

Glen Hansard, Bearing Witness

I'm bearing witness, I'm laying low
I'm saving my strength now for those who need me the most

I'm stepping lightly, I'm learning to dance
I've fifty-two milk-white roses for the Angels of Happenstance

'Cause it's not what you're given
But what you do with it
And it's not the road less travelled
But how you choose to live

I'm bearing witness, I'm staying clean
Not leaving the house now except for what I need
I'm sick and sorry, in no good state of mind
I can't stand the attention, can't stand to be left behind

'Cause it's not what you're given
But what you do with it
And it's not the road less taken
But how you choose to live
And it's not your lack of understanding
But your ignorance

I'm bearing witness, but my feelings are mixed
I play my hand the best I can
Though I feel like the whole thing is fixed
I'm bearing witness, I'm holding my own
If it wasn't for the kindness of others
I'd have gone down long ago
I'm bearing witness, I'm chipping away
Used to be you could fall behind
Used to be you could make a mistake

And it's not what you're given
But what you do with it
And it's not the road less travelled
But how you choose to live
And it's not your lack of understanding
But your ignorance
And it's not the last man standing
Gets to tell it like it is
And it's left to frail and tender hearts
To deal with it
And it's not what you're given
But what you do with it