, someday

I walk on out and catch a beam in my hair, while the
breeze
blows away my fears, now I don't care
If my legs don't hold me up, I'll pretend to be a tree
that only smiles, that only smiles

Still

I am not a mountain, I am not an island
I am not a hero, I'm not even a saint
Now that this confession's out, let me just lie here
I'll have to find my own resolve someday, someday