

## 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

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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