

Christopher Blue, Equanimity

The balance beam of my equanimity
Is as wide as a razor's edge
I'm focused on it, wrap myself around it
Like it's the only thing I've got left
That may be just how I lose it
Once little thought at a time
Everybody's moving to the rhythm of the change
I'm going to try to learn to roll with it
If I'm never gonna to find peace I'm looking for
While I'm still breathing
Trying not to think about it too much
Trying not to think about it too much
Somebody once said to me
There's nothing really wrong with me
I'm just like everybody else here
Trying to make my way, keeping it together
Doing what I can with what I've got
Turn out all the lights and let the wheel spin
Turn out all the lights and let the wheel spin