

What You Do With What You've Got

Eddi Reader

You must know someone like him
Who was tall and strong and lean
With a body like a greyhound
And a mind so sharp and keen
But his heart, just like a laurel
Grew twisted round itself
Till almost everything he did
Brought pain to someone else

It's not just what you're born with
It's what you choose to bear
It's not how big your share is
It's how much you can share
It's not the fights you dreamed of
It's those you really fought {ah-wah}
It's not what you've been given
It's what you do with what you've got

What's the use of two strong legs
If you only run away
And what's the use of the finest voice
If you've nothing good to say now, ah
What's the use in strength and muscle
If you only push and shove
And what's the use of two good ears
If you can't hear those you love

Oh what's the use of two strong legs
If you only run away
And what's the use of the finest voice
Hah-ee-ah, hah-ee-ah
What's the use in strength and muscle
If you only push and shove
And what's the use of two good ears
If you can't hear those you love

Between those who use their neighbours
And those who use the cane
Between those in constant power
And those in constant pain
Between those who run to glory
And those who cannot run
Tell me which ones are the cripples
And which ones touch the sun?

Which ones touch the sun