

Coma

"I Am Not A Poet"

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I am not a poet, living is the poem
I am not a singer, I am in the song
And I've got a story that I cannot write down
And I'm with you but I'll always be alone
I may not be right, but I don't think I am wrong

Every note's an answer, every word's a sign
Every man's a dancer, following his own time
I've found a tearful language that translates what I am
And I cried out loud, but they didn't understand
I cried so hard I may never try again
I may never try, I may never try again

Cleansing in the water, heal me in the light
Mend you ageless daughter, I've been awake all night
'Cause if your sands are shifting, I'll need to know what
I forgot
I don't want much, but I need an awful lot

I've found a tearful language that translates what I am
And I cried out loud, but you didn't understand
I cried so hard I may never try again
I may never try, I may never die again

I may never cry again
I may never try again
I may never die again

STONEGROUND WORDS

Sand me down to the nerve
Made to live on stouneground words
Imagine that, you've done all that
And I come back for more
Imagine that, I lived on that
And I will live for more

I entered dancing and looked for my partner
I thought the path could be a double road
You played my heart like a drum beating warning
Oh, I guess I'm gonna dance this one alone

I'll go to the garden that follows the seasons
Live in the field where the healing grass grows
Go to the mountains where air's clear for breathing
Clear is just another way to see
I feel to know

Cleanse in the ocean, bathe in the power
Live with the sea and I rise for the tide
Go to the place where the water will bring me
I'm the rivers lover, but I'll be the oceans bride

And they sand me down to the nerve
Make me live on stouneground words
Imagine that, you've done all that
And I come back for more
Imagine that, I lived on that
And I will live for more

SONG OF THE SOUTH, BASED ON A THEME FROM
SONG OF THE NORTH ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL

Let it flow
Let it flow
Let it go into the sea with me in it

Let it fly
Let it fly
Let it glide into the sky with me up there

With me, with me up there
With me up there, with me up there
Repeat
Maybe you're hurt, maybe you cried in love
Maybe you're living too rough
Maybe you're giving too much
Maybe the people want more
Maybe you're askin' "what for," "what for"

Oh, do da day

Let it snow
Let it snow
Let it fall unto the ground and cover me
Let it fall unto the ground and cover me

Maybe it's wrong
Maybe it's right tonight
Maybe we'll open the door
Maybe it's opened before
Maybe you're giving too much

Maybe you're living too rough

Oh, do day day

Repeat

Maybe the people want more

Maybe you're asking what for

Oh, do da day

Oh, do da day

MAYBE I WAS (A GOLF BALL)

I'm so tired that I can't sleep,

I already read the Bible inner deep

The preacher keeps me on my knees

To wander and to travel

And to sleep when I am able

Maybe I was an old path

Maybe I was a raincloud

Maybe I was a mountain inside of Russia

Maybe I was a good road

Maybe I was a secret

Maybe I was a river flowing in Russia.

But I'm so tired and I can't sleep,

I already read the Bible inner deep

A preacher keeps me on my knees

To wander and to travel

And to sleep when I am able.

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