

Sarah Blasko, Showstopper

Find me, oh find me
When this birthright was blackened,
When lightning struck
And the storm clouds came over,
The cracks were appearing
Before things turned
In a moment, I'd forgotten,

I feel the trial, it's mine,
I burn in this ire,
All this pride, bid goodbye,
Only matchwood,

Still so unsure why this path was chosen,
It's harder and further
Than first calculations,
When you know it's not over yet,

I feel the trial, it's mine,
I burn in this ire,
All this pride, bid goodbye,
Only matchwood,

Oh, it's a trial and a fight,
Hear me cry: "it's yours and it's mine!"
"oh this fight!"
"it's yours,"
"it's mine"
"yours and mine, yours and mine!"

Find me,
Oh find this birthright,
It's cursed,
Oh the lightning struck
And the storm hit its target