

Hans York, Inside Out

(Hans York / Tom Armstrong)

I can breathe against your noise
I can feel it in my skin
There's a pulse that warms me over
As another breath begins
From the inside out
From the inside out

I can tame this sentiment
I can push it back within
But the truth comes as it does
My soul won't let the critic win
From the inside out
From the inside out

In the fabric of your clothing
I see the patterns of our fields
In the shadows of the lampposts
Scars of darkness are revealed
In the rooms with people talking
In the broken limb that heals
I can feel it comin' from within
to remind us how it feels
When we fall

I can tip this balance over
I can teach myself again
Will I ever shake my pride
From outside I go within and then
From the inside out
From the inside out

What I've given I gave freely
What I took I took with care
But these doubts in life won't leave me
At times they are more than I can bear
From the inside out
From the inside out