

# Bucklew Wendy, Gentle Reminder

I want to make it all better  
I'm wishing my hands could heal  
I say, "I'm right here for you"  
When I know I'm still someplace else  
Still someplace else outside  
You're winded left speechless  
Palms out and the face that goes still  
You're running short but not empty  
Focus away from the strobes and the sirens  
And turn to the sea  
I'm less than arm's reach away  
With the strength you'd once given me  
Here, take mine  
Here, take mine  
To some I am not to be trusted  
I neglect, I forget, I've forgotten  
I have come to admit my indifference  
but you--I feel you.  
You're not numb  
to my hand on your cheek  
You don't want me to leave  
I'm right here if the strength of my presence  
Is all that you need  
Here, take mine  
Here, take mind  
I want to make it all better  
I'm wishing my hands could heal