

Justin McRoberts "Not Even Tired"

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Circumstantial me, like a shaking weed
Blown about, pushed around

So it is again, on my face I land
Fallen down, crying out

Is there strength in me upon which my heart can call?
Is there anything at all?

Cause Iâ€™m not leaving
Iâ€™m not even tired yet
Iâ€™m still breathing
And Iâ€™m staying â€™till I canâ€™t

In my strength I said
Until I was dead and gone that I would always stand
And weather every punch they land

Is there strength in me to fulfill these words?
and to stand although it hurts?

I have learned that this world will not change because
of me
so Iâ€™ll be the change I long to see

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