

Waves Crash

Joseph

I am not what I provide
I'm not how hard I try to be true
What if all I'd done just started sliding
Mud down a mountain
A dress on the ground at the end of the night

And if I'm not what I produce or make
Or how I make someone feel
What the hell am I?

Waves crash, clouds break
Yet here I am ashamed of all the cracks
Trying to glue the right mask in place
Light bleeds and thunder shakes
You wouldn't tell a flower it was made of sin
You know it's good just for being

There's no need to define
How I measure up next to anyone
Or how well I stayed in the lines
I'm a tall, tall tree reaching up in the breeze
All I have to do is breathe
I'm a limb of goodness in motion

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Yet here I am ashamed of all the cracks
Trying to glue the right mask in place
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You wouldn't tell a flower it was made of sin
You know it's good just for being

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh

What if, what if I'm not made of sin?
What if, what if I'm lightning?