

Londonbeat

"The Gift"

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You can trip smug smiling in your worn-out shoes
Cast away the rhythm of eternity's fugue
Grapple with the tongue of hope till it abandons you
But you can't deny a gift

Falter at the well, making heroes out of ghosts
Stuffing yourself on thankless boasts
But I have faith in your withering soul
'Cause you can't deny a gift
Oh, no, you can't deny a gift

A gift of one and a gift to all
The wings to soar and not to fall
A gift of light in the abyss
Higher ground above the pit
The choice to live that is a gift
That is a gift, that is a gift, that is a gift

Though this gift lacks frivolous flair
It doesn't sparkle in the sun and requires little care

It's one of volume enough to spare
Throw down defense and we will share
Throw down defense and we will share

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