

## Patience

Sheila Nicholls

Patience a silent virtue  
I don't want to hurt you  
Reflex to old imprinting  
Your eyes are squinting

And it seems I'm not what you wanted me to be  
Now I know I'm not what I said that I was  
I just wanted this to be true, I'm not sure where I went  
But you deserve someone more innocent

I searched for reasons to it  
Four seasons through it  
You came quite unexpected  
So unprotected

And it seems I'm not what you wanted me to be  
Now I know I'm not what I said that I was  
I just wanted this to be true, I'm not sure where I went  
But you deserve someone more innocent

I'll just prove to myself that I cannot be trusted  
Maybe I'm too much like my father  
And if you knew him you would know  
He's still searching for his mother

And every other but mine  
Whatever is still searching in him  
Is still searching in me  
'Cause I'm still looking for here albeit vicariously

We spoke with such conviction  
Imprisoned freedom