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