

The Prize

Paul Williams

Each morning those same old voices rage inside my head
They say
It's pointless why don't you give it up and stay in bed
Then you whisper my name as you brush back your hair
And I thank god for being alive

Before you the world was sometimes more than I could take
Without you just keeping even took a lucky break
But with you at my side
I'm a winner at last
And I know when I look in your eyes
You are the prize

I come home from a day without glory
To your arms where I know I belong
You're the ending I need for my story
You touch me and I realize
You are the prize

My patience is sometimes gone before the sun goes down
You say
Keep dreaming someday your luck is bound to turn around
Well I live by your faith and the comfort you give
Heaven never made beauty so wise
You are the prize

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