

Realtime "All My Survival Skills"

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Suddenly I'm still here
Wrapped in my mind again
I need a new nightmare
At least I need this one to end
All my survival
All my survival
I need all my survival skills
To bury my wounded heart
In the happy-face land of pretend
Caught like a squirrel up a tree
I'm out on a limb
Chased by a cat of my own fancy
That was running in the wind
All my survival
All my survival
I need all my survival skills

To weather my storm of whim
Over and over again
All my survival
All my survival
I need all my survival skills
Each time I change directions
I seem to be standing still, still
All my survival
All my survival
I need all my survival skills
I seem to be fighting God
In a minor battle of wills
(Music & lyrics by Delon Dotson; Â©1992 Delon Dotson)

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