

# Precious, These days

This time last year I was ragged and stumbling around,  
My summer Christmas as blue as the sky the sound,  
The pain of the twisting and turning a life around  
Broken I picked tiny pieces off the floor,  
They didnt fit the same way anymore,  
I heard some hope in the whispers that I saw,  
Dust flies from the light by the crack in the door..  
And on this side of the looking glass, Im not counting the minutes that pass any more  
And I got too much love in a day to go away these days,  
Never strapped for time now cos Im not so tightly laced,  
Something to say I can say it to my face, These days, these days.  
Now there are people and I can feel that love comes from,  
To turn my back would be doing my self wrong,  
The pain slips in then twists into a song  
These days are the ones that I have now,  
Im lifted above the life that I had on the ground,  
And I know how to sit still and listen to the sound, Its all around..