

Jeremiah Freed, Stranded

Here I stand, with open hands.
With nothing to show, I stand where I began.
You talk so strong, you do no wrong.
Save your breath, I won't be here for long.

Here I stand, alone I stand.
Small in this as a single grain of sand.
But now I can, I know I can.
And I know you have them, let me see your hands.

I feel stranded, on my own
I feel wasted, tired, used up and alone.
I feel doubted, shadows of doubt on me,
Never been, never seen the uselessness in me.

Cause there's times that I've been,
and there are things we've had.
Despite all the lack of trust they had,
but you can't complain
when you stay the same,
if it keeps you sane now
On my own, I feel stranded