

Paula Cole, El Greco

I'm black on blacker velvet,
Milk skin and veins,
Like some El Greco painting,
So full of pain.
So full of longing for light of day.
I thought I knew who I was in the world.
But here I am twice blind at being born,
Crawling to my buried voice, within.
And I've forgotten who I used to be.
And I've forgotten the woman in red,
Living her dream.
And I've forgotten the courage I used to be.
Happiness is overrated,
It never lasts.
Skating the surface of oceanic depths.
Oh may the fruit of my life be meaning.
So please forgive me all my seriousness,
My so-called spirituality,
I'm just a mess.

I'm tears and anxiety,
But I'm unafraid to See.
And I've forgotten who I used to be,
The leader in her glory shining, divining.
And I've forgotten, the courage I used to be,
The middle passage is so damned humbling, persona crumbling,
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.
And I try, and I try, and I try, and I try, and I try.
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know,
And I try, and I try, and I try, and I try, and I try.
Like some El Greco painting,
No sun or sky.
No lantern, no candle needed to light,
The holy radiance behind the eyes.
And I've forgotten who I used to be.
And I've forgotten the woman in red, living her dream.
And I've forgotten the courage I used to be.
I don't know...