

Lifeline (Left To Write)

The Color Morale

Without our ups and downs,
We're all just living dead.
I put my pulse on paper because
I want out from inside of my head.

Don't write yourself off,
Say what you think and mean what you say.
Unless you're OK living life
With a pulse that's flatlining.

I guess we only get a chance to write our stories once.
We need to look back and say that one time was plenty enough.
Are we confusing our heart with our mind?
Are they on the same page or did we write one off and push the other
behind?

Take me anywhere but here,
Away from these insecurities I fear.
Take me anywhere but here,
Just make sure if you are the one that will have me,
You know just what you're taking.

You know you had a darkness inside,
Floor to sky, left to write,
It was on the record we made last time.
And any writer writes afraid of the next line,
To put down on paper the things he's tried to erase in his mind.

And I am no longer afraid of mine,
A writer that found a reason for the pain inside.
A word is dead when it's said, some say.
I say it just began to live that day.

I said it once, I'll say it again,
Maybe you weren't listening.
I said it once, I'll say it again,
To live backwards isn't evil, it's rewriting.

Take me anywhere but here,
Away from these insecurities I fear.
Take me anywhere but here,
Just make sure if you are the one that will have me,
You know just what you're taking.

I said it once, I'll say it again,
I said it once, I'll say it again!
Are you listening?
Are you listening?

The best stories are written when they're spent rewriting.