

Lean On Me, Lisa

Marit Larsen

When you feel like a story, without its last page
Feel like the morning, too scared to break
Lean on me
Lean on me

When you feel like goodbye on the tip of your tongue
You're pulling the weight of the world on your own
Lean on me
Lean on me, Lisa

Like a tree, like a rock, like a tall mountaintop
Like a dream, like a promise, a sunny memory
Like a truth, like a song, a place you call home
Lean on me, Lisa

When you're acting winter, waiting for spring
When both feet are anchors, you can't find your wings
Lean on me
Lean on me, Lisa

Like a tree, like a rock, like a tall mountaintop
Like a dream, like a promise, a sunny memory
Like a truth, like a song, a place you call home

When you're a ship lost at sea
When you drift away from me
Lean on me, Lisa
Lean on me, Lisa

Like a tree, like a rock, like a tall mountaintop
Like a dream, like a promise, a sunny memory
Like a truth, like a song, a place you call home
Lean on me, Lisa