

Lisa

"Life Is Like A Park"

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What is life?
To live is to believe
To love
Is to receive
Unh, check it out
Check it out now

Young woman confused
Young woman abused
You must understand
It's never too late to lose who you are
And choose who you are supposed to be
Supposed to become
You've been in and out
Up and down, back and forth
Backwards around
Not a friend, not a mother, not a father
Just God and you should make a choice
What you ought to do
What matters most
Who you are to you
Opinions of the old and young
Shouldn't matter to you
Take advice think it over twice
Make a choice that helps you sleep at night
Night is decent, but recently
Things have shown us
We have done the wrong things often
Never suicide, that's the easy route
There's always another way out
Think about it (think about it)

Life is like
Life is like a park
Seesaws, merry-go-rounds
And though you may swing high
Sometimes you may even fall down
And though you may get stuck
You must get back up
You are bloomin' love

Now see if you went through life with your eyes closed

You never would've known there was a high road
Let people get the best of you and get mad at them
Instead of bein' mad at yourself
You're only number one in your life
And you will decide if it goes right
Every time you digress
Defeat your progress
Feed you lunch, but you must digest
The controversy yo can get personal
They don't understand it's the role reversal
Seekin' fame, play their games
Gave a whole lot for a whole little game
When push comes to shove
Do you push or shove?
When the choice is yours
Do you leave with love?
All the tears you cried, you're dyin' inside
When will you decide to survive
Think about it

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Clap your hands, this evenin', everybody
Clap your hands
Why don't you clap your hands everybody?
Everybody clap your hands
Why don't you clap your hands, oh Left Eye?
Everybody clap your hands
Why don't you clap your hands everybody?
Everybody clap your hands y'all
Clap your hands y'all, ohh clap your hands
If you believe it, clap your hands
Bloomin' love

Life is like

Life is like a park
Seesaws, merry-go-rounds
And though you may swing high
Sometimes you may even fall down
And though you may get stuck
You must get back up
You are bloomin' love

Sometimes you may fall down
But you gotta get back up and try it again
Try it again and try it again
And Try it again
And try it again
And try it again

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