

Without A Compass

Be Well

Do I need a cardiologist or an exorcist?
I'm in distress and without a compass
Running through tunnels with collapsing ends
Under the weight of my impermanence

Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in
Take a step, take a breath, then do it again
These scars aren't wounds
We heal, we mend
They remind us of where we've been

It feels wrong to sing the words in this song
When I have had such a charmed existence
But I am still haunted by longing, and loss
Anxiety, and superstition

Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in
Take a step, take a breath, then do it again
These scars aren't wounds
We heal, we mend
They remind us of where we've been
For so long

I need a change of tide, a place to start
To put the pieces back together after falling apart
To find the strength to cry, then to dry my eyes
And finally learn to love myself in the next part of my life
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To put the pieces back together after falling apart
To find the strength to cry, then to dry my eyes
And finally learn to love myself in the next part of my life
I need a change of tide, a place to start
To put the pieces back together after falling apart
I recognize that I am loved and I want to thank you
For never giving up on me