

# Shine

Richard Marx

The tree you planted  
Is still holding on  
Leaves are turning  
Like nothing's wrong  
Oh, what freedom  
To only need the rain

Been without since May, ninety four  
Tricks of the mind make it feel like it's more  
But I'm not special  
It's the same for everyone

Hold on, baby  
I'm coming for you  
I can hear your voice through the wine  
Teach me how to turn the page  
And show me how to shine

Times I wished I was already gone  
Ain't no place I can't leave when I want  
But then I see their faces  
And I'm frozen in my shame

Hold on, baby  
I'm coming for you  
I can hear your voice through the wine  
Teach me how to turn the page  
And show me how to shine

Sometimes the sun shuts down the little I can see  
And I remember what it felt like to be me  
But all at once I know that nothing is the same  
And all I'm left with is the pain

Hold on, baby  
I'm coming for you  
I can hear your voice through the wine  
Teach me how to turn the page  
And show me how to shine