

# The Effort, Tips And Directions

while your heart,  
sleeps in your chest,  
my sleeve is, pounding loud, and that's why, i raise my fist,  
because i've got to let, the words come out,  
so don't bother singing along if the voice  
doesn't come from deep inside your heart  
because these words are more than just a song,  
they are spark from which a fire should start,  
and twenty years ago, i was a little boy,  
without of clue of the shifts i could make  
and i had no idea how to enjoy my own life,  
with the roads i would take,  
and then one day i got a tip while stopping for directions,  
i was told "this is it so stop looking for perfection";