

Howard Jones, Stir It Up

From an ordinary life wont you save me
In this ordinary life dont want it easy

Will you wake me from this dream
Life on anaesthetic
Let me feel the joy and feel the pain
Let me really live it
No time, no choice
Save my heart from the bland
Oh feed me colour me
Push me through to the place I can make my stand

Dont want it easy

Rock the boat
And shake the tree
You got to stir it up sometimes
Turn this anger into your passion
Just dont tow the line

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Wont be paralyzed by doubt
We can make the difference
One voice raised against the void
Celebrates its own existence
Knock me and Ill just get up again
Stronger, wiser
The adversary will now become my friend

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