

Sonya Kitchell, Tinted Glass

I cannot explain
WHy I am this why
Precaution please leave me alone
I'm tired of hearing what you got to say
Sometimes I like it
Sometimes I don't
But it seems I always want to be what I'm not
And I'm not satisfied with what I got
I'm looking through a tinted glass
That changes color with each question that I ask
Part of me is new
Part of me is old
I'm running fast
but can I hold
on too this dream
thats grows at such a speed
I don't know what I want
Or what I need

I cannot explain
For I do not not
Confusion is planted in my mind
And the seed continues to grow
Sometimes I like it
Most times I don't
The more I know
The more I ask
Will I find answers
Or is this my task
Will a day arrive
When I am sure of something
The unobtainable
Intrigues me
Greener grass
I can see
When my vision is obscured

By desire
Sometimes I missed
Looked deeper than the water's bridge
Take a deep breath
Before I dive in
Take a deep dreath
Before I try to swim in

Take a deep breath
Take a deep breath