

Cunninlynguists

"Spark My Soul"

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Walking through the April showers,
Through the broken glass and the changing flowers
It seems like the rain is pounding harder
When those who have no way to get out of it
But every face in the crowd
Has curtains that chase and been weighing them down
Tryin' to find their place and how to stay safe
When that place just ain't been allowed
The uncertainty, anger and doubt
Are the violence makes it unsafe in their town
Some deal with the pain that devours
Those that don't stay that straight for power
The only thing that stays the same is change
But we too afraid to break from now
Our parents had their day
But now it's our kids that we need to be making proud
Let the music be the fuse that will spark my soul
Let the music be the fuse that will spark my soul
Let the music be the fuse that will spark my soul
My soul, my soul, my soul, my soul...
As I flip the first page on the calendar year
Be right back with another one to bang on your ear
Got the hustle and the drive and the talent is clear
But, see the challenge is to balance it and manage to
steer
Through the potholes and the obstacles
On these moonlit streets where the cops patrol
Got a little bit of knowledge, but there's lots to know
I was cruising for a minute, but I lost control
Had to ease back, take my foot off the gas
Uncover all the pain that I had put in the past
Re-answer all the questions that I shouldn't have asked
And come to terms with the lessons that I couldn't have
grasped
When I was much younger, dedication plus hunger
Took us not to the very top, but just under
Now we just trying to break the ceiling
My soul's on fire, can't shake the feeling
I wrote this rhyme while watching my daughter sleep
Wishing I knew the peace that she does, its sorta deep
At the same time her great grandma is being buried

Some day she'll be burying me, sorta scary
Ordinarily wouldn't really be on my mind
But the fact I made it over 20 is divine
So I welcome every challenge that comes
As experience, wisdom is the sum
So if I sound a little older than I am
It's because this wicked world forced me to be a man
Really can't say I wish I was still a teen
Kinda like being trapped in the guillotine
It seems everyone wanted to take my head
Instead of building like brothers, breakin' bread
And it became therapy to write on the page
Even as youth departs and I'm comin' of age

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