

Shine

Richard Marx

The tree you planted
Is still holding on
Leaves are turning
Like nothing's wrong
Oh, what freedom
To only need the rain

Been without since May, ninety four
Tricks of the mind make it feel like it's more
But I'm not special
It's the same for everyone

Hold on, baby
I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine

Times I wished I was already gone
Ain't no place I can't leave when I want
But then I see their faces
And I'm frozen in my shame

Hold on, baby
I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine

Sometimes the sun shuts down the little I can see
And I remember what it felt like to be me
But all at once I know that nothing is the same
And all I'm left with is the pain

Hold on, baby
I'm coming for you
I can hear your voice through the wine
Teach me how to turn the page
And show me how to shine