

Shelter, Look Away

I see a trail, a grudging light.
It burning bright, it takes me home again.
And I can understand the plan.
I try to fight but I cannot contend.
A magnetic force, it a true north.
What is its source, it is a friend?
But more than once I have begun to feel that I will easily transcend.
Look away. No hope is lost I never fear.
That I'll be desperate, left out on my own.
I feel it yeah, but soon realized the whole time I never was alone.
Busy city, crowded clubs,
or touring in a van away from home.
If we can listen we will hear.
A voice that will teach and help us grow.
I don't know what you've been through but my guess too is life is always rough.
It leaves us bruised and bloodied,
it makes us hard.
It makes our skin real tough.
When my world crumbles on me as it does each week.
It is not the end. I look inside, I listen too.
I'm sure there's an ally within.