

Blue, The Gift

It's funny how it starts, just how it all begins.
You get your sights on dreams, and man a thousand different things.
You are on for yourself, you're chasing cool desire.
You get addicted fast, but man you're playin' with fire.

Then there's a day that comes to you.
When you get all you want, but there's a space inside that's still as empty as it was.
'Till an angel comes your way and man she's fallin' fast.
You know she's so in need but she is so afraid to ask.

So you hold on out your hands and catch her best you can.
And in givin' love you feel a better man.

*And the gift is what you get by givin' more than you receive.
And you're learnin' fast that maybe this is how you'll be happy.
'Cause in takin' everything you lost, the air you need to breath.
But in givin' it away, you found the precious thing you seek.

Man, it's funny how she smiles, how grateful she is now.
And how that touches me deep in my heart somehow.
Yet the mirror laughs at me when I forget myself.
When I complain about, this hand that I got dealt.

And if I had know before, how much she would change my life.
I'd sure go back in time and tell that guy ...hey, man.
You can do better than this, you can answer your prayers.
You can grant your own wish.

Just hold on out your hands and give the most you can.
And I swear to you you'll feel a better man.

*Repeat

And it's better by far to do what you do now.
And leave the rest to love.
Just be strong in who you are.
Once you start on that road.
You're safe in the knowledge.
That anyway you go.
Will lead you home.

*Repeat

So precious precious precious...

*Repeat